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ROUNDTABLE: Silicon Alley's multimillionaires tell all!

cci Showdown • Christopher Hitchens • Gael on Daniel

APRIL 26, 1999

NEW YORK

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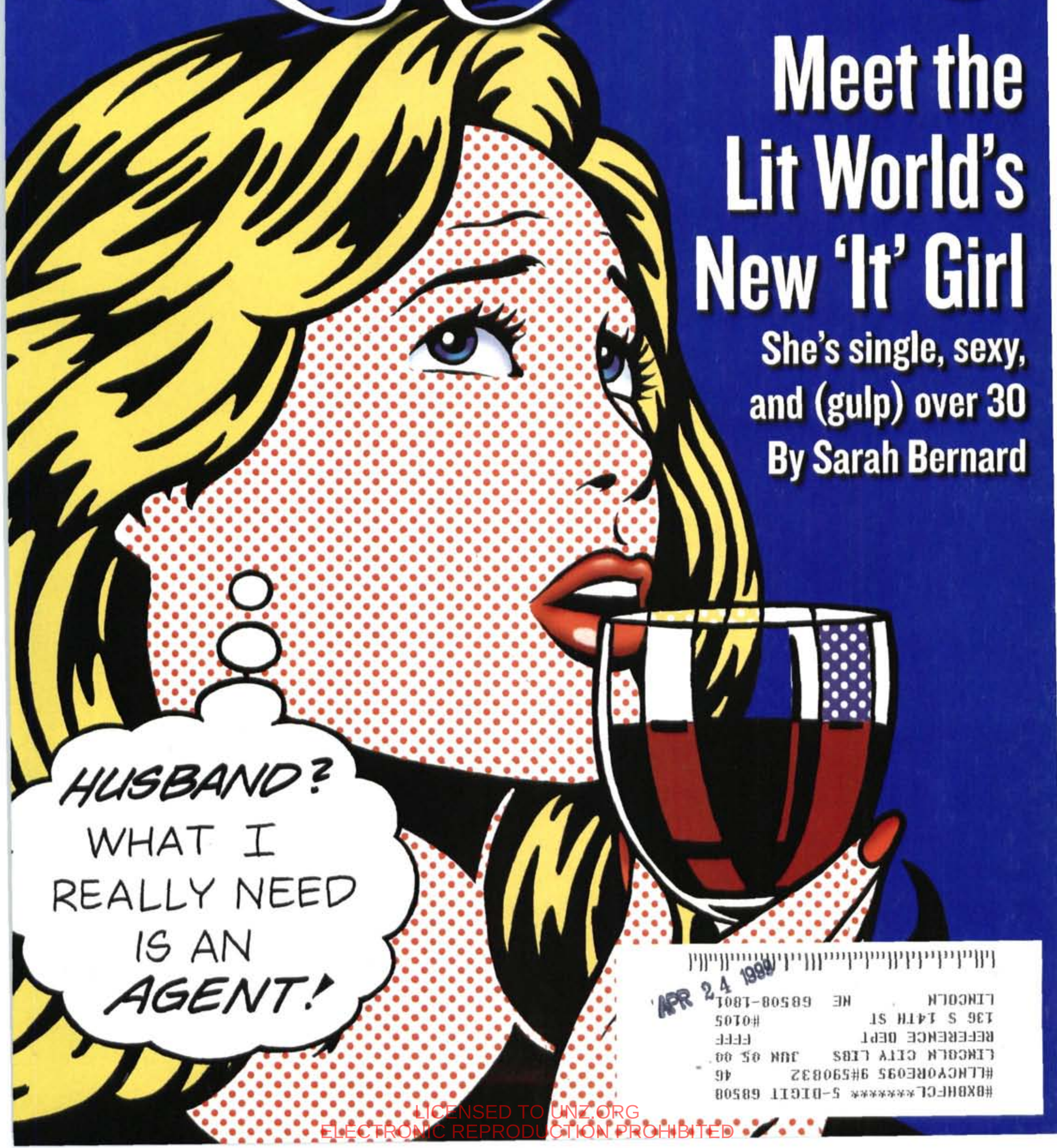
She's single, sexy, and (gulp) over 30

By Sarah Bernard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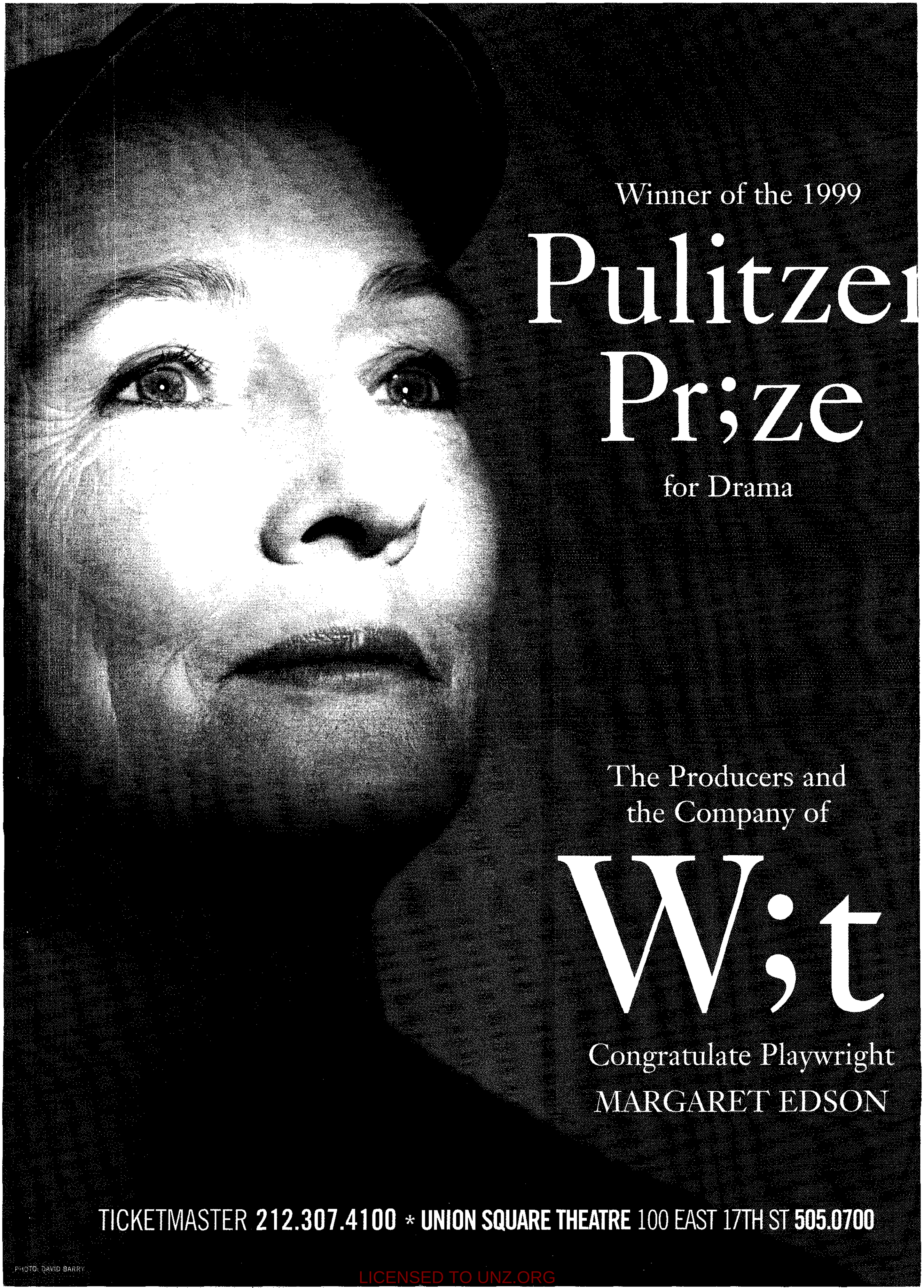

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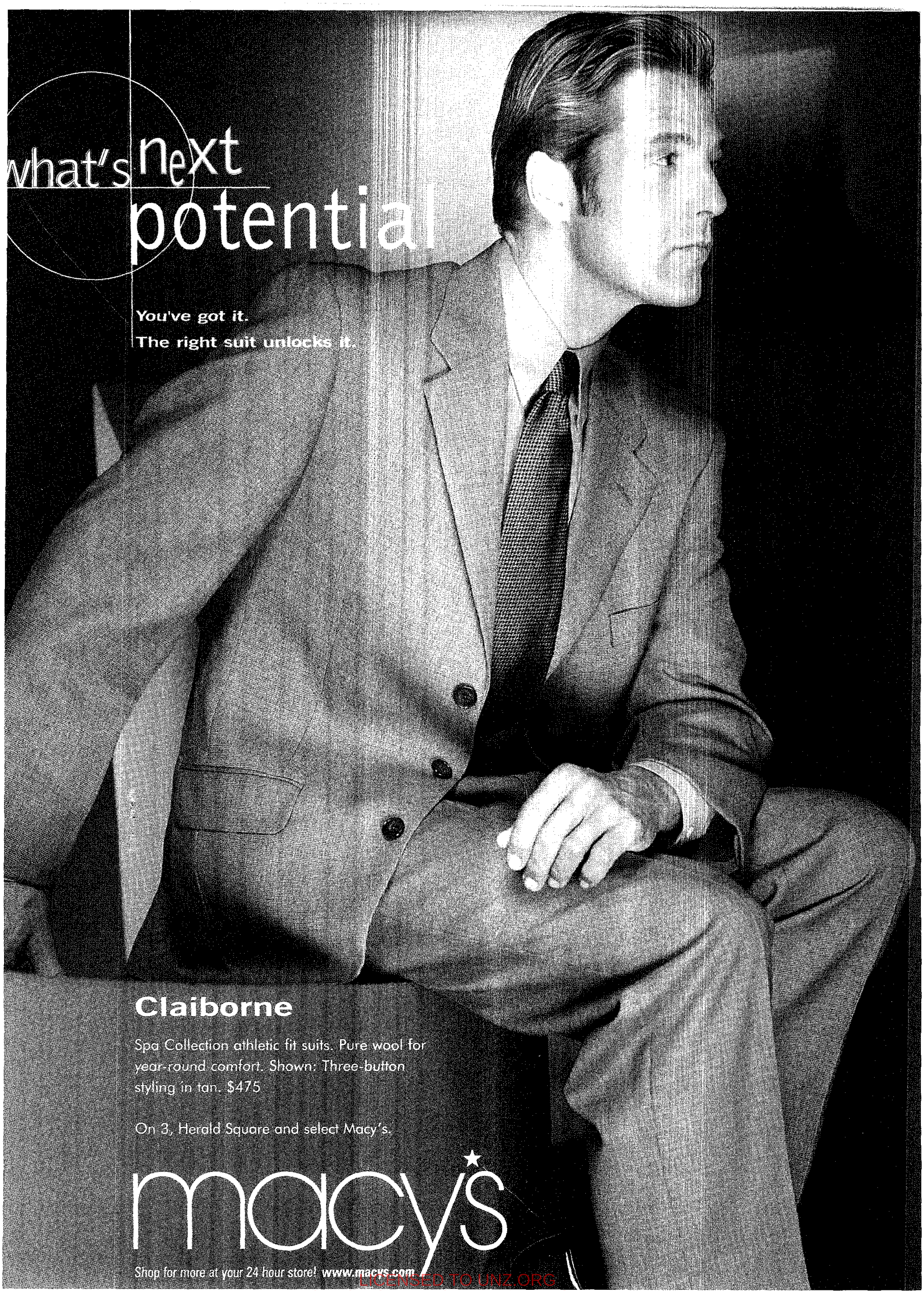
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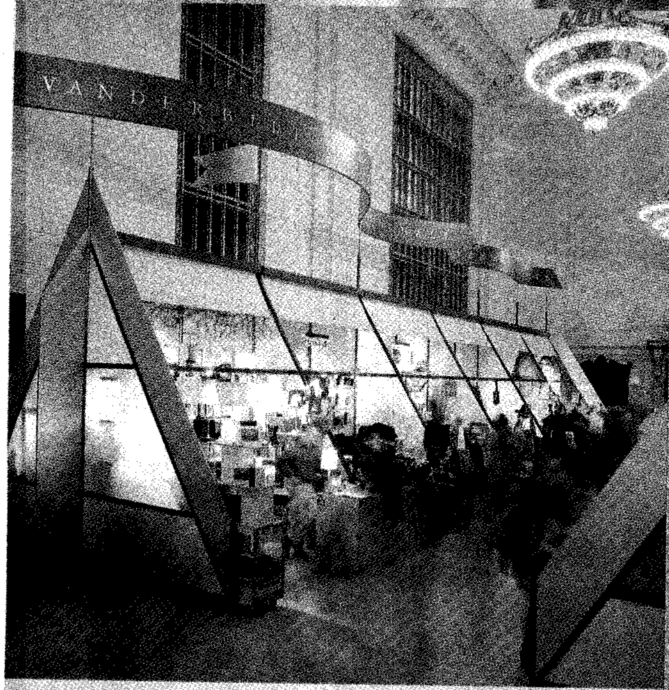

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Contents Apr. 26, 1999

> *"Male writers have always had characters like this, promiscuous yet good-hearted young men trying to make their way through life. This is the female version."*
>
> AUTHOR KATIE ROIPHE, PAGE 32

24 The Luxury Wars

By David D. Kirkpatrick

No offense to designer Tom Ford, but Gucci's most electrifying show this spring happened backstage, as Bernard Arnault, chairman of French luxury-goods conglomerate LVMH, tried to add Gucci to his collection of fashion's biggest names. Gucci fought back with stunning ferocity, partnering with an LVMH rival to create a competing stable of high-end labels. The Dutch courts will decide who's the fashion victim.

32 Keeping Up With Ms. Jones

By Sarah Bernard

Bridget, that is. *Sex and the Single Girl* meets the nineties: Just in time for summer, a crop of Stateside Bridget Jones wannabes is appearing in novel form (screenplays in tow). Over 30 and gainfully employed, this young woman used to be an object of sympathy. Now everyone wants to know what she's doing on Saturday night (staying home, writing a bestseller, no doubt).

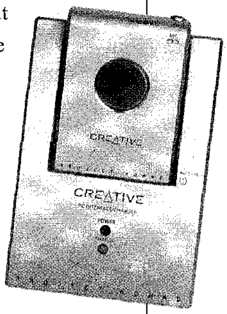
38 The Basher Bashed

By Meryl Gordon

Brilliant, rakish, and a gleeful idol-smasher (the scourge of Mother Theresa *and* Princess Di), columnist Christopher Hitchens is an irresistible draw among writers and editors. But when he ratted out best friend and Clinton mouthpiece Sidney Blumenthal, the Fourth Estate turned on *him*. What drives Hitchens to drink prodigiously—and periodically blow up his life?

44 Millionaires' Row

Michael Wolff puts the tough questions to some of Silicon Alley's nouveauest rich: Is content really king again? When will Internet companies make actual money? And what happens when the bubble bursts? Plus, our spring tech-toy roundup, from the sleekest cell phone to the smartest car.



Gotham

13 Heroes wanted: What keeps M.D.'s from flying to the rescue in Central Europe?

16 Gotham Style Rock-and-roll poses; tanned noses

Departments

18 Cityside
Mark Jacobson

Smoke and mirrors: How a couch turned a store into a hangout

22 The National Interest
Michael Tomasky

Kosovo is the latest international litmus test for the boomer generation; how will history rule?

80 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Daniel—a palace for the palate, despite the dreary décor

Marketplace

54 Smart City
Patrick Cullen

Raising the speed limit on the info superhighway

56 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Gray shirts, gingham slippers, and girly dishes

58 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

On the trail of Gypsy style chic enough for the Hamptons

The Arts

74 Movies
Peter Rainer

Kate Winslet's exotic *Hideous Kinky* is the anti-*Titanic*

76 Theater
John Simon

Judi Dench and David Hare collaborate brilliantly in *Amy's View*

78 Art
Mark Stevens

The Met's glorious new Greek galleries, a museum in themselves

Cue

83 Ayn Rand's triumphant return; *The Civil War* on Broadway; the Whitney surveys the century

Misc.

Letters 6
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 9
***Guardian* Crossword** 124
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 124
Classified 113
Strictly Personals 120

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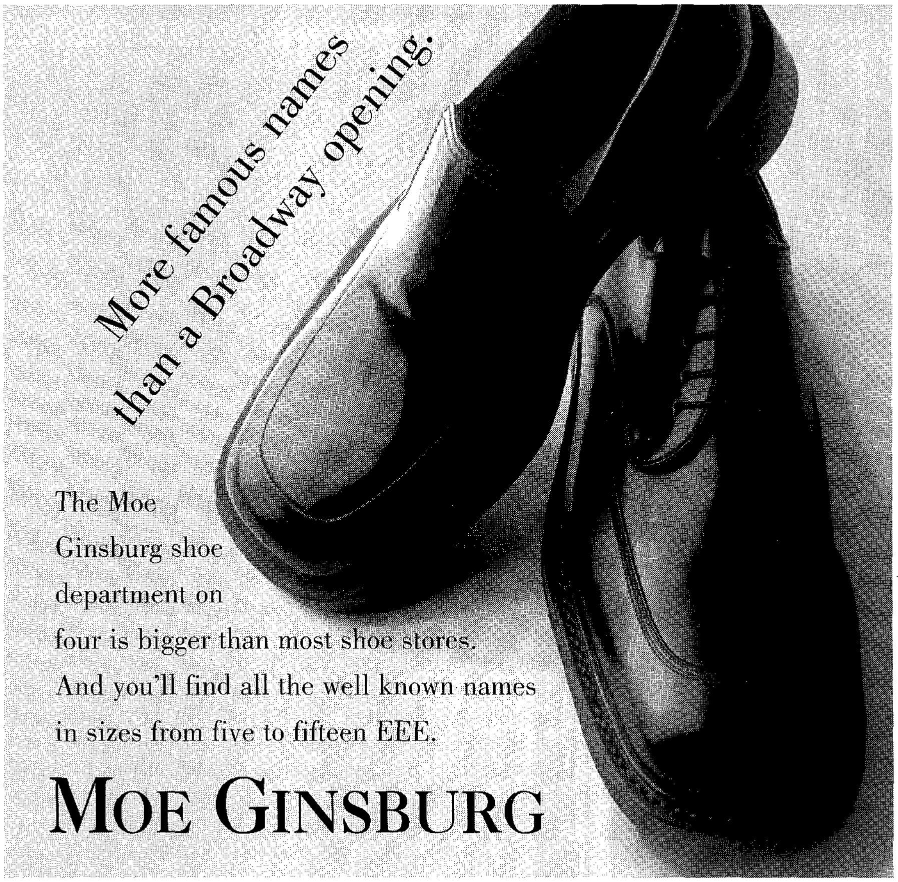

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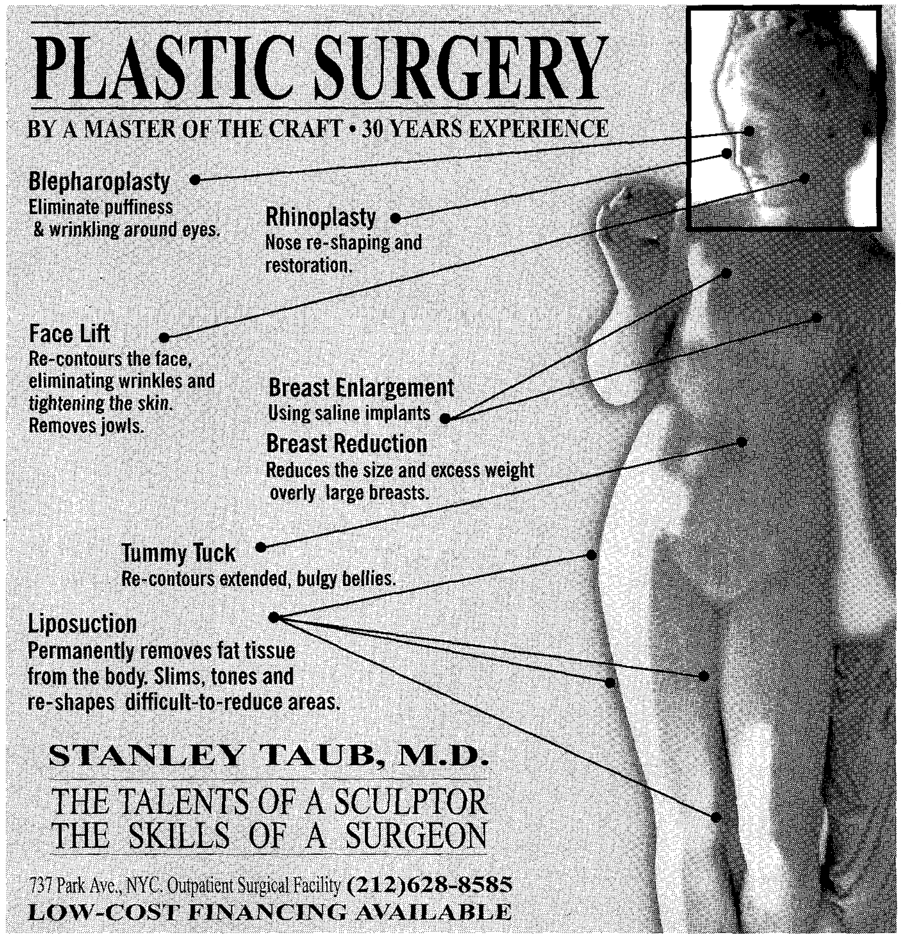
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The Plague Years

Hepatitis C's hard-to-recognize symptoms and low public profile make it a stealth killer; Judith Regan's motherly love; Steve Hanson's comfort food.

WHEN THE VERY FIRST REPORTS OF AIDS made the back pages of a newspaper, I saw the handwriting on the wall ["The Body Politic: C-Sick," by Lawrence D. Mass, M.D., March 29]. I see it with hepatitis C. Tell Dr. Douglas Dieterich he should keep pushing for mandatory testing, not only for HVC but for HIV and for any disease that can be spread by intimate contact. I want to see testing for marriage licenses. I see how invulnerable teens think they are, and they can be risk-takers. The spread of these diseases could be lessened with widespread testing, prevention education, and early treatment.

Ellen Lerner
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

I WAS DIAGNOSED WITH HEPATITIS C IN 1991. In December 1998, I was diagnosed with cirrhosis. I am currently being treated with interferon alone—the probability of my doctor adding ribavirin within the next month is high. My prognosis is good. I tremble with anger when I think back to my original diagnosis, when my doctor (whose subspecialty was liver disease) told me the disease was not a big deal and that I shouldn't worry about having any serious health problems. He told me to feel free to have a glass of wine with dinner.

In the fall of 1998, I started feeling discomfort in the area of my liver and gallbladder. I went to my primary physician, who sent me for a sonogram and told me my tests showed nothing wrong. Fortunately, I work for a public-health nurse, who strongly recommended I contact a gastroenterologist. I did, and now I am undergoing treatment. I wonder how many other people are not being given the opportunity to receive treatment before reaching end-stage liver disease.

Janet Morgan
FRESNO, CALIF.

CONCERN OVER HEPATITIS C MAY COME SO late because hepatitis C seldom is written up as a cause of death, even when it is the efficient cause of death. Whenever the final cause of death is put down as cirrhosis, end-stage liver disease, or hepatocellular carcinoma, there's a strong chance HCV brought on death. Symptoms are so murky that one is likely to be told "It's all in your head" until unmistakable signs of cirrhosis manifest themselves. But studies show that patients with cirrhosis respond to antiviral therapy only half as often as patients who begin treatment before they become cirrhotic.

Pharmaceutical manufacturers have known of "non-A, non-B" hepatitis since the seventies. This didn't stop them from collecting blood from prisoners to make clotting factor for hemophiliacs or gamma globulin, which, ironically, was given to protect against hepatitis. Indifference allows patients to die. Where have we heard this before?

Ludwig Vogel
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Saint Judy

I DO NOT KNOW MONICA LEWINSKY. I DO know Judith Regan ["Media: Judith's Untold Story," April 5]. The Judith Regan I know is honorable and loyal and lives by the values that she espouses. What Michael Wolff's article failed to report is that besides being probably America's most prominent book editor and commentator on our popular culture, Ms. Regan is absolutely dedicated to her two children and has done an extraordinary job raising them. Her son, Patrick (whom she raised alone), is a straight-A student, a published author, and a potential Olympic athlete—perhaps in two sports. Her daughter, Lara (whom Judith is also raising alone), recently celebrated her First Communion in front of Judith's loving and supportive family.

Douglas Schoen
MANHATTAN

Welcome Back

THE CONCERN OVER LOST MITTENS IS exactly why Steve Hanson has become the prince of the restaurant business ["Steve Hanson Wants You to Be Happy," by Meryl Gordon, March 29]. Each and every time we phone for a reservation, there we are in the computer as preferred patrons. There is always room for us. What a welcome relief from the chichi, fifteen-minutes-famous attitudes of most of the other hot restaurants we've experienced. Steve doesn't need the fireplace to make you feel warm. He has trained his staff to be just like him: the perfect host.

Lou Marinelli and Flora Petakas
MANHATTAN

WHEN I MET STEVE HANSON LAST WEEK, I promised him I'd write you. We agreed that the photo by Bernd Auers doesn't reflect his good looks. I asked Steve, "Would you rather look better in person or in a photograph?"

Beth Kanner
MANHATTAN

Back Beat

CAPITOL DID NOT "PULL THE PLUG" ON Matador ["Gotham: Rock Bottom," by Ethan Brown, April 12]. Brown neglected to mention the negotiated buyout in which Matador's owners—label founder Chris Lombardi and I—have reacquired the 49 percent of the label previously held by Capitol. The mutual decision to discontinue the relationship is as much a response to Capitol's current musical direction and changing sensibility. We've got new records from Pavement and Non Phixion . . . and Capitol has high hopes for Robbie Williams.

It is extremely difficult to manage costs in major-label distribution—whereas our independently distributed titles (80 percent of everything we do) are largely profitable. Among those last year were new albums from "whiter-than-white mope-rocker" Cat Power, Belle & Sebastian, Cornelius, Solex, Arab Strap, and Yo La Tengo—if these names sound familiar, they should. Up until now, they've received very favorable coverage from *New York*. Brown seems to think there is something disingenuous about Matador's doing something it has always done: reflecting the musical tastes of the label's owners (are we expected to listen to the same records our entire lives?).

Gerard Cosloy
Co-President, Matador Records
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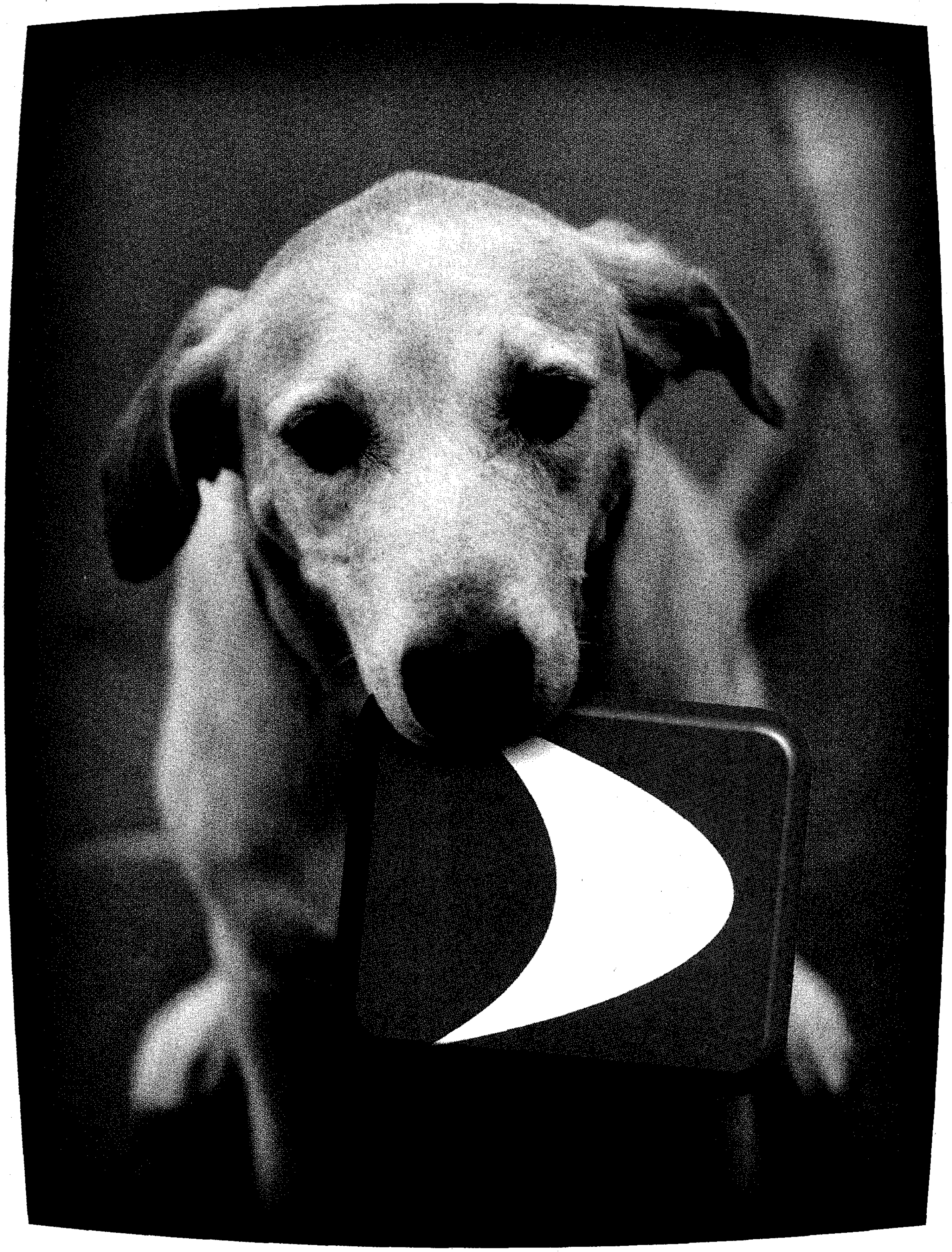

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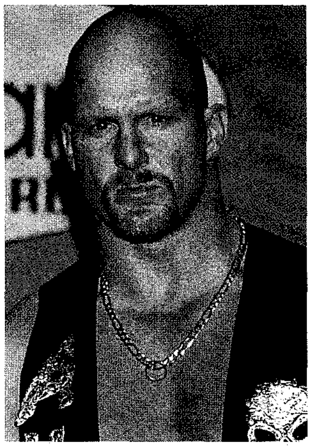
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

ANOTHER WRESTLING SCAM REVEALED?

Has **Ted Turner** got *Entertainment Weekly* in an editorial headlock? The World Wrestling Federation routinely stomps Time Warner's World Championship Wrestling in the battle for cable viewers, but you wouldn't know it from the cover of last week's *EW*, which is also under the Time Warner umbrella (where Turner is vice-chairman). The story focused on the fierce competition between the two leagues—a Nielsen war in which the WWF has emerged victorious virtually every week since September '98—yet WCW wrestlers dominated the photo layout. WCW champion **Goldberg** filled the cover, while the WWF's **Stone Cold Steve Austin** appeared as an insert smaller than Goldberg's shoulder. The most painful blow for WWF chairman **Vince McMahon** was another full-page Goldberg photo beneath the banner headline 35,000,000 WRESTLING FANS CAN'T BE WRONG. The vast majority of those millions, of course, watch the WWF. "We tried to find pictures that made the most arresting layout," explains **Maggie Murphy**, an *EW* assistant managing editor, insisting corporate higher-ups had nothing to do with the display. "We looked at all the photos and chose the ones that were the funniest and the most over-the-top." McMahon, however, thinks he got bodyslammed: "This just shows the pattern of personal vitriol that Ted Turner and his minions have for the WWF."



Steve Austin:
The cold shoulder

FRAN REITER: NO B.A. (BUT MAYBE A LITTLE B.S.)

Fran Reiter won't need continuing-education courses if she actually decides to run for mayor, but she certainly could use a spring break. When **Rudy Giuliani** named the protégé of Liberal Party boss **Ray Harding** to the post of deputy mayor in 1993, paper pushers in the Municipal Building had to do some extra work to get Reiter paid: It seems that deputy mayors are paid at a management level that requires a college degree, but Reiter dropped out of Boston University in 1974 after two years to work as a production assistant on a game show, eventually landing a job in TV syndication. Now she compares herself to **Bill Gates**—"*He* dropped out of Harvard"—while admitting she hasn't "been quite as successful as he is." When *New York* called to find out what type of paperwork had to be filed, the mayor wannabe pulled out all the stops to get the explosive item killed. Mayoral mouthpiece **Cristyne Lategano** insists nothing had to be done, because deputy mayor is an "exempt managerial position." But three other sources close to City Hall remember the paperwork shuffle. Reiter won't have to worry about such indignities if she wins the big job—the position of mayor does *not* require a college degree.

MUSCH ADO ABOUT *WHATEVER* AT MoMA

Architects like **Zaha Hadid**, **Rem Koolhaas**, **Peter Eisenman**, and **Raimund Abraham** provided the urbanity at MOMA's "In the Works: Urban Spectacle" symposium last month. But **Herbert Muschamp** created the spectacle. At the end of the morning session's question-and-answer period, the New York *Times*'s campy architecture critic (he's described the new Guggenheim museum in Bilbao as "the reincarnation of Marilyn Monroe") gave a bizarre speech about the connection between aesthetics and politics. "Bilbao has changed the whole culture of Spain," he said. "When it opened, there were bombs planted in the periphery of that building by Basque separatists—and I'm not saying they didn't have the right to do that; perhaps they did. I'm not part of their cause. But it somehow brought together the separatists and the Spanish politicians into some kind of dialogue." As Muschamp

THEN AGAIN, MAGGIE MAY NOT . . .

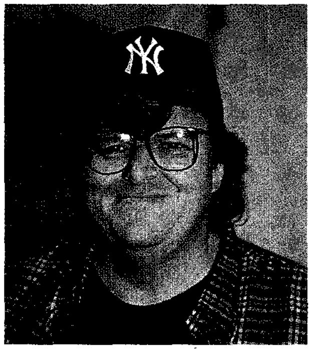
It's just possible that **Rod Stewart** *isn't* one of those guys with all the luck. While it was reported that the rooster-haired rocker has been out on the town with **Hugh Hefner**'s ex, **Kimberley Conrad Hefner**, L.A. sources say it doesn't look like she's in it for the long haul. The rebounding couple was spied at the bar of the Four Seasons Hotel in Los Angeles last week, and according to their eagle-eyed barmates, Kimberley flirted with director **Devlin Mann**—currently at work on a project using Rod's music—asking if he's straight or gay and smiling when he confessed his heterosexual status. No sooner had her erstwhile date turned to chat with friends than Kimberley slipped Mann her number. Or numbers. Mann wouldn't comment on the incident. Rod and Kimberley did not return calls.

Kimberley Hefner:
The playgirl philosophy

Photographs: clockwise from top, Richard Levine; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

IN THE LAND OF *GIANT*, THE SHUTTERBUG WOULD BE KING

Photographer **Todd Eberle** thinks *his* pictures are worth 5.5 million words—if the word is *dollars*, that is. That's how much he's trying to get out of Donald Judd's estate, five years after the artist's death. From 1990 until Judd died in 1994, Eberle took nearly 1,000 photographs of the artist and his work, often paying his own way to Judd's compound in Marfa, Texas (where *Giant* was filmed). In exchange, Judd gave Eberle a $75,000 sculpture and a cut rate on his furniture line. Now Eberle's suing the estate for about $500,000 in expenses and back pay (figuring a $3,500- to $5,000-per-day rate). According to Eberle's lawsuit, his relationship with Judd's heirs deteriorated in 1995, when the estate started peddling his photos directly to galleries and publications. When longtime Eberle client Calvin Klein tried to shoot ads at the Marfa compound, the suit claims, the estate granted permission provided that the company agree not to hire Eberle. The photographer, who insists that his barter arrangement with Judd let him retain ownership of the photos, is demanding $5 million for copyright infringement, among other issues. Judd's estate countersued, claiming that it owns Eberle's photos because they were "works for hire" *and* asking for the sculpture back. Trial is set for July 26. Neither Eberle's attorney, **Sally Stevens**, nor the lawyer for the estate, **Michael Ward Stout**, would comment on settlement talks.



Michael Moore: Talking head, breaking bread

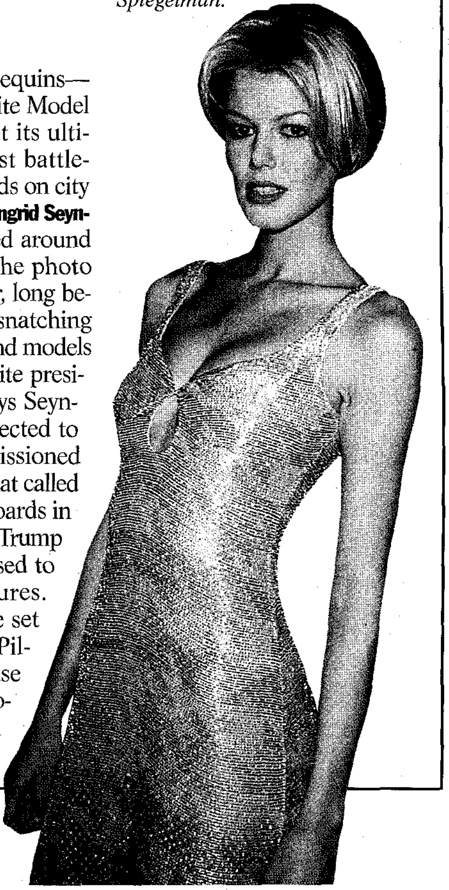
segued into his recent trip to Berlin, moderator **John Rajchman** interrupted to ask, "Herbert, do you have a question?" The audience laughed and applauded when Muschamp countered, "Are you asking me to shut up and sit down?" At the end of the afternoon session, Muschamp delivered another meandering soliloquy, this time about the lack of great architecture in New York. "We've seen great movies, we've seen great operas, we've seen **Laurie Anderson**. But we haven't seen one fucking building. Okay? And if that's put in the same category of spectacle with Disney, *goody!*" The audience laughed, but the moderator cut him off again. Several people who were there, after asking not to be identified, mentioned Muschamp's "odd" behavior that day. But his words sang to Eisenman. "I thought Herbert was great," said the architect, who was on the afternoon panel. "He enlivened the proceedings. Would that there were *more* Herbert Muschamps—and you can quote me!"

DINING AMONG INK-STAINED KVETCHES

Bill Clinton isn't the only one who'll be in the hot seat at next month's White House Correspondents' Dinner. The plan is for documentary-maker turned corporate gadfly turned cable-TV star **Michael Moore** to sit next to Commerce Secretary **William Daley**. Both will be guests of **Michael Bloomberg**, who's bought six tables for the event. "You want to make it worse?" asks Moore, who has skewered General Motors and Nike in his movies. "On the other side of me: Nike board member **John Thompson**." The creator of Bravo's *The Awful Truth* is resigned to getting it from both sides. "I guess they know that I appreciate irony, and so it'll be the ironic table," he says with a laugh.

TRUMP'S ELITIST AD CAMPAIGN

The War of the Mannequins—**Donald Trump** versus Elite Model Management—has hit its ultimate venue. The latest battlefront: billboards and ads on city buses featuring Elite's **Ingrid Seynhaeve** (pictured) draped around a grinning Donald. The photo was shot in November, long before Trump got busy snatching up key Elite bookers and models for his own agency. Elite president **Monique Pillard** says Seynhaeve, who hasn't defected to Trump's newly commissioned shop, had a contract that called for print ads and billboards in Atlantic City only, and Trump wasn't actually supposed to be *in* any of the pictures. "He showed up at the set unannounced," says Pillard. "We wish he'd use his own models for promoting himself as an overripe stud. I mean, Ingrid is this beautiful girl, and he's . . . you know what I'm saying." Pillard is hoping for an amicable settlement without going to court. As far as Trump's concerned, Elite is merely "bothered" by the recent exodus. "I'm not aware of the specifics of the contract," Trump admits, adding quickly, "but it will easily be worked out."



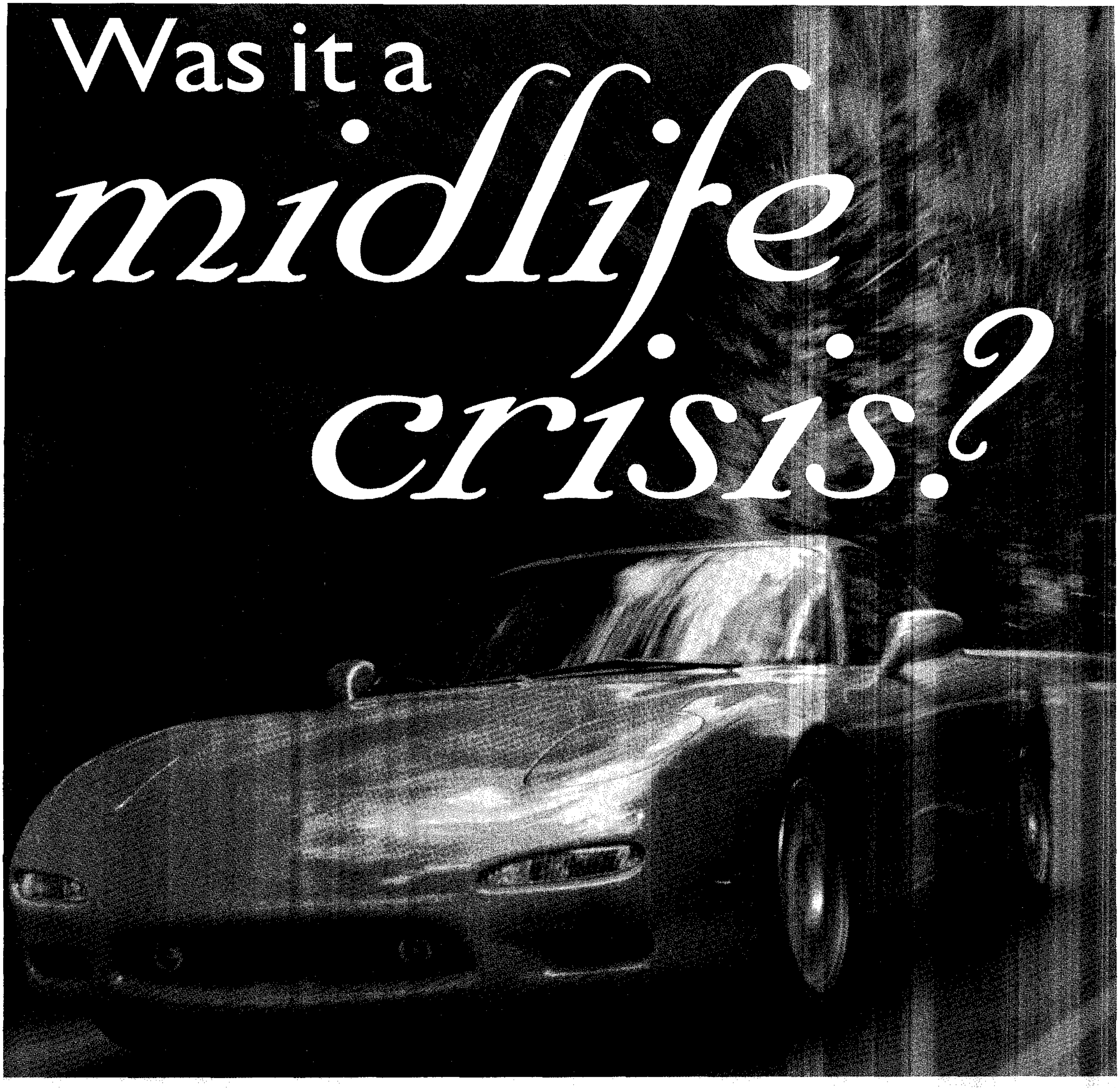
DAILY NEWS TO AUSTIN: DROP DEAD

What did Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** and Governor **George W. Bush** discuss in Texas last week? Don't ask the *Daily News*, which distinguished itself among the city's dailies by being the only paper not to send a reporter to cover the Hill Country confab. This came just days after a *Times* report that the *News* had called home its Balkans reporter, **Helen Kennedy**, in the latest round of belt-tightening by owner **Mort Zuckerman**. The day after the *Times* story, Zuckerman tried to quell staff anxiety by telling key *News* folk that there had been no cutbacks—but that a proposed 11 percent raise in the editorial budget would be reduced to 7.5 percent. "It's still an increase," says Zuckerman, pointing out that the paper's overall editorial budget has risen 52 percent since he took over in 1993. As for the neglect of Rudy, Zuckerman insists, "We rarely have reporters covering his travels. It's always been that way."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: top, Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; bottom, Gregory Pace/Sygma.

Was it a *midlife crisis?*



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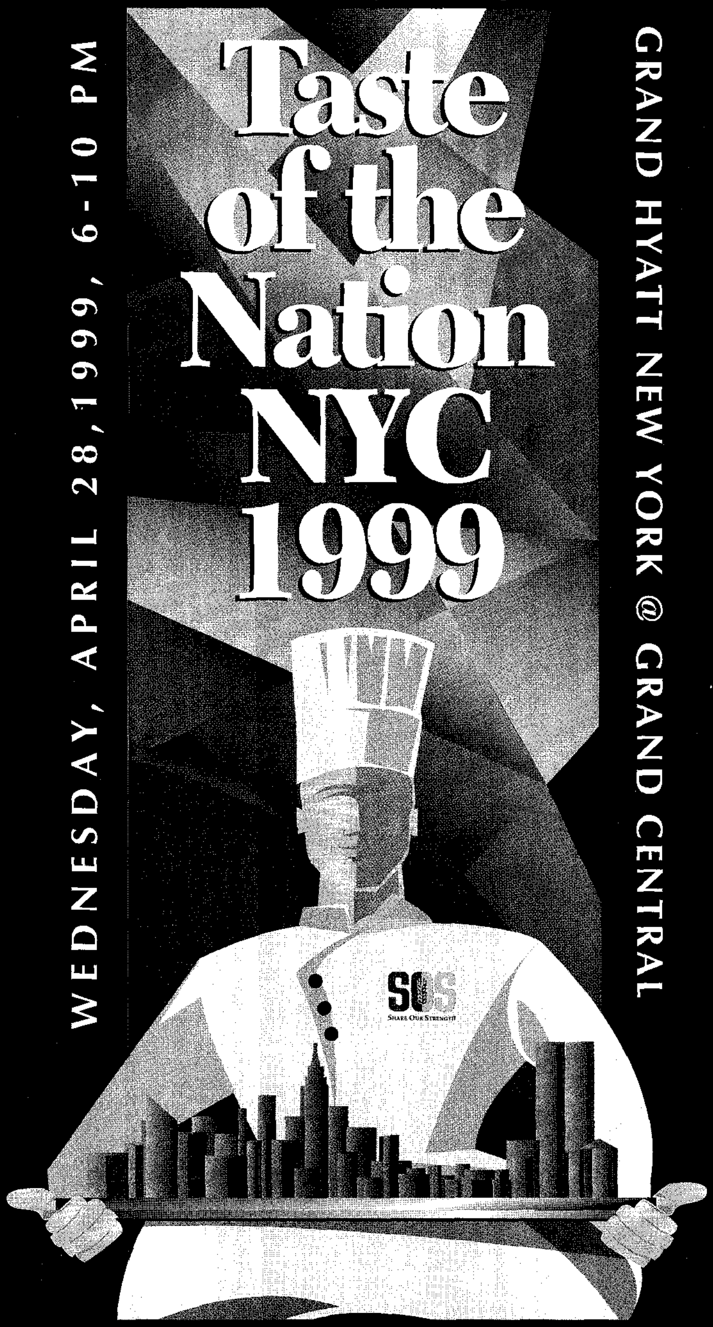
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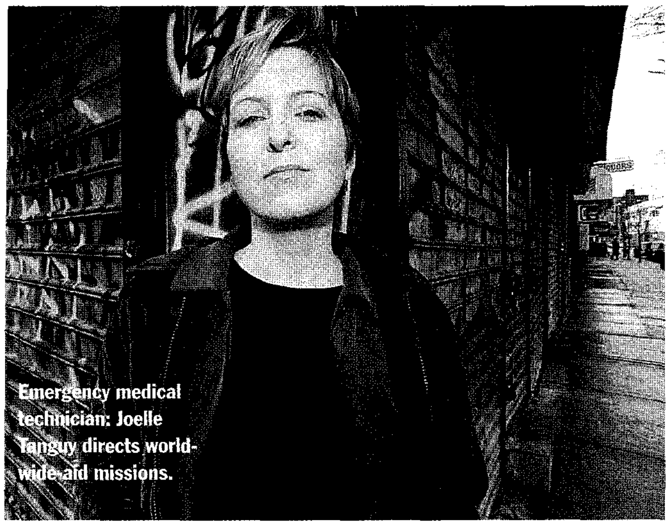

Emergency medical technician: Joelle Tanguy directs worldwide-aid missions.

Doctor No

Are New York City M.D.'s turning their backs on Kosovo?

MUD AND HUNDREDS of refugees covered the bleak Kosovo hillside. Joelle Tanguy, the executive director of the American branch of Doctors Without Borders, had dodged a Serbian roadblock and driven through miles of burned and deserted ethnic-Albanian villages to get there. After assessing the needs of DWB's medical teams already in the field, she flew back to New York to prepare in case the crisis got worse.

It certainly has. But New York, with one of the world's highest concentrations of doctors, has sent exactly one physician to the relief effort. Clerical volunteers and personal checks have poured into the midtown office of Doctors Without Borders, but surgeons are tougher to come by.

The six-month commitment that DWB requires from its volunteers is a substantial hurdle, but money is the larger problem. "The American doctors who want to go usually have just finished their residency or are in the last year of residency," Tanguy says, "and these people have huge loans. That's a big deterrent. This is what sets them apart from their European partners, who can go through medical schools without owing money to anybody." The lone New York doctor in Macedonia, Ramona Sunderwirth-Bailly, a pediatrician at Bronx Lebanon Hospital, got her medical degree in France and works with Doctors of the World, an aid group that splintered from Doctors Without Borders in 1990.

The arch, diminutive Tanguy, 39, was born and raised in France and moved to the U.S. in 1984. In 1989, she went to Armenia as an earthquake-relief volunteer, expecting to return to her computer job. Instead, she signed up for DWB missions in Liberia, Somalia, and Bosnia, where she learned such tactics as making sure emergency food supplies are controlled by female refugees: "Men tend to divert it to the military instead of feeding the weakest." Five years ago, she was sent to the embattled terrain of Manhattan to lead DWB's nascent New York office.

Despite a firsthand view of so many tragedies, Tanguy is an unshakable optimist. "We are the lucky ones," she says. "We can go to a disaster and do something about it. When people feel helpless is when they are just looking at still pictures of a tragedy—and the ones you see in the *Times* are always the situation at its worst. Our experience feels more like a video, where a starving child ends up being taken to a nutritional center and then a week later is back on his feet, smiling and jumping."

Founded in Paris in 1971 as Médecins Sans Frontières by a member of the Communist medical-students' union, the group attempts to be stridently apolitical. When the U.S. government established a centralized 800 number for Americans wanting to donate to Kosovo relief groups, Tanguy declared her organization would accept none of the money collected—potentially millions of dollars—lest DWB be seen as an agent of NATO, a perception that could limit its access to the war zone. As the refugee camps become recruiting grounds for the Kosovo Liberation Army, DWB must avoid becoming the de facto medical unit for the rebels; the group withdrew from Somalia in part because of similar problems.

"The next step is to get back into Kosovo, and figure out what happened to those populations that didn't cross the border," Tanguy says. "The next step is eminently political, eminently complicated in terms of finding our own security within this very military environment." Not a scenario likely to get New York doctors booking plane tickets to Belgrade. CHRIS SMITH

A Born Liter: RFK Jr. Bottles a Cause

It may seem counterintuitive for Robert F. Kennedy Jr., the eco-lawyer, to be peddling H_2O. But this week, he takes time out from hammering the mayor (for hedging on the city's watershed agreement) to unveil a Newman's Own–style brand of bottled water, tapped at Sweetwater Springs in Saratoga, New York. While spring water doesn't have to meet the same FDA rules as city water supplies, the green Kennedy—as opposed to the cute Kennedy, or the embarrassing Kennedy(s)—says Keeper Springs Mountain Spring Water will be the first brand to meet those standards. "It is a political choice to drink bottled water," he charges. "We felt this was the best place to educate the consumer that we *can't* turn our backs on the public water supply." So he's selling the water in order to save it? "Yes," he says. "It's like diverting money from private schools back into the public schools. I drink New York City tap water." The medium dilutes the message—but still goes down smooth.

ROBERT KOLKER

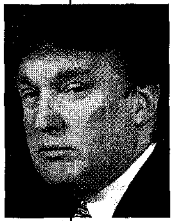
Photographs: top, Scott Houston; bottom, Gregory Pace/Sygma.

Tricked Out

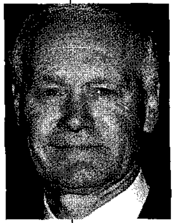
Buried alive? *Please.* Here are some celebrity stunts we'd *really* like to see . . .

- Ernie Grunfeld attempts to quiet Garden boo-birds by arranging for the Knicks to play remainder of schedule at home against perennial Globetrotters foes the Washington Generals.

- To win sympathy for defamation suit against Marla Maples, Chuck Jones walks from Trump Taj to Trump Tower in Manolo Blahnik black stiletto heels.
- In support of next CD, Puff Daddy drives his Bentley, in lieu of traditional barrel, over Niagara Falls as Suge Knight fires 9-mm. at him from Maid of the Mist.
- To publicize new Trump World Tower as "Tallest in the World," Donald Trump climbs skeleton of the 90-story building "Human Fly"–style during construction, then cannonballs into the East River.



- To underscore his apology to portly pitcher Hideki Irabu for calling him a "fat, pus-sy toad," George Steinbrenner polishes off 100 tube steaks at the annual Fourth of July hot-dog-eating contest at Nathan's in Coney Island.
- To silence jokes resulting from loss-of-conjugal-relations charges (later revoked) in auto-wreck lawsuit, Howard Safir and wife Carol reinvent the old twenties "flagpole wedding" stunt, renewing vows and attempting to "honeymoon" atop One Police Plaza flagpole.



- Siegfried, Roy, and David Copperfield all band together to bury David Blaine alive in some undisclosed Bronx location and don't tell any of us about it.

MICHAEL TOMASKY AND
ALEX WILLIAMS

THE SMOKING GUN

Taxing Matters

Daddy's House isn't in order.

ALONG WITH PRODUCING ALBUMS, MANaging a record label, touring, making videos, and operating two restaurants, Sean "Puffy" Combs somehow spends 40 hours a week working for his not-for-profit youth group—and earns $50,000 for his efforts.

Or at least that's what Daddy's House Social Programs, Inc., has told the Internal Revenue Service. According to its most recent tax return, a copy of which was filed with the New York State Attorney General's Office last year, Daddy's House also borrowed $140,000 from Puffy in 1997, though loan terms, required on tax returns, were not disclosed. The small not-for-profit organization, which is run by controversial "raptivist" Sister Souljah and headquartered in Puffy's Bad Boy Entertainment offices, also reported rent payments totaling $63,775.

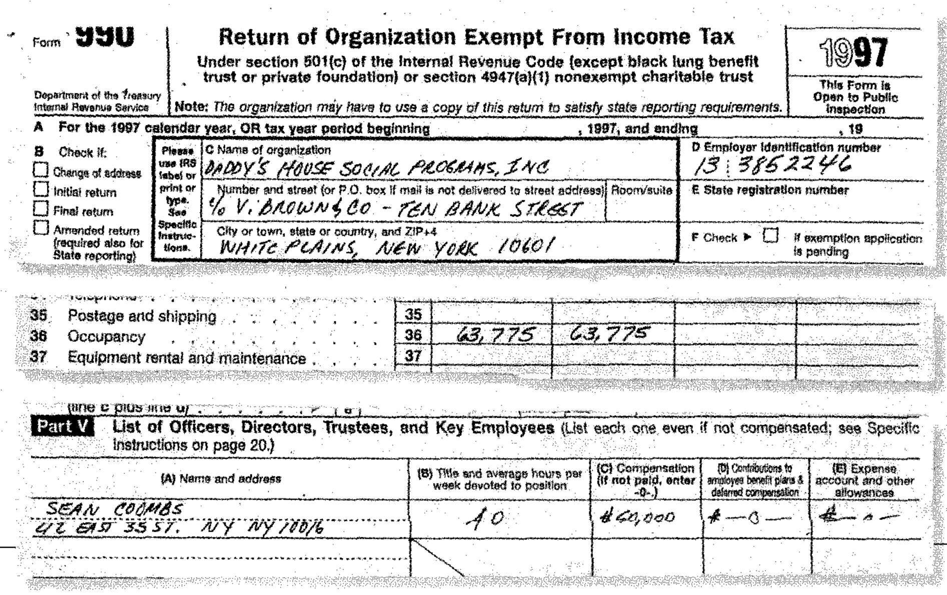
Vernon Brown, Combs's business manager and keeper of the Daddy's House books, claims that his client has "never been paid a salary" by the group. The organization's 1997 tax return, though, clearly lists Combs's name (though the CPA misspelled Puffy's surname) and compensation and gives his address as the secret Murray Hill crash pad used by Puffy and his bodyguards.

As for the hefty rent payments, Brown first says that they were "proportionalized, based on the amount of space that's utilized," but then later switches gears, saying the money actually went to Columbia University, where the group held occasional weekend programs. Souljah, however, contradicts this claim, saying that the school did not charge Daddy's House during 1997.

Compared with Puffy, other celebrities don't work *nearly* so hard on their charitable endeavors. According to IRS records, Danny DeVito (four hours per week), Michael Douglas (one hour), and Stephen King (half an hour) spend considerably less time dealing with their multi-million-dollar foundations. And none of the men, of course, are compensated for their limited efforts.

Puffy moonlighting from his full-time charity job.

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at **thesmokinggun.com.**



Form 990 — Department of the Treasury, Internal Revenue Service

Return of Organization Exempt From Income Tax

Under section 501(c) of the Internal Revenue Code (except black lung benefit trust or private foundation) or section 4947(a)(1) nonexempt charitable trust

Note: *The organization may have to use a copy of this return to satisfy state reporting requirements.*

1997 — This Form is Open to Public Inspection

A For the 1997 calendar year, OR tax year period beginning , 1997, and ending , 19

B Check if: ☐ Change of address ☐ Initial return ☐ Final return ☐ Amended return (required also for State reporting)

Please use IRS label or print or type. See Specific Instructions.

C Name of organization: DADDY'S HOUSE SOCIAL PROGRAMS, INC

Number and street (or P.O. box if mail is not delivered to street address) | Room/suite: c/o V. BROWN & CO - TEN BANK STREET

City or town, state or country, and ZIP+4: WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK 10601

D Employer identification number: 13 : 3852246

E State registration number

F Check ▶ ☐ if exemption application is pending

35	Postage and shipping	35				
36	Occupancy	36	63,775	63,775		
37	Equipment rental and maintenance	37				

Part V **List of Officers, Directors, Trustees, and Key Employees** (List each one even if not compensated; see Specific Instructions on page 20.)

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Tunnel Vision

Hip-hop's ground zero is "thug paradise."

ON A RAINY SUNDAY night in April, young black men are lining up at the Tunnel's metal detector, outfitted in typical hip-hop-wear: Mecca hats, Avirex jackets, FUBU jeans, and . . . white socks. White socks? Has hip-hop gone sock-hop?

Not exactly. Welcome to New York's hardest of hardcore hip-hop parties, where shoes are inspected for drugs and weapons, ballpoint pens are contraband, and fights decide hit records. "It's thug paradise in here," says D.J. Cipha Sounds, who, along with Funkmaster Flex, provides the Tunnel's soundtrack on Sunday nights. "This is the toughest crowd in the world. The Tunnel is like boot camp for D.J.'s."

It serves as a kind of boot camp for the hip-hop industry too. "Music-industry executives go to the Tunnel to play catch-up with the streets," says Gabrielle Peluso, a publicist at Def Jam Records. The Tunnel's street-cred stamp is invaluable to multi-platinum artists like Nas, Puff Daddy, and Method Man. The gritty black-and-white clip for DMX's "Get At Me Dog" was shot here in February 1997; soon after, the rapper's CD *It's Dark and Hell Is Hot* debuted at No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts, effectively ending the Puff Daddy–dominated "jiggy" era and paving the way for the crossover success of street rhymers like Noreaga (whose "Superthug" is a Tunnel anthem) and Jay-Z (whose "Money, Cash, Hoes" dictum is spray-painted on a banner at the club).

"This is the Apollo, but on a hip-hop level," boasts Born True, of Flex's Big Dawg street team, looking combat-ready in his head-to-toe olive drab. Most promoters spurn the kind of crowd the Tunnel pulls in, which in many ways is a throwback to the days of rough-and-tumble B-boy nightspots like Union Square and the Latin Quarter. Even the ordinarily affable Funkmaster Flex seems sinister in these environs: He cues up TLC's take-no-shit anthem "No Scrubs" and then, a few seconds later, stops the record and angrily shouts into the mike, "Where my niggas who don't give a fuck about a broke bitch?" The crowd roars its approval, and Flex spins "Pigeon," a misogynist answer record by Sporty Thievz. (There are only a few women present—and this is ladies' night, when the first 500 are admitted free. Those who brave the scene are often groped or, in a kind of clubland version of whirlpooling, bounced between men.)

Tonight, Nas's single "Hate Me Now" is eliciting the kind of drink-tossing, shoving matches, and outright fistfights that first greeted Juvenile's hit "Ha" months ago. "If a fight breaks out to a record," says Sounds, "you know you've got a hit on your hands." ETHAN BROWN

Funkmaster Flex chooses hip-hop's next hit.

THE SCENE

Good Eggs

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Christy Turlington and Kal Ruttenstein at a Bloomingdale's benefit for the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund.

Greta Cavazoni, Maxwell, Annabella Sciorra, and fitness trainer Kacy Duke (the others are all her clients) at the three ladies' joint birthday party at Equinox.

Rande Gerber, Cindy Crawford, and Martha Nelson celebrate author Kevin Mancuso's new book, *The Mane Thing*, at the Whiskey Blue.

Nancy Kissinger, Barbara Walters, and Casey Ribicoff at the Bill Blass show at Le Cirque 2000.

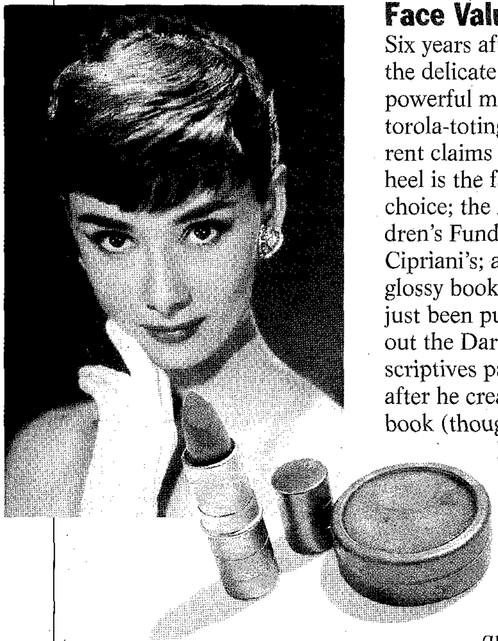
Ethel Kennedy and Harrison Ford at the Riverkeeper benefit held at Chelsea Piers.

Tommy Zung and John Bartlett at the opening of Helena Rubinstein's SoHo spa.

New Jersey super-middleweight boxer Dan Musico at Jet 19's one-year anniversary bash.

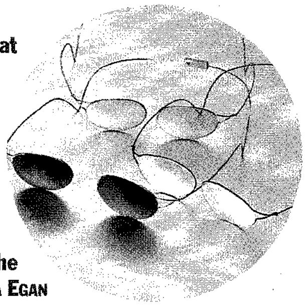
otograph by Danny Clinch.

GOTHAMSTYLE



Face Value

Six years after Audrey Hepburn's death, the delicate actress is still a far more powerful marketing icon than any Motorola-toting socialite. Hepburn's current claims to fame: The "Sabrina" heel is the fashion crowd's shoe of choice; the Audrey Hepburn Children's Fund is throwing a charity bash at Cipriani's; and *Audrey Style*, Pamela Clarke Keogh's glossy book celebrating the leading lady's look, has just been published. Covet that starlet glow? Check out the Darac Collection, a new limited-edition Prescriptives package designed by makeup artist Darac after he created the "Audrey makeovers" for Keogh's book (though Prescriptives isn't marketing it as a Hepburn *hommage*). For $175, you get a four-color eye-shadow compact, two lipsticks, an eyeliner, and two tinted face gels, all in a pink satin evening bag. No, you won't end up with painted-on Audrey eyebrows; the finished look—not *entirely* true to the spirit of the late style queen—is au naturel. SHYAMA PATEL



Eye Shadows

You can avoid tan lines by shedding your top at the beach, but what about those unsightly white stripes left on the bridge of your nose from sunglasses? Now you don't have to ruin your beach look with those plastic egg-shaped eye guards: Chanel has introduced the "Double-monocle" ($190) just in time for warm-weather worship. The lenses connect behind the head with a single adjustable wire, leaving your entire nose exposed to maximum UV rays. The featherweight contraption may resemble a teenager's painful orthodontic headgear, but for chic sun-seekers, it's the smartest accessory since sunblock. MAURA EGAN

Rock Hunting

Don't throw out that Lynyrd Skynyrd *Street Survivors* tour T-shirt just yet: Rock-and-roll jerseys, complete with three-quarter-length sleeves and silk-screened images, are back on the charts. While fashionistas have been standing on line for Stella McCartney's pricey air-brushed-eagle tees, those in the know are hitting downtown vintage stores for the real thing. MTV V.J. Jesse Camp purchased nearly 200 at Filth Mart in the East Village ($7 to $30 each). Headbanger heavies like Black Sabbath and AC/DC are in high demand, but early punk and ska bands are also big with the indie-rock set. Most popular of all is that famous Rolling Stones logo, because, explains co-owner Mike Sportes, "people like the tongue." M.E.

PETER
LIND-
BERGH

ELLEN VON UNWERTH
couples

Flash Flood

Most of us get our fill of fashion photography from the magazines we peruse on the Lifecycle or Stairmaster at the gym, the ads plastering the subway cars we ride in, and the billboards we walk beneath. But true fashion junkies need whole books of the stuff. The only problem is choosing among expensive new volumes when they come out at the same time . . . and telling them apart. M.E.

TITLE	FOREWORD THINKING	SIGNATURE SHOT	CELEBRITY QUOTIENT
Peter Lindbergh, *Selected Work 1996–1998* (Editions Assouline; $90)	"There is something rather commonplace about fashion photography."	Bedraggled and sinister models smoking cigarettes in European locales	Milla Jovovich, Antonio Banderas, Joaquin Cortés
Ellen von Unwerth, *Couples* (te Neues Publishing; $35)	*Interview*'s Ingrid Sischy on Von Unwerth: "Like any true artist, she is possessed by photography."	Model-couples frolicking in hotel rooms	Dennis Rodman, Liv Tyler, Kate Moss
Jeanloup Sieff, *40 Years of Photography* (Evergreen; $39.99)	"If I had not received a black plastic Photax for my fourteenth or fifteenth birthday I would perhaps have become an actor, a film director, a writer or a gigolo."	Naked models ascending staircases and staring out windows	Jean Seberg, Twiggy, a very young Yves Saint Laurent looking a lot like Andy Gibb

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Photofest (Hepburn); Amy Freeth (makeup); Mickael Kraus; courtesy of Chan

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.

ANN REINKING
Performer, Choreographer, Director

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My 8 year old son
Doing *Chicago* and *Fosse*

FAVORITE CHARITY
dvisory Board for School of American Ballet
and The Broadway Theater Project where
I teach aspiring performers

WHAT MAKES YOU MAD
Intolerance

NEXT GOAL
Choreographing *Pal Joey* and preparing
Fosse for Broadway

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Treadmill, weight training with my
personal trainer, stretching and *massage*.

RICHARD LAGRAVENESE
Screenwriter, Director

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My seven year old daughter, Lily
"Living Out Loud"
Surviving

FAVORITE CHARITIES
Can Cure Autism Now
Save the Children

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE
Ignorance

NEXT GOAL
To write a Broadway play

FAVORITE WORKOUT
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CITYSIDE MARK JACOBSON

Life in the Clouds

In a Chelsea storefront, the good life comes down to essentials: a hand-rolled cigar, a drop of Scotch, and a spot on the most comfortable couch in the whole world.

THE COUCHES IN THE LOBBY OF the Sherry-Netherland are comfortable. Ditto the Algonquin. The couches at the old Mudd Club, the erstwhile punk mecca, were not uncomfortable. Once, I sat down on a couch in a Maurice Villency showroom and fell asleep. When I woke up, I said, "I'll take it." The ugly thing sits in my living room to this day, covered with dog hair, never as comfortable as during that first sitting. That said, the most comfortable couch in all New York can be found in a storefront on Sixth Avenue, between 25th and 26th Streets.

This most comfortable couch belongs to Martha (pronounced *Marta*) Bravo, who, along with her husband, Enrique Peña, is a proprietor of PB Cuban Cigars, an oasis of gentlemanly pleasure in the flower district. Yet when Martha and Enrique first opened their place on the premises of a former pizza parlor three years ago, they had no couch. "I did not think to have a couch," says the courtly, diminutive Martha, who was born in Colombia around 50 years ago and soon moved to Santiago in the Dominican Republic, where she met Enrique, a large, smiling man. Enrique worked as a cigar roller for several big tobacco farms in and around Santo Domingo before the couple came to this country in the seventies. Here they eventually realized their dream: to slip the pale-orange-and-gold ring of their own brand around hand-rolled Cuban-seed cigars, the only kind they sell.

To Martha and Enrique, the storefront on the heavily trafficked stretch of Sixth Avenue seemed perfect. The mural on the wall was "a good omen." Left over from the pizza parlor, the painting depicts a flock of seagulls soaring over the Statue of Liberty, the Twin Towers, and other New York landmarks. The coffee-shop-style mural celebrates a sense of giddily unabashed hometown spirit, a sentiment that Martha and Enrique, immigrants to the great metropolis, fully endorse. Still, the couple never supposed that their modest premises, where the tobacco leaves are stored in big cotton-wrapped bundles, would become the marvelously subterranean New York hangout that it has.

"We thought people would come into this small store, buy a few cigars, and then leave," says Martha with a sly smile the Mona Lisa could only envy. But Martha, a natural hostess, was not happy to have people just come and go. "When you work hard to make something, it is a good thing to be able to see them enjoy it," she says.

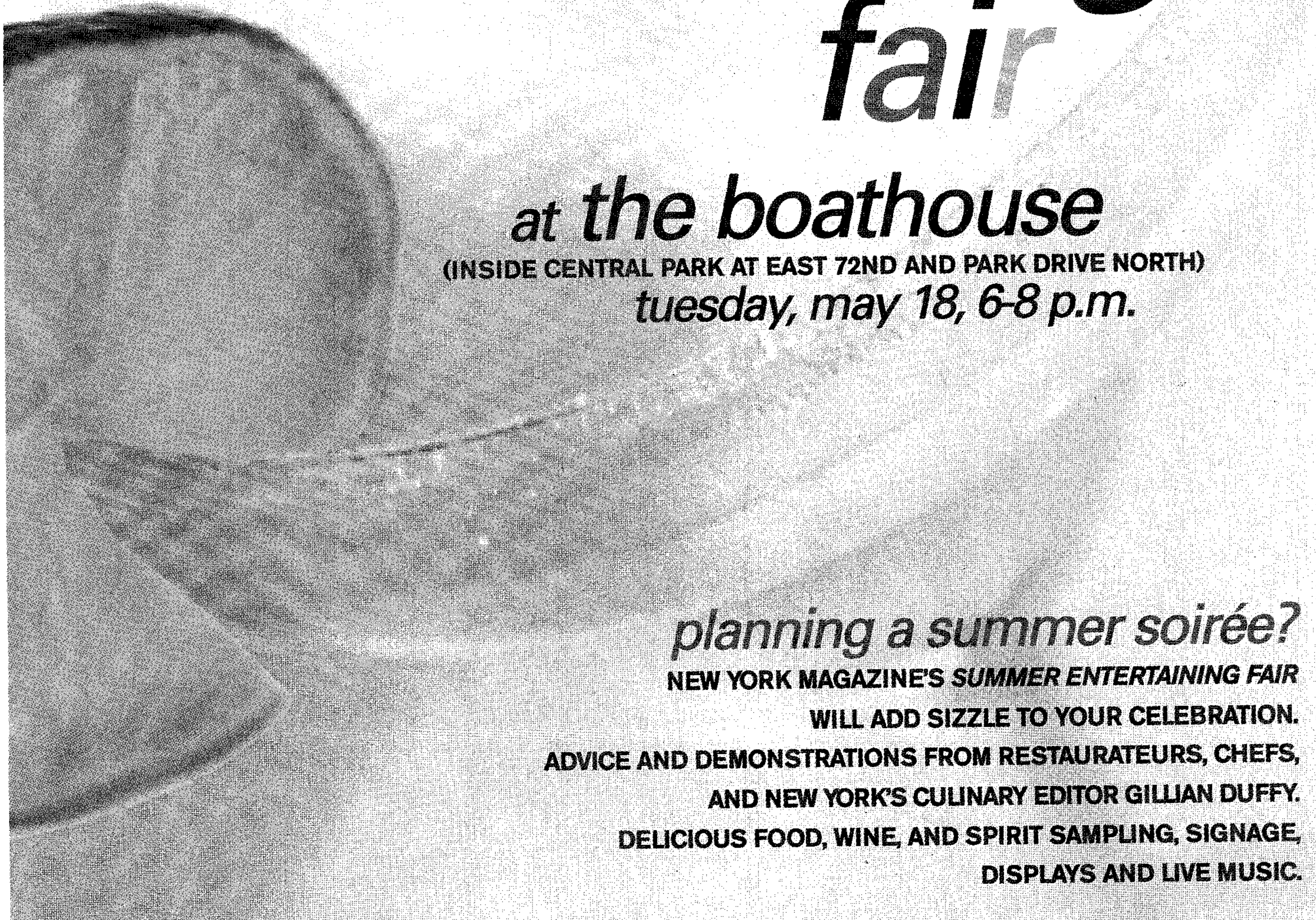
This is especially so since the vast majority of Martha's customers are not the sort who are likely to turn up in the pages of *Cigar Aficionado* or talking on cell phones at Nat Sherman or Barclay-Rex, where they slavishly plunk down $13 apiece for Monte Cristos, Cohibas, and other Dominican-grown knockoffs of the famous Cuban brands. These suspenders-wearing junior brokers and their walk-in humidors almost killed cigar smoking as a regal, if marginally unhealthy and stinky, bad habit. Thankfully, none of these foul airs sully the dense smoke inside PB Cuban. Here, all cigars—be they robusto, corona, or perfecto—are $5 or less, a suitable price to the minions of the flower district, one of the few remaining local trade neighborhoods in midtown, the blue-collar stomping ground for Jamaican bus drivers, Ukrainian electrical contractors with vivid memories of the day Chernobyl melted down, and computer repairmen.

"People come in on their lunch hour and relax for a moment," Martha reports. One day, she decided to bring a couple of metal-frame chairs from her apartment on 21st Street and set them up on the linoleum floor between the cigar display case and the storefront's neon-lit plate-glass window. As a further hospitality, Martha soon began brewing up potent, thickly sugared espresso, which she serves to those who desire it in Caribbean-style small plastic cups. A coatrack was soon installed, so customers need not sit about in their heavy outer garments. And should a lunch-hour regular care to bring a bit of Scotch to accompany his corona, Martha has cleared a shelf, and bottles bear handwritten labels, such as ALAN'S—NO TOUCH.

But still, there was no couch under the water-stained ceiling at PB

Inhale and hearty: Two satisfied customers on the couch at PB Cuban Cigars.

Photograph by Magdalena Car



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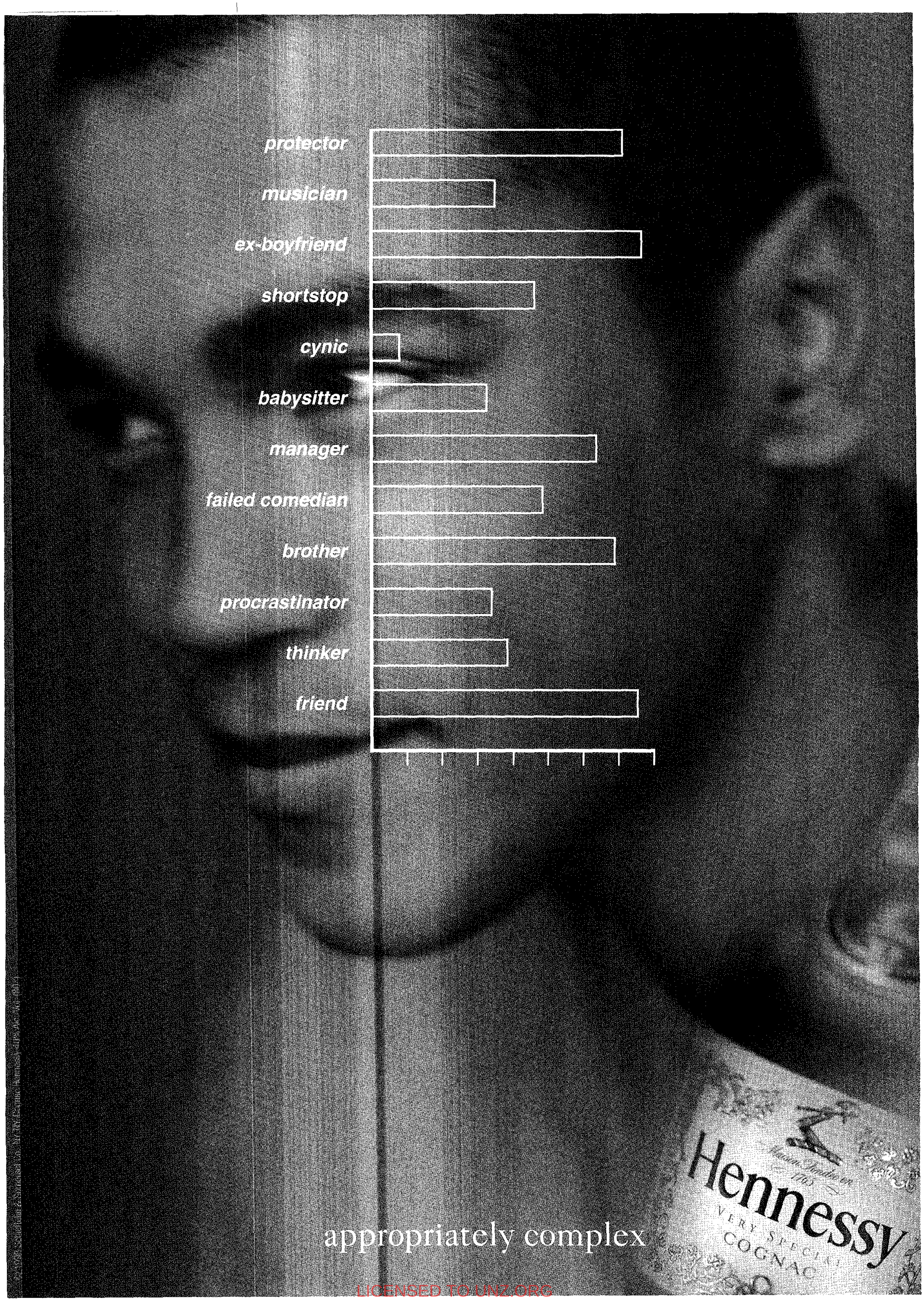
THE BOATHOUSE
IN CENTRAL PARK

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEVA FRUITMAN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Cuban Cigars, and there's "a funny story" about how it came to be there, says Martha. Seems that one of her "good customers," Andrew DeForrest, formerly of Caher in southern Tipperary and currently an installer of midtown-office-building bathrooms, happened to be passing his lunch hour in the preferred manner, letting his mind go while puffing on one of PB Cuban's "brilliant" robustos. "Nothing could be better," says DeForrest, an impressively huge man known for carrying a five-inch curved blade on his ample belt and whom Martha refers to as "Mr. Le Florist." That day, it occurred to DeForrest that however perfect things might be, they could still be more perfect.

"Martha," said DeForrest, "if you only had a comfortable couch here, I'd never leave. I'd live here and sleep on it."

Then, "like magic, with the words barely out of my mouth," DeForrest says, a man wearing a stocking cap stuck his head in the door of PB Cuban. "Hey," he said with a surreptitious hiss, "wanna buy a couch?"

> *"Martha," DeForrest said, "if you only had a comfortable couch here, I'd never leave." Then,* **like magic,** *a man wearing a stocking cap stuck his head in the door and said, "Hey, wanna buy a couch?"*

"How much?" replied DeForrest without pause.

"Twenty bucks," said the man in the hat.

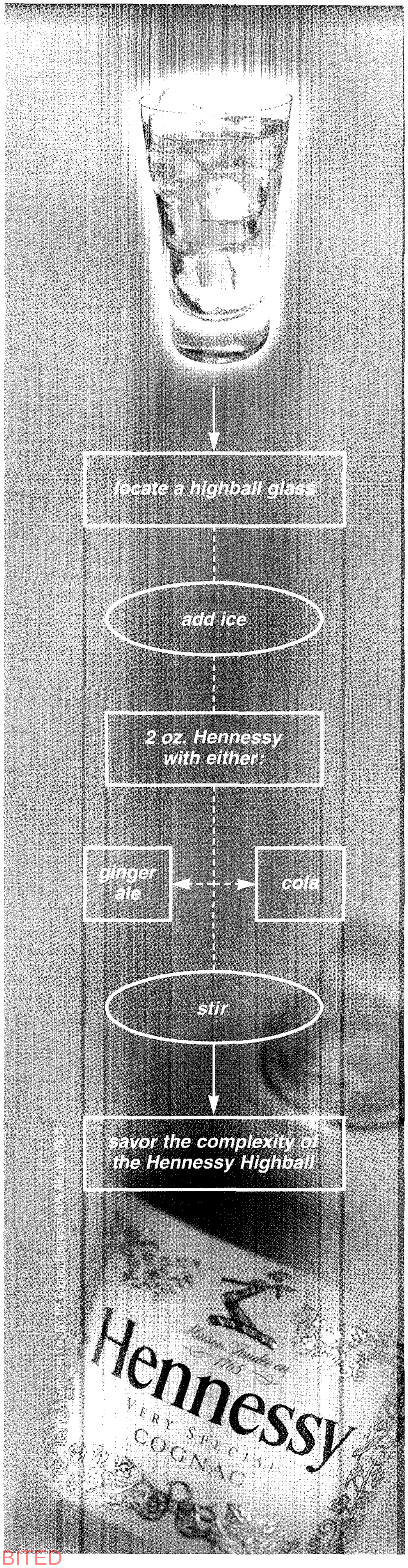
With that, saying no more, DeForrest rose and went with the seller around the corner, where he peeled off a twenty. Then, in his Bunyanesque way, DeForrest carried the couch on his back, pushing through the door of PB Cuban. He set the couch against the wall to the right of the cigar case, sat down on it, and closed his eyes. There he slept, for the rest of his lunch hour.

More than a year later, Martha's couch remains, as DeForrest proclaimed the day it arrived, "the most comfortable couch in New York." Not that it looks like much. It is bulbous in the manner of a half-deflated blow-up doll, and its linty variety of fake Naugahyde is not recommended for prolonged contact with bare skin. But to sit on it! To sink into its squishy pillows! Perhaps it's the presence of swaying palm fronds outside the storefront window (this is the flower district, after all), but sitting on Martha's couch, bathed in the pink-and-blue light of the PB Cuban neon sign, following the curl of smoke snaking from the end of a cigar called "the Illusion," is to be transported. A few doors from PB Cuban is a fortune-teller's parlor bearing three awnings: One says PAST, the second PRESENT, and the last FUTURE; to sit on Martha's couch is to enter a realm where this trio of temporal states is, for a nicotine-enabled moment, forever accessible.

Only the happy chatter in the storefront returns the grateful smoker to the here and now. And there's a good group today: Alan the computer man, who broke up with his girlfriend, has arrived; Mr. Le Florist is here in his wide-brimmed outback hat; Chris the painter has come over from F.I.T.; Steve the stand-up comic is also here, commandeering the left side of the couch. Recently, Steve got a job coaching public speakers. According to polls, Steve announces, public speaking is the third-greatest fear held by mankind, right behind drowning. "Incredible," he says. "People would rather be shot in the head than talk in front of a crowd."

For each regular, Martha offers both cheeks to be kissed and a cigar. In her canny, sphinxlike way, she knows everyone's particular passion. A beefy, cajoling man from Budapest, no one any of the regulars has seen before, has entered this afternoon's gathering monoxide cloud. Speaking in the hushed but insistent tones of a former Soviet black-marketeer, he wants to find out where he might locate some "real" Cuban cigars. Told it wouldn't be worth the trouble, the Hungarian does not relent. Finally, a regular, a software salesman named Lawrence Taylor ("L.T. to you, No. 56, Hall of Famer"), tells the Hungarian that he's wasting his time looking for smuggled Cuban cigars. "Martha got the best cigars in New York! The best cigars on the whole East Coast. You don't need no Cohibas!" Unconvinced, the Hungarian stalks out, much to everyone's relief.

The assembled smokers notice that our hostess has a tear in her eye. She has been touched by this defense of PB Cuban. "I feel such a love from my good customers," Martha says, her hands upon the cigar case. "It is such a love I feel I do not deserve." But as the view from Martha's couch, the most comfortable in New York, makes clear: Of course she does. ■



THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

Air Pressure

With NATO striking Serbia and Serbia striking up an alliance with Russia, a Cold War wind suddenly stirs in the West. What happened to the promise of internationalism?

IN THE SUMMER OF 1971, MY PARENTS and I visited Yugoslavia. My father wanted to see the land that produced his parents, who were Serbs but who grew up in Croatia, maybe 40 kilometers outside Zagreb. We'd tracked down a relative in the city, who loaded us into his car and took us to a remote village, where we found more relatives—stultifyingly poor, living among the chickens who walked their dirt floor (in the interest of defeating cliché, I should note that our man in Zagreb had a fine home and ran some sort of trucking business).

Anyway, our country cousins pointed to a tiny house a couple of hills away; yes, they told my father, that's the house where your mother was born. Turning around, they pointed to a small church in the other direction—my grandmother's first house of worship. The terrain to the house seemed a stiff challenge, so we opted for a visit to the church. My *baba,* as Serbs call their grandmas, was and remains a devoted member of the autocephalous, as they say, Serbian Orthodox Church. So what was the first sight that hit us as we walked through the holy doors? A huge portrait of the pope. Dad couldn't stop laughing. That, he knew, was life in the Balkans.

Where have all the powers gone? Faces from Milosovec's war.

Being 10, I pretty much missed the joke, but I understood the gist of another one a man in Belgrade told us—the hoary old one about the Brit jumping off a building for duty, the Frenchman for love, the German because he was ordered, to which in Serbia it was added that the Serb did it because he *wanted* to. I learned a little something, too, talking over the years with my father, a man of profound tolerance and enlightenment whom I loved and admired immensely but who, when the subject moved to the Turks, suddenly started sounding like Barry Goldwater. Not everything about those old rivalries was to be laughed at.

Nor is it now. Bill Clinton is trying, albeit late and feebly, to do the right thing here. Serbs talk of Kosovo as holy land, and it is, but to claim their historic churches and their glorious "Field of the Blackbirds," where the Ottomans overran them in June 1389, they really "need" only about 10 percent of present-day Kosovo. Yassir Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin, not to mention Tony Blair and Gerry Adams, have demonstrated that it's possible to cut through history's underbrush and strike such deals in the world, but not so a pan-nationalist madman like Slobodan Milosevic. If the NATO air campaign can bring Milosevic around to a territorial compromise and some approximation of the autonomy for Albanian Kosovars his government revoked in March 1989—which sparked Albanian rioting, resulting in 24 "official" Albanian deaths (now, there's police brutality for you)—it will have done its job. But as no less an authority on military might than Hitler learned, the Serbs aren't put down easily.

It should also be said, in Clinton's defense, that he came by this problem the old-fashioned way: He inherited it. If you want the folks who really blew it, seek out George Bush and James Baker and Helmut Kohl. Germany's recognition of Croatia, and the Bush administration's tepid reaction to that move, uncorked the bottle in the first place, and the always-fragile federation of Yugoslavia was doomed from that point. And let's note: Serbs, too, were ethnically cleansed, at least 150,000 of them forced out of Croatia in the early nineties. The kinship felt between Germany and Croatia, as anyone knows who's familiar with the practices of the Croatian S.S. during World War II, did not arise because they co-sponsored bake sales.

But Serbia has its kinships, too, and if it strikes the formal alliance with Russia and Belarus that the Yugoslav Parliament voted last week, the old clientelism that characterized the region in times past will reassert itself—this time, with the world's two largest armies on opposite sides. The history gods are just mischievous enough to have waited until the Cold War ended to have Americans and Russians start shooting at each other.

WE'VE BEEN HEARING A lot lately about America's greatest generation, and as an indulged babyboomer who's donned fatigues only as a fashion statement, I don't gainsay my elders' sacrifices. But they weren't always right. Yes, they won the Cold War, but millions of people rightly wonder whether the detours through Vietnam and the various Third World outposts where the U.S. government installed regimes completely antithetical to its principles were really necessary. The con-

Photogrphs: top, Bernard Bisson/Sygma; bottom, Timothy Baker/Stars and Stripes/Sygma.

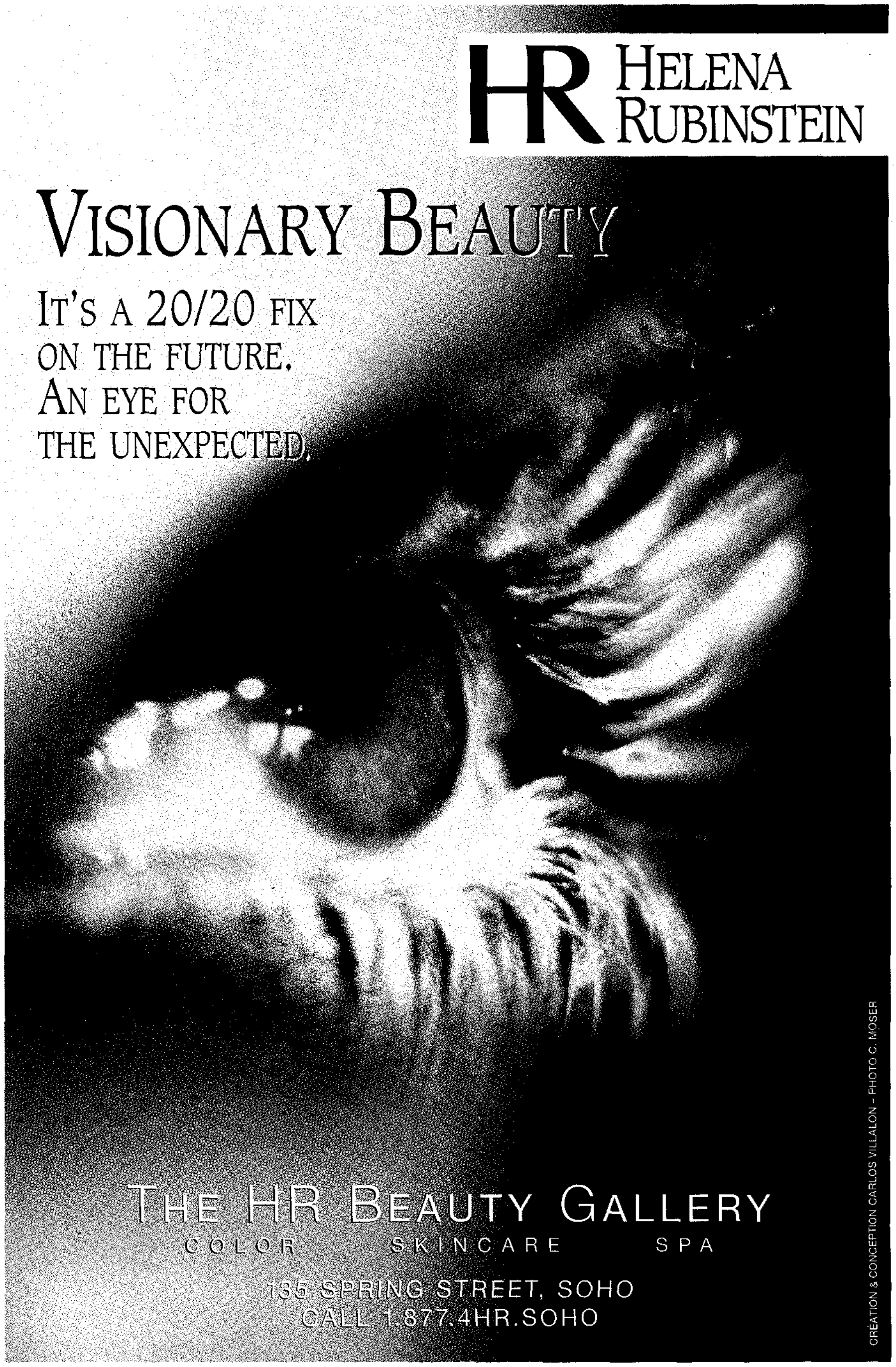
sensus of the political Establishment at the time was that, yes, they were, the consequent deaths of more than a million Vietnamese and 57,000 Americans notwithstanding. This consensus lent foreign-policy-making during the Cold War—the most uncertain period in modern history—a paradoxical certainty: If it blocks the Commies, just do it.

There's no such certainty now, as Clinton has been learning. The problem with using foreign policy and military force as instruments of moral suasion is not that they must be universally applied or applied not at all, as some have argued. Moral revulsion and national interest meet more closely in some places than in others, and the Balkans are clearly such a place. The problem, instead, is that such a foreign policy ends up being largely gestural. Clinton was right to reinstall Jean-Bertrand Aristide in Haiti—he was a popularly elected president, and it was one of Clinton's finest moments. But what came after? The current president, Rene Preval, is back to ruling by decree, and just last month, the commander of U.S. forces in the Caribbean said the 500 American troops still there should come home.

Clinton's foreign policy may be schizophrenic, and he undoubtedly missed some chances to build up anti-Milosevic forces within Serbia (whatever that might have accomplished). But it's not as though there's a sea of other people out there with better ideas. Baker, in begging off a U.S. commitment to Bosnia, told Congress in 1992 that "we're not the world's policeman." That inaction didn't help the situation in Kosovo today. At the other end of the lot, there isn't much enthusiasm in this country for sending in troops—the polls that today show people supporting a possible ground war in Kosovo are based on the television pictures of the refugees, and once those television pictures start showing funerals of American GIs, the polls will change.

We're living in a time of no easy answers. Heels firmly dug into hallowed soil won't be yanked out quickly. It may be ten or twenty years before we'll really be able to tell whether this war was worth prosecuting. So far, it sure hasn't helped the Albanian refugees. It will be a success only if it gets everyone in the region to start thinking in post-nationalist terms. I know from experience that that won't be easy with the Serbs, and the other fellows don't look like pushovers, either. ▬

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com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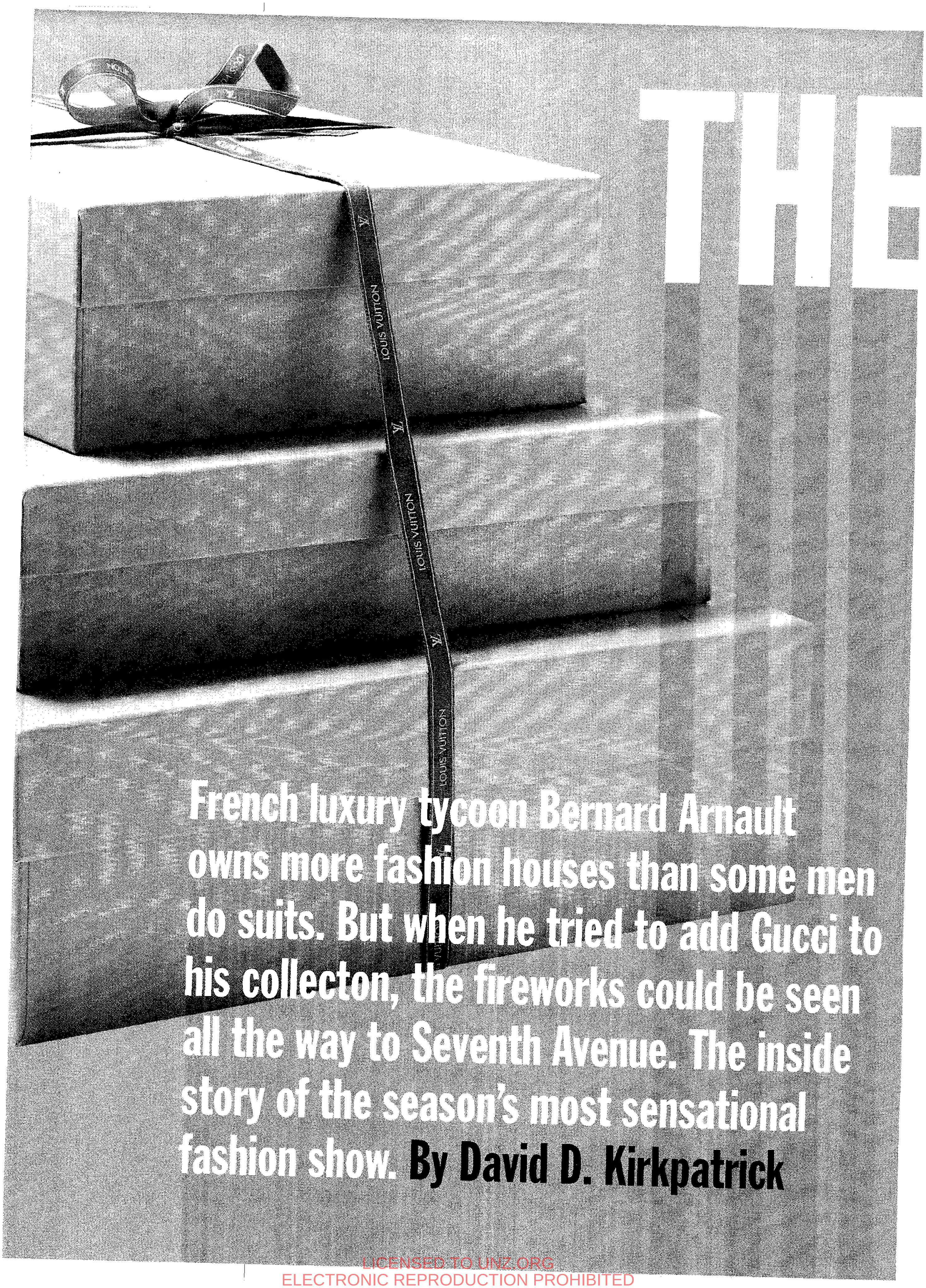
LOUIS VUITTON
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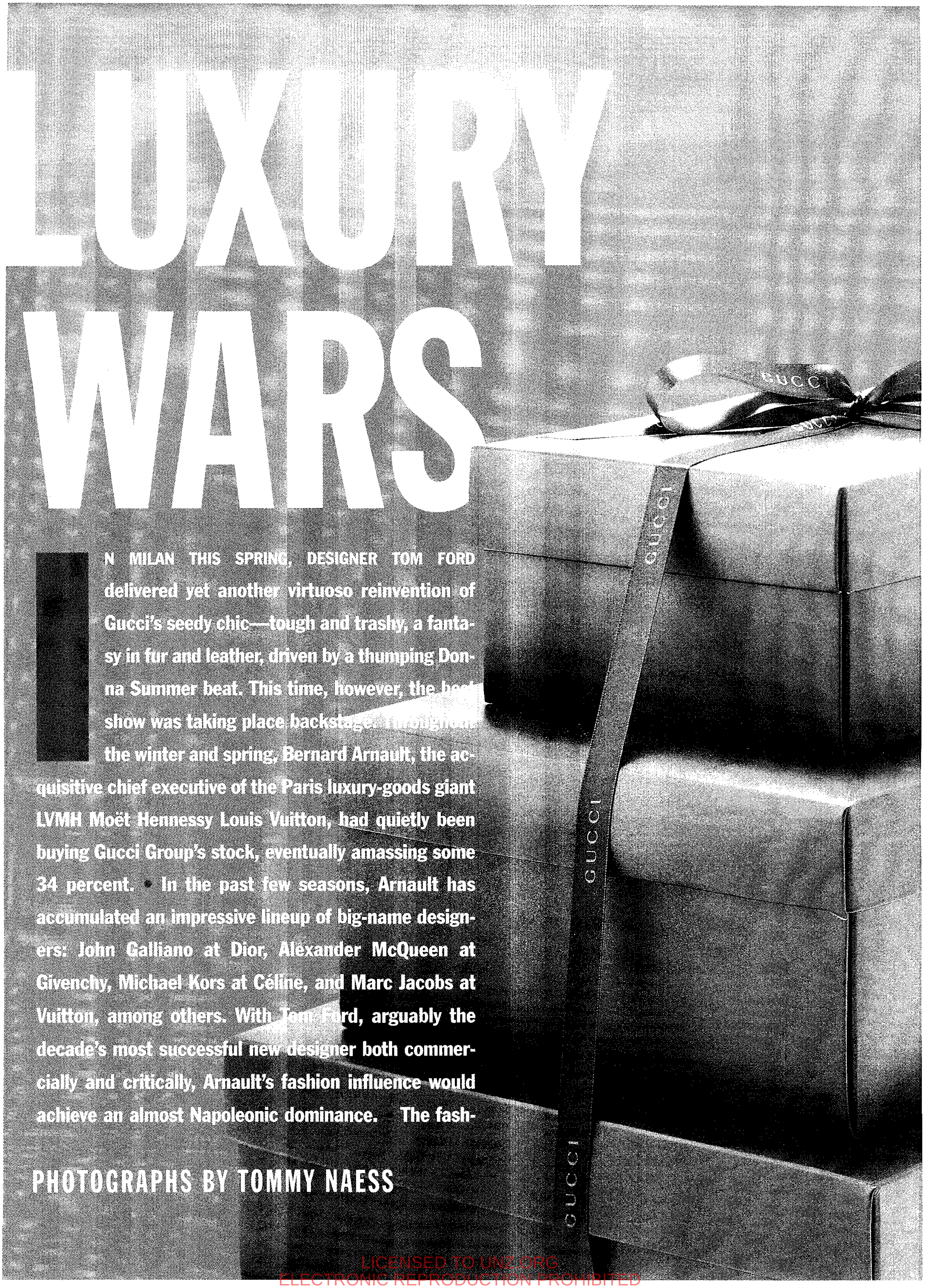
THE

French luxury tycoon Bernard Arnault owns more fashion houses than some men do suits. But when he tried to add Gucci to his collecton, the fireworks could be seen all the way to Seventh Avenue. The inside story of the season's most sensational fashion show. **By David D. Kirkpatrick**

LUXURY WARS

IN MILAN THIS SPRING, DESIGNER TOM FORD delivered yet another virtuoso reinvention of Gucci's seedy chic—tough and trashy, a fantasy in fur and leather, driven by a thumping Donna Summer beat. This time, however, the best show was taking place backstage. Throughout the winter and spring, Bernard Arnault, the acquisitive chief executive of the Paris luxury-goods giant LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton, had quietly been buying Gucci Group's stock, eventually amassing some 34 percent. • In the past few seasons, Arnault has accumulated an impressive lineup of big-name designers: John Galliano at Dior, Alexander McQueen at Givenchy, Michael Kors at Céline, and Marc Jacobs at Vuitton, among others. With Tom Ford, arguably the decade's most successful new designer both commercially and critically, Arnault's fashion influence would achieve an almost Napoleonic dominance. • The fash-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMMY NAESS

ion world has never known quite what to make of Arnault. He has given his young designers free rein; Dior, Givenchy, and Vuitton, which were sleepy if not dowdy fashion provinces prior to Arnault's ownership, have been providing high drama the past few seasons. But he is at heart a financier, and fashion people have never been entirely certain that he actually cares about fashion. Besides, whatever his intentions, Tom Ford and Gucci didn't seem to need the kind of shaking-up Arnault had administered in Paris.

So in Milan, when seats to Gucci's show proved especially hard to get, a rumor swept the assembled fashionistas that was a paranoid fantasy of corporate control. Arnault, the story went, had used his growing leverage to procure a large block of seats for the use of LVMH executives—Ford would have to show his clothes to an audience of suits.

The show backstage had begun two months before. On January 27, Arnault arranged a meeting with Gucci CEO Domenico De Sole, at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter's office on the Rue Balzac in Paris. Arnault says it was intended to be a get-acquainted meeting, the beginning of what could develop into a long relationship. He warmly praised De Sole and Ford for restoring the venerable brand's once-flagging sex appeal and extended an olive branch. "We are offering friendly cooperation," he told De Sole.

De Sole agrees that things began with an extravagant exchange of praise. "He said I was the greatest thing since sliced bread," De Sole recalls, delivering the American idiom in his thick Italian accent. But from the first, he was wary. He knew Arnault by reputation as a bare-knuckled, take-no-prisoners businessman, one who, for all his courtly compliments, now had considerable influence over De Sole's future. And after the pleasantries, the conversation turned distinctly less friendly. Arnault proposed that, since he was now one of Gucci's largest shareholders, he should be entitled to name directors to its board.

To De Sole, this didn't look like friendly cooperation. He thought these new directors might become Arnault's "eyes and ears" on the board, where competition with Louis Vuitton for store space, publicity, and designers was regularly discussed.

DRESS FOR SUCCESS: LVMH president Bernard Arnault with some of Galliano's frocks for Dior.

Photograph by Clopet/REA/Saba.

"It is against Arnault's principles to make fair

As cordially as he could, De Sole suggested that Arnault was plotting a "creeping takeover" by gradually buying enough shares to dominate Gucci's board without actually paying shareholders for control of the company. The tactic, once common in takeover battles, has become illegal in the U.S. in order to protect small investors.

De Sole pressed Arnault instead to make a bid for all of Gucci. "We will be reasonable about the price," he said. "And myself and Tom Ford would be delighted to stay if you desire." When De Sole eventually named his price, it was $85 a share, more than $30 a share above Gucci's price before Arnault began buying.

It was then, according to court documents filed by De Sole, that Arnault changed tacks, warning that LVMH was "a big powerful company in France with a lot of resources for litigation," and adding that De Sole could receive a big raise for allying himself with LVMH.

"Excuse me, Mr. Arnault, but that is not my style. Can you imagine if we did a deal and my shareholders found out that my salary was increased?" De Sole said, according to people involved. "They would be outraged!"

Arnault says he is stunned by De Sole's account. "That is completely untrue," he says. "That is just something written by De Sole for a lawsuit. It has nothing to do with truth. We discussed nothing more than what our boards wanted and how our companies could work together."

In any case, De Sole left the meeting determined to block Arnault by any means necessary. "It is against Arnault's principles to make fair offers for companies," he says.

Arnault responded by suing De Sole for mismanagement in Dutch court, in Amsterdam, where Gucci is incorporated. But while the court deliberated, De Sole rallied a team of Wall Street lawyers and bankers to search for a white knight. They found François Pinault, a rival French financier who bought a 42 percent stake in Gucci in a scheme to merge it with a handful of new brands, including Yves Saint Laurent and Oscar de la Renta perfumes. His plan is to turn Gucci, under De Sole and Ford's direction, into a new luxury behemoth that could become Arnault's biggest competitor.

SITTING AT A BABY-BLUE TABLE IN A room full of child-size designer clothes at the New York headquarters of Christian Dior, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, Arnault, six feet two, dressed in a dark double-breasted Dior suit and preppy tie, hardly seems predatory. Above his pale-blue eyes and thick, arched eyebrows, his gray hair stands up straight in an odd cowlick, earning him the nickname Tintin. Another of Arnault's nicknames is "the wolf in cashmere." Arnault throws up his hands at the image. "What do you expect," he says, "from people who are trying to hurt you?"

In fact, for all his ruthless reputation, Arnault seems shy and gentlemanly, with interests to match: He's an accomplished amateur at the piano, with a passion for Chopin (his wife is a concert pianist).

Arnault sees himself not as a wolf but as a visionary. "It is a trend for the last ten years for brands to get together, for one simple reason. It is the world market, to be reached globally, that requires a much greater investment. One brand alone will have great difficulty," he says. "When you buy Dom Pérignon or Dior perfume, or a Vuitton bag, you don't know it belongs to the same group. It is only backstage that you find the economies of scale that is the basis of our success."

If economies of scale can be wrung out of the luxury business, Arnault is certainly in a position to do so, having parlayed his small family fortune into control of a $23 billion fashion, leather, perfume, and champagne empire. He controls, in addition to Louis Vuitton, the fashion and perfume labels Christian Dior, Givenchy, Christian Lacroix, Loewe, Kenzo, Guerlain, Berluti, and Céline as well as the jeweler Fred. His company's prodigious liquor cabinet of top-shelf brands includes Hennessy cognac and the champagnes Moët et Chandon, Dom Pérignon, Pommery, Krug, and Veuve Clicquot. And even as he fends off Gucci's counterattacks, Arnault is fast expanding elsewhere. In Italy, he has agreed to begin cooperating with Prada and has been in talks with Giorgio Armani about a possible acquisition. In New York, he bought the cosmetics brand and spa Bliss World and a stake in the hot design house Michael Kors, whose designer he hired at Céline. LVMH's retail division is opening a new flagship for its Sephora high-end cosmetics-and-fragrance chain across the street from Saks Fifth Avenue.

To mark the company's expanded presence in New York, Arnault has commissioned a new North American headquarters at 57th Street and Madison Avenue, a singular green-glass skyscraper designed by the French architect Christian de Portzamparc. The façade of the new building—LVMH will move in September—is cut inward at jagged angles to evoke the shape of a seashell or the opening-up of a flower. A gigantic, multicolored lighting system will add to the visual spectacle. Louis Vuitton's American flagship store is slated to occupy the ground floor, and the U.S. headquarters for the rest of his design houses will be consolidated above. "We want to centralize the LVMH brain trust in the U.S.," he says. Still, there will be walls. LVMH's many perfume brands' fragrance teams have demanded strict assurances that their internal competitors won't be able to peek at their research.

for companies," Gucci's De Sole says.

PUMPED UP: Gucci CEO Domenico De Sole at Gucci's Florence showroom.

The Asian crisis, Arnault says, has vindicated his company's strategy. In the past twenty years, U.S. and European luxury-products companies have come to rely on Japanese and other Asian consumers for the lion's share of their sales. When the Asian economic crisis hit, it decimated the region's demand for excesses like a Gucci handbag or Vuitton luggage. As a result, both companies saw their stocks fall by as much as 50 percent. "Companies on their own, like Gucci, were hit very strongly," Arnault says, "but a group that is diversified as we are has more areas of business to weather a bad situation like 1998—champagne was booming; it had its most fantastic year." And even though LVMH stock was also hit hard by the crisis in Asia, Arnault says, he had enough in his war chest to capitalize on Gucci's weakness.

One of Arnault's favorite examples of his companies' synergies is really a recruitment pitch, directed in part at Tom Ford. "Perhaps our most important advantage is our ability to attract talent," Arnault says. "To be a designer or manager at one of our brands is not at all different from being in a medium-size company but with the investment muscle to grow. When a young, talented designer or executive comes to work with us, he has more potential to grow, to move up. And guess what happens? The best talent comes here."

So far, though, that hasn't impressed Ford, who has said he will leave Gucci if Arnault takes control. "We don't believe his synergies," De Sole says. "I find it preposterous that he thinks he can come and help us. He should fix his own brands. Except for Vuitton, his fashion brands are doing terribly. The only synergy that would exist would be for myself and Mr. Ford to come over and fix Christian Dior!"

Actually, the scope and complexity of Arnault's sprawling combine of luggage, clothes, couture, perfumes, accessories, and drinks makes his companies' performance hard to track. De Sole is not the first to argue that Arnault is better at buying prestigious brands cheaply than at running them. Arnault's hardball tactics have left plenty of bruises.

ARNAULT'S CAREER BEGAN WITH A HARD BARgain. At the age of 27, without his father's knowledge, he arranged to sell the family's construction business to the Rothschild family's Societé Nationale de Construction, then convinced his father the deal was a good idea.

He entered the fashion business almost by accident. After a brief career as a real-estate developer and a short stint in the U.S., he began shopping for a company to buy with the money he'd earned by selling his family's company. In 1984, his sights landed on the bankrupt French textile conglomerate Boussac, which happened to own the Christian Dior couture house. The French government had taken it over and was seeking to unload it. There were several bidders interested, including Louis Vuitton. But Arnault had an early edge because his first wife, Anne Dewavrin, was a cousin of the bankrupt owners, and he began by buying a stake from them. Then, with professions of his intent to maintain the company's payroll, Arnault persuaded the French government to sell him the rest.

Within five years, however, he had laid off 8,000 workers and sold off almost all of its manufacturing assets for about $500 million. The sell-off made Arnault one of the wealthiest men in France, but it won him few friends in French labor groups. (The government eventually forced him to repay about $60 million of the money it had invested in the company.)

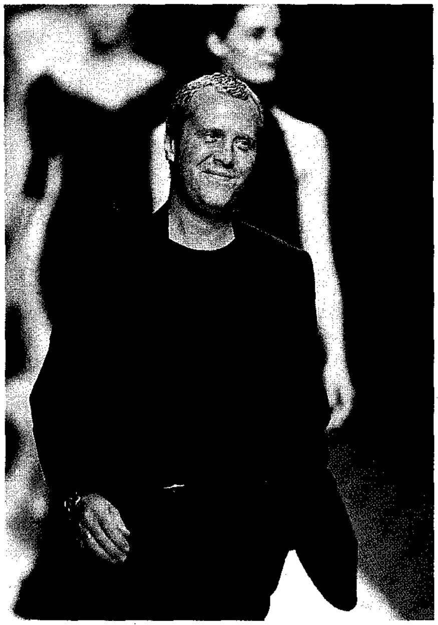
Arnault focused his attention on Dior, began dining at the glamorous Paris restaurant Maxim's, and quickly grew enamored of the fashion world. "What would be very interesting and rewarding for all of us," he told his aides, "would be to create the No. 1 luxury-product group in the world. Let's try to do it."

In 1988, he began to buy LVMH stock. "It's like an art collector. You buy a painting thinking in three or four years it will increase in value, and in the meantime you'll have something that pleases you," he told *Women's Wear Daily*. "I preferred buying up shares in LVMH rather than, say, IBM."

Photograph by Guido Harari/Contrasto/CPi.

LVMH, one of its founders once said, was like a marriage that raced too fast to the altar. The Moët and Hennessy families had just formed the company by joining their cognac and champagne business with the Vuittons' fashion holdings. American-style takeovers were proliferating in Europe, and the families sought shelter in the clout of their combined companies.

Still fearing hostile bids, the Moët-Hennessy families suggested inviting their distribution ally Guinness to acquire a 20 percent stake in the company. The prospect spooked the Vuittons, who feared it would tip the internal balance of power. So Henry Racamier, a 75-year-old self-made steel magnate who had married into the Vuitton clan and taken charge of its business, responded by seeking backers of his own. His new investor was Bernard Arnault, who Racamier saw as a protégé.



The night after the two men met to set the timing of Arnault's investment, Arnault drove to the home of a Lazard Frères banker he knew from the Boussac deal. There he met with the leader of the Moët-Hennessy faction. Without telling Racamier, Arnault changed sides. He formed a new organization with Guinness's support to buy shares in LVMH. The venture eventually took a 37 percent stake.

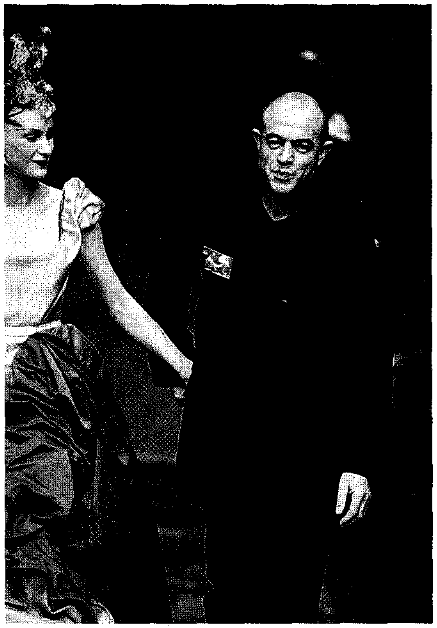
On September 26, 1988, the LVMH board met with a plan to elect Henry-Louis Vuitton, Racamier's son-in-law and the great-grandson of the founder, as its head. But Arnault had already accumulated enough shares to take control. And at the meeting, he installed not Vuitton but his own father, Jean Arnault (who was an experienced businessman, says Arnault, and well qualified).

"When I signed the alliance agreement with him in June 1988, I held out my hand. It was like holding a limp rag," Racamier later told Arnault's French biographers, Nadège Forestier and Nazanine Ravai. He shared similar sentiments with De Sole, a friend he had met doing business for Vuitton in New York.

Racamier battled Arnault indefatigably for years afterward, accusing him of multiple counts of financial shenanigans and bad faith. French president François Mitterand even took up the issue of "the LVMH affair" in a televised address. After years of wrangling, French courts found that Lazard had improperly sold some stock to Arnault, but he was exonerated.

Arnault, for his part, accused Racamier and the Vuittons of embezzling from the LVMH's Asian sales (he was cleared) and hired Kroll Associates, the business world's favorite private investigators, to dig into Racamier. False allegations surfaced in the press that Racamier and the Vuitton family had excluded Jews from their store during the war, that Racamier's grandchildren goose-stepped around his backyard, and that he supported the rightist Jean-Marie Le Pen. Racamier blamed Arnault, and a press account accused him of hiring a public-relations firm to fake a letter to from Le Pen to Racamier. The letter turned out to be forged, but no evidence was found to link Arnault to the letter.

JEWELS IN THE CROWN: Left to right, Michael Kors of Céline, Christian Lacroix, and Givenchy star Alexander McQueen.



Arnault dismisses allegations that his takeover of LVMH disserved its shareholders. "We bought LVMH on the stock market," Arnault says, "and in the meantime, if you take Vuitton, we have tripled the profit and we have tripled the product, so every investor is very happy." The company's stock has doubled in the ten years since his arrival.

Arnault wasted no time shaking up the Paris fashion world. He ran through four top managers at Dior in his first six years there. He set up the young designer Christian Lacroix with his own fashion house, and Lacroix's pouf dresses quickly became nouvelle society's garment of choice in the late eighties. Arnault has bankrolled Lacroix's company to this day, though it's never made a profit.

"Vuitton's profit mar
reason is clear, and it

More typically, Arnault has bought well-known labels—sometimes riding roughshod over the people who gave them their names. He bought two thirds of the design house Céline, for instance, from its founders, Richard and Céline Vipiana, then forced them out three months later.

When the 68-year-old Count Hubert de Givenchy, famed for dressing Audrey Hepburn, retired from his eponymous label, Arnault passed over his handpicked successor to appoint the young British designer John Galliano, a plumber's son famous for outrageous designs like butt-revealing skirts. A few years later, he moved Galliano to Dior and replaced him with another taboo-breaking young Brit, Alexander McQueen, who told the press, "Hepburn is dead."

Galliano, an Arnault favorite, has lately drawn pans at Dior. The *International Herald Tribune's* Suzy Menkes described Galliano's recent spring show as "a cartoon African theme" and lamented that Galliano's "magic is fading."

Photographs by M. Chandoha Valentino (3).

But Arnault defends the choice. "It is my requirement, when I choose a designer, that I feel he is a great talent, and, second, that it is something for which he has a great feeling, aesthetically. Galliano's designs were very feminine, very romantic—exactly the spirit of what Mr. Dior did in life," he says. He maintains his designers have complete autonomy: "I am involved in the selection of designers, obviously, but then they are free to create."

Michael Kors, the New York designer who took over Céline two years ago and sold a third of his company to Arnault this spring, says input from LVMH has always been welcome. "I have never had anyone at LVMH say, 'Pink is the color for Céline this season,' but I will say, 'Do you think this will work for Southeast Asia?' "

Marcia Kilgore, the 30-year-old founder of Bliss World, who just sold a majority stake in her company to LVMH, says she had heard of Arnault's tough reputation but isn't afraid for her job. "I told him our company was like this chair in the Dior boutique in Paris, covered in Mongolian lamb hair that looks like wet dog hair—a wry sense of humor with great backbone. He got it immediately," she says. "I have complete creative control. You don't buy a plane that is flying very well to crash it."

Still, more than a few of Arnault's investments have provoked litigation. After LVMH took a large stake in Chateau d'Yquem, makers of the world's most sought-after—and expensive—dessert wine, Count Alexandre de Lur Saluces, who runs the winery and with his son owns 10 percent, sued Arnault for sidestepping their talks by buying a dominant stake in the winery from his brother. The count contended that his 75-year-old brother was mentally incompetent and, furthermore, prohibited from selling by the terms of his inheritance. A French court recently ruled in favor of Arnault.

s are double Gucci's—48 percent against 24 percent. The ze," says Arnault. "We could help move Gucci in that direction."

And last year, after Arnault bought a majority stake in the international retailer Duty Free Shoppers, Hong Kong billionaire Robert Miller, father of the New York socialites the Miller sisters and owner of 39 percent of the company, charged Arnault with trying to use Duty Free Shoppers for the benefit of his luxury brands. "Despite his promises," Miller charged in New York State court, "Bernard Arnault has a pattern of exploiting the assets of partially acquired companies for the benefit of LVMH with no concern for the best interests of minority shareholders." The charges were settled with a guarantee of the chain's independence. The two have since patched things up. Miller wrote a letter on Arnault's behalf to the court that's ruling on his Gucci suit, and Arnault recently hired Miller's daughter Pia Getty as a spokeswoman for LVMH's Sephora stores.

The building of Arnault's flowerlike trophy tower on East 57th Street was thorny, too. New York broker Robert Siegel, who had been assembling the site for more than a decade, found himself in a tight squeeze, since LVMH was his minority partner in the building, its tenant, and its construction lender, and also had control of the design. When the building's elaborate design went over budget by about 60 percent, LVMH as tenant refused to pay more, LVMH as builder claimed Siegel had approved the new budget, and LVMH as lender was in a position to foreclose and take control. Siegel sued. The case was later settled, and LVMH acquired the building for an undisclosed sum.

DARK, BEARDED, AND STOCKY, DE Sole is the visual opposite of Arnault. He was overshadowed by Tom Ford until he began his tireless, sometimes near-hysterical defense of Gucci's independence. "Gucci is one of the most profitable luxury brands in the world," he says. "Arnault is trying to steal this company."

Despite the name and accent, De Sole is an improbable chief executive for an ultra-trendy fashion house. Born in Rome, the son of a brigadier general in the Italian army, he briefly taught law in Italy before coming to the U.S. for a second degree at Harvard. Afterward, he joined the well-connected Washington firm Patton, Boggs & Blow, eventually becoming a U.S. citizen.

Because of his Italian roots, he often handled Italian clients with tax issues in the U.S. He was representing Maurizio Gucci's branch of the family when, in 1982, a family brawl erupted during a company board meeting. Maurizio's cousin Paolo was bleeding as he staggered out of the meeting, vowing revenge. He got it by releasing documents that incriminated his father, Aldo, in tax-evasion schemes. Aldo, 77 years old, served a year in prison.

THE FORD FOUNDATION: Above, Gucci's store in Manhattan; left, Tom Ford at his autumn 1999 show for Gucci.

During the family turmoil that followed, Maurizio badly needed a trustworthy ally. De Sole helped him take control of the company by selling 50 percent of Gucci Group to the Arab company Investcorp. Afterward, Maurizio asked De Sole to become president of Gucci's U.S. unit part-time to help settle its accounts with the Internal Revenue Service.

De Sole soon became embroiled in the family's infighting. In 1987, a lawyer for Aldo Gucci, out of jail and plotting his return, called De Sole "the guest who came for dinner and never left" and accused him of running the company to generate fees for his former firm. Patton, Boggs had billed Gucci more than $1 million in 1986.

But the family's problems went far beyond legal fees. Throughout the seventies and eighties, the company's double-*G* logo was plastered like graffiti on every imaginable product: There were bottles of Gucci Scotch authorized by cousin Roberto, a ri-

Photographs: top, Peter Gifford/Gamma Liaison; bottom, M. Chandoha Valentino.

val line of Gucci leatherwear designed by the black-sheep cousin Paolo, and countless key chains, watches, T-shirts, and tchotchkes authorized by the company itself under Maurizio. Meanwhile, the company was spending more than $4 million a year in a vain effort to dam a flood of fake Gucci merchandise from the East.

In 1990, Gucci hired Tom Ford, a handsome 29-year-old actor-model with a degree in interior architecture and just a few years' experience in design. Maurizio considered him "too fashion-forward," not "classic" enough, and ordered him fired.

De Sole interceded, though he didn't know Ford. "I told Maurizio it didn't make any sense," he says. "Tom seemed like a good person, and besides, there was no one else on the design team left.

"Maurizio was a wonderful person but a terrible manager," De Sole continues. "By 1993, the company was basically broke. We lost about $30 million that year." Around that time, Arnault came close to buying the company but backed off at the last minute.

Investcorp was forced to buy out Maurizio Gucci's remaining 50 percent stake in a desperate effort to recoup its investment. De Sole took over as head of the company. Two years later, Maurizio Gucci was shot on a Milan street by a hired gunman working for his ex-wife.

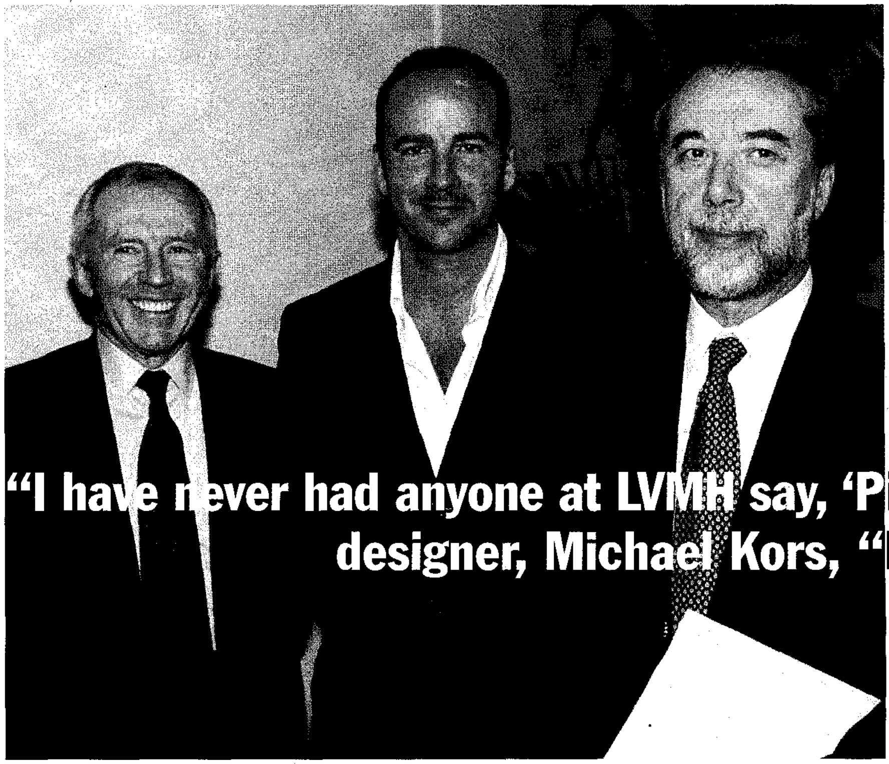
At first, it was an awkward partnership for De Sole and Ford—a man twenty years younger, who came out at Studio 54 and likes to tell reporters that he doesn't wear underwear. "At that point, everybody had left the company, and the only people around were myself and Mr. Ford," De Sole says. "A lot of people had told me that his style was out of control and not 'real Gucci.' I'm sure they told him horrible things about me too."

De Sole contemplated leaving himself, and even interviewed for a job working for Arnault at Dior. But driving together around Tuscany, wooing back local manufacturers whose bills the cash-starved company had stiffed, De Sole and Ford began to understand each other.

De Sole worked hard to cancel Gucci's myriad licensing agreements and position the double *G*'s again as a symbol of big bucks. In the studio, Ford began studying Gucci's archive, drawing on its history to create a provocative new look. There were some false starts, like G-strings with Gucci's double-*G* logo. But in March 1995, the velvet hip-huggers Ford designed were the season's surprise upset: "Dangerous, sexy, modern, and slightly roughed up," wrote Katherine Betts in *Vogue*.

A few days after the show, De Sole met Ford for dinner at the Bristol hotel in Paris. "Domenico, I want you to marry me," Ford said.

"Tom, I am not sure what my wife, Eleanore, is going to say to this," De Sole answered. But he got the drift. He increased Ford's compensation. And to reinforce the bond, a significant chunk of Ford's paycheck came in Gucci stock options. Ford made his influence felt throughout the company, from the layout of Gucci stores to the look of its ad campaigns. Gucci's annual sales soared from $264 million in 1994 to more than $1 billion last year. Ford amassed a personal fortune worth more than $80 million, most of it tied up in Gucci stock, which had more than than doubled in price.


"I have never had anyone at LVMH say, 'Pi
designer, Michael Kors, "b

A GREATER GUCCI: French financier and department-store mogul François Pinault is coming to the aid of Tom Ford and Domenico De Sole.

But last spring, the Asian economic crisis sent Gucci's shares tumbling from its high of about $80 a share to less than $35 a share, and the low price made the company vulnerable to a takeover. In June, its rival Prada disclosed that it had acquired a 9 percent stake on the open market, apparently contemplating a takeover.

De Sole and Ford were dismayed to realize that when Gucci had been incorporated in Amsterdam (to minimize its taxes), the company had neglected to include in its bylaws the Dutch version of a "poison pill." Earlier, De Sole had sought shareholder approval to install a new poison pill. But shareholders worried it might deter bids for their depressed stock, and it was voted down.

De Sole hastily assembled a team of investment bankers from Morgan Stanley Dean Witter and lawyers from the New York firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom who together contrived a makeshift takeover deterrent involving the issuance of special "ghost shares" to an employee trust that could block unwelcome suitors. De Sole warned Prada that Gucci could use the ghost shares to stop an unwanted advance, but they were never issued because Prada never moved ahead.

The ghost-share plan soon came in handy. On February 18, as Arnault attempted to call a special shareholders' meeting to force De Sole to let him name a director to Gucci's board, De Sole's board implemented its poison pill. Arnault immediately challenged it in Dutch court.

TO HEAR ARNAULT TELL IT, THE WHOLE dispute with De Sole was just a big misunderstanding. "We never understood why De Sole was so hostile. We don't want to buy or invest in a brand if we can't bring something to increase its profitability," Arnault says. "Just look at Gucci versus Louis Vuitton. Vuitton's profit margins are double Gucci's—48 percent against 24 percent. The reason is clear, and it is size. We could help move Gucci in that direction."

His company's sheer market power, Arnault argues, enables it to push around malls, department stores, landlords, suppliers, and even the media where his brands advertise. "When we look to locate in a shopping mall, there is a phenomenon

Photograph by Barylko/Sipa Press.

the color for Céline this season,' " says Céline's
ill say, 'Do you think this will work for Southeast Asia?' "

where we define which mall is a luxury mall, because they need all our brands," Arnault says. "We are the largest luxury-goods advertiser in the world. I cannot tell you the exact savings—I cannot give away my secrets—but it is obvious that the more you buy, the better you get."

As a result, says Arnault, LVMH can economize on everything that creates a brand's aura of style, luxury, and prestige besides the look itself. Many LVMH brands have for a long time sold their wares primarily out of their own shops. Controlling distribution gives the company complete control of how the goods are presented and the ability to ensure that they are never, ever marked down. And LVMH's size gives it considerable leverage in negotiating over presentation for brands sold in department stores. "We know how important it is to be in control of the retail distribution around the globe," Arnault says. "When you go wholesale, as Gucci still does, you risk parallel sales and markdowns that hurt the brand. At Louis Vuitton, we never have a sale."

But how much do all these synergies really help? "That is debatable," says Cedric Magnelia, an analyst at Credit Suisse First Boston in London. He says the real savings on advertising, real estate, and dealing with retailers remain to be proven.

"Comparing Gucci with Vuitton is a clownish argument!" says De Sole. "Our leather goods are more profitable than theirs. But we sell ready-to-wear, which is less profitable, and we use it to enhance the look and make it very exciting. That is how we have grown the company so fast. In 1995, Vuitton was four times Gucci's size. Now we are the same."

Both brands spend a roughly equal portion of their revenue on advertising—about 5 percent. And De Sole points out that Gucci has no trouble getting all the press the company needs; the fashion magazines can't get enough of Tom Ford right now. "We have been on the cover of 24 of the most important fashion magazines in the last few months," he says.

As far as real estate, "I wouldn't say LVMH has a huge advantage," says Robert Futterman, a New York real-estate broker who specializes in luxury boutiques. "A landlord may say, 'We will give you a prime spot in our Short Hills mall if you go into our Florida mall,' but Arnault is going to want to cherry-pick locations that suit his brand's image. It will be a long time before LVMH has as much clout as tenant as the Gap or Barnes & Noble."

In some ways, exactly what makes fashion and luxury products appealing to sell limits the potential in savings on cost. Economies of scale are mainly important in commodity businesses, like making blue jeans or television sets, where low prices sway shoppers. "With products like Gucci's, people pay an exceedingly high price for the perceived value in owning something that has a timeless design," says Sewall Hodges, a Scudder Kemper Investments portfolio manager whose fund owns Gucci stock.

AT 8:30 A.M. ON MARCH 19, ARNAULT was presiding over a meeting of his company's top executives at EuroDisney, near Paris. He expected to meet again with De Sole at 10:30 A.M., in an effort to jump-start their talks. Instead, he received word that De Sole had launched a new surprise defense, signing an agreement to sell a 40 percent stake in Gucci to François Pinault, a French financier and department-store mogul, for about $3 billion, or about $75 a share—$10 a share below what De Sole wanted from Arnault.

The deal diluted LVMH's stake in Gucci by nearly half, removing his leverage over its future. Under the terms of the deal, Pinault will eventually name three out of five members of a new committee with veto power over any potential mergers or acquisitions, which Arnault says amounts to control. "It is stupefying," Arnault says. "This is exactly the opposite of what De Sole said he wanted! Now we have no choice but to protect our investment."

Immediately, Arnault reversed himself and made a bid for all of Gucci's outstanding shares, eventually offering as much as $91 a share, under certain conditions. But success is unlikely because of Pinault's big stake. "Pinault is the one who is making a creeping takeover; that is his maneuver. We are on the side of minority shareholders here!" Arnault says.

And Arnault tacked a new charge onto his claims against De Sole in Dutch court: that Gucci betrayed its shareholders by locking up control for a fire-sale price. A shareholders' rights group has backed him up. And at least one U.S. investment fund has written Arnault a letter siding with him as well.

De Sole, though, insists that Arnault hasn't made a legitimate offer, because the board can't meet Arnault's conditions, which include making Ford stick around. "That is laughable," De Sole says. "We cannot speak for Mr. Ford!"

In fact, De Sole claims, the only reason Arnault made his "alleged offers" is that he is afraid of the competition. De Sole doubted the efficiency of Arnault's luxury conglomerate, but now he is excited about building his own. "We can really become an important player as a luxury conglomerate," he says. "In fact, it was our plan to buy some new brands all along."

That was Pinault's plan, too, says Serge Weinberg, chairman of Pinault's department-store company Pinault-Printemps-Redoute. "We plan to make Gucci our platform to consolidate luxury brands, with De Sole as CEO." And, he says, they intend to start shopping for new brands right away. "We didn't just invest $3 billion in Gucci to put it in the bank," he says.

To begin with, Gucci will have a chance to buy a portfolio of brands Pinault just acquired from the drug company Sanofi; a host of additional brands, including Yves Saint Laurent; and the Fendi, Oscar de la Renta, Van Cleef & Arpels, Roger & Gallet, and Krizia perfumes.

Ford will be in charge creatively. "Ford has demonstrated a very wide understanding of how to translate a very consistent brand image across a wide range of products," Weinberg says, "But his talent will also help in asking other talents to join."

Their ideas sound very much like Arnault's: Rising marketing and distribution costs make it hard for smaller firms to compete, creating an opportunity to consolidate design "boutiques" into a brand-new conglomerate. Until now, Weinberg says, smaller luxury companies had only one potential buyer when they wanted to sell. "Now they will have two," he says.

On Thursday, April 22, Arnault faces what may be his last chance to buy Gucci: a ruling by the Dutch court on his charges against De Sole. But a defeat still wouldn't mean the saga is over. Arnault still has a substantial minority stake, and people who know him say he is unlikely to walk away empty-handed. Two years ago, for example, he was a major shareholder in Guinness when the company announced a plan to merge with the U.S. snacks-and-fast-food giant Grand Met. He held up the talks for months by advancing his own plan for a three-way deal with Moët-Hennessy to form a giant "Drinksco." Finally, at a meeting with the top executives of both companies in a private plane at London's Northolt airport, Arnault offered a compromise solution. He accepted a $375 million payment to let the deal go through.

So Arnault may not get what he wants. But Gucci's escape, too, may have a high price. ■

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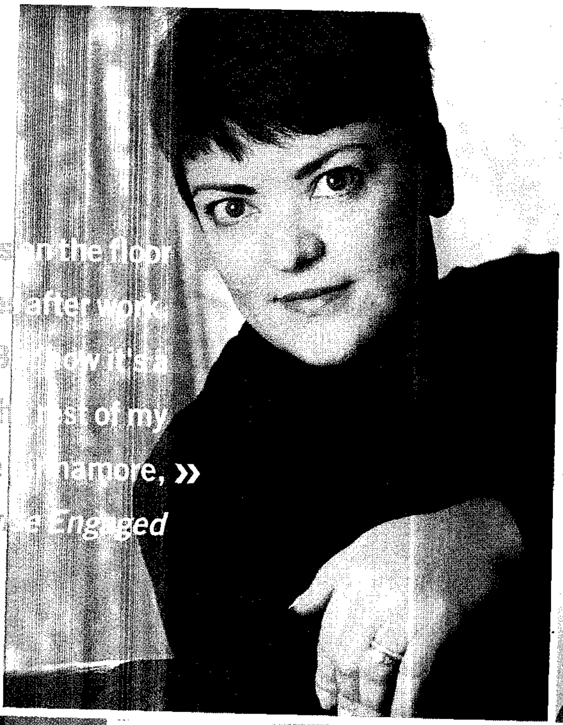
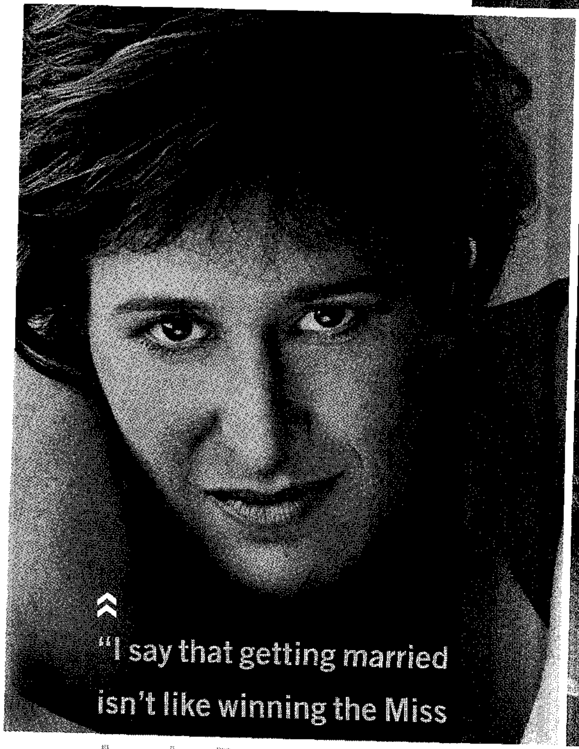
"Michael leaves his socks on the floor when he takes off his shoes after work. This used to be fine. But now it's a sock on the floor for the rest of my life."—Suzanne Finnamore, » *Otherwise Engaged*

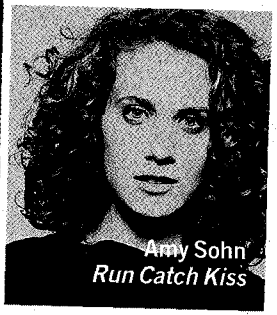


Sue Margolis
Neurotica

"Our affair had followed the same trajectory as most of my relationships: bantering dive-bar pickup, drunken sex, a rushed exchange of phone numbers afterwards on a subway platform." « — Kate Christensen, *In the Drink*

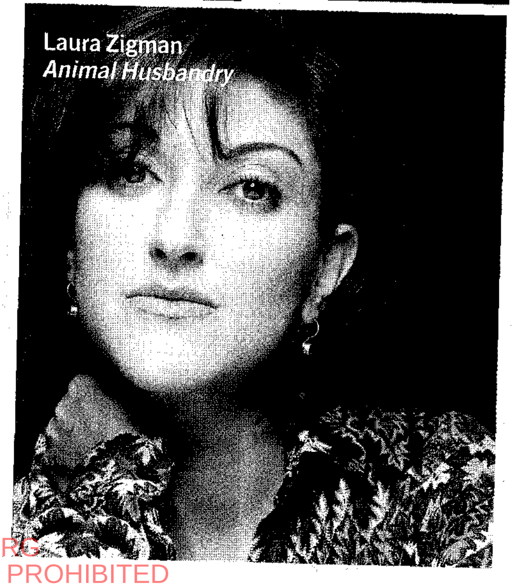


"I say that getting married isn't like winning the Miss America Pageant; it doesn all come down to the bathin suit competition. 'What do you think it comes down to' she says. I say, 'Baton twirling.'"—Melissa Bank, *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*



Amy Sohn
Run Catch Kiss

Melissa R
On the Lo



Laura Zigman
Animal Husbandry

uccess and the Single Girl

Buoyed by the success of ***Bridget Jones's Diary***, a procession of sexy, single, slightly neurotic thirtysomethings are strutting onto the literary landscape. Can the lit world's new "It" girls sustain a meaningful relationship? Or are they just a one-night stand? **By Sarah Bernard**

At Teddy's Berry Street diner in Williamsburg, Kate Christensen is fighting a hangover. Looking tired and a bit wan, she slips out of her fake-fur coat and orders a Bloody Mary. It turns out she was up until three last night, carousing at a musician friend's dinner party, lingering over a nightcap or two at a Metropolitan Avenue dive. "Usually I drink vodka," she says. In fact, Christensen is such a connoisseur that she concocts her own. "Ginger vodka, horseradish vodka," she says, flagging the waiter for a pot of tea to use as a chaser. "I'm trying out all kinds."

Except for her wedding ring, the 36-year-old Christensen is a lot like Claudia Steiner, the vodka-swilling heroine of *In the Drink*, her first novel, which Doubleday is publishing in May. And though Claudia lives in a ratty Upper West Side studio instead of a Notting Hill flat, she happens to be a lot like Bridget Jones.

You have, of course, heard of Bridget, the self-obsessed centerpiece of *Bridget Jones's Diary* and the brainchild of former London *Independent* columnist Helen Fielding. Daily dispatches from Bridget's life, written in diary form and beginning with calories consumed, alcohol units imbibed, and Silk Cuts smoked, made Fielding's quirky column a sensation in England. In 1996, she gathered them into a book. And while she took pains to distance herself from her character, there were certain undeniable parallels: Like Bridget, Helen worked in television, chain-smoked, and enjoyed the occasional drink. A short blonde with a pixie hairdo, she came off in TV appearances like your sweet, slightly feckless sister-in-law. In Britain, her book sold over a million copies.

Shortly afterward, Viking raced both Fielding and Jones across the Atlantic, where they stirred a similar sensation. *Bridget Jones's Diary* leaped onto the New York *Times* best-seller list and remained there for seventeen weeks. Despite a few cultural discrepancies, many American women embraced the character with giddy self-recognition. She was a kind of resilient anti-heroine who veered between the pathetic and the courageous in her quest for love, sex, and an acceptable pair of opaque black stockings. In America, as in England, Bridget was embraced as an iconic thirtysomething Everywoman.

Naysayers, not surprisingly, dismissed her as an appalling bundle of feeble neuroses. In a cover story last June on the state of feminism, *Time* held Bridget up as an example of how far the institution has fallen. By then, however, it was too late. Bridget had already inched her way into countless Mexican beach bags, Upper East Side book clubs, and NYU dorms, inducting terms like *Smug Married* (blissfully happy member of a couple), *Emotional Fuckwittage* (stress associated with unreliable boyfriend), and *Singleton* (a woefully unattached character) into the lexicon. Today there are dozens of Bridget reading groups, a Website, several fan clubs. Fielding is currently at work on the screenplay and, of course, the sequel. "It's much more than a book," exults her U.S. editor, Pamela Dorman. "When you say *Bridget*, it conjures up a whole world."

IT'S A WORLD THAT'S ABOUT TO GET A whole lot bigger. Long before Fielding arrived Stateside, Candace Bushnell had laid the groundwork by parlaying her pseudo-autobiographical New York *Observer* columns about Manhattan's sex-obsessed swell set into a best-selling book, *Sex and the City*, and an HBO series, now shooting its second season. Laura Zigman's *Animal Husbandry* covered some of the same terrain. But it was Fielding's smash success that ignited this particular frenzy. Now the sullen Gen-Xers and self-indulgent soul-bearers of the past few years are giving way to the lit world's newest prototype: a barrage of single, urban women, late twenties to late thirties, who struggle with loneliness and success with the help of a caustic sense of humor (and more than a few glasses of Chardonnay.)

In addition to Christensen's *In the Drink*, there is Melissa Bank's *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing* and

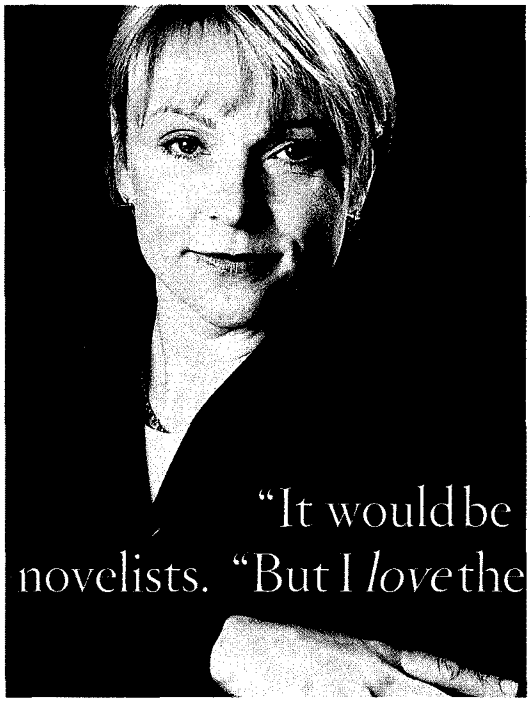
Suzanne Finnamore's *Otherwise Engaged.* This summer will also see the debuts of Amy Sohn's *Run Catch Kiss,* Clare Naylor's *Love: A User's Guide,* and Sue Margolis's *Neurotica,* among others. Their publishers are frantically hatching marketing campaigns (from seminars on the single girl to bride-to-be Web promotions) in an effort to replicate *Bridget's* success while struggling to get out from under her approximately 123-pound shadow.

There is a temptation to glean all kinds of cultural significance from the phenomenon. It wasn't that long ago, after all, that women over 30 were relegated to the literary scrap heap, lucky to find a date, much less a book deal. In 1984, this magazine published a much-bemoaned study that claimed that women who were still single in their thirties had a better chance of getting hit by lightning than finding a long-term partner; that sense of desperation colored the way they were represented in fiction as well. But as the number of never-married American women more than tripled over the past two decades, the stereotype seemed dated. Now, if not always sympathetic, at least they have readers hanging on their every word.

Though Grove/Atlantic publisher Morgan Entrekin, who edited Bushnell and Fay Weldon, among others, is wary of literary trends, he believes that the boom in single-over-thirty protagonists may be driven in part by demographics. "Without question, 30-to-45-year-old women are currently the core readers of the fiction market. They are the strongest buyers and readers. It's the same reason all the Oprah books do so well. If publishers are interested in these girls as characters, it's because they are the ones who read these days." (And it's probably not a coincidence that many of the editors and agents *acquiring* the books are women in their thirties as well.)

"When I go on call-in shows to talk about thirtysomething women, every line lights up, the phones get jammed, the faxes start pouring in," says conservative author Danielle Crittenden, who questions the notion that a modern woman's career can replace a family life. Fielding modestly describes herself as merely the first to tap into a clearly emerging Zeitgeist. "Novels are like life, just a few years later," she notes. "It just takes a long time for fiction to catch up with reality. It would be really arrogant," she says, to take credit for empowering this crop of new novelists. "But I do like that idea. It makes me feel marvelous—like I'm the saintly benefactor!"

UNDUE CONCERN FOR MODESTY doesn't seem to trouble Candace Bushnell, who just returned from a triumphant tour of Bridget's hometown last week. "They love me in London," says the author, whose book maintains a firm slot on the London *Times* best-seller list and whose TV show recently made its European debut. (The show's producers are now working on eighteen new episodes.) Bushnell, at 40, is like a walking character from her book: a pretty blonde with a penchant for power suits and powerful men. But while Bridget struggles vainly against her demons, Bushnell's babes blithely embrace theirs. They live, as author Katie Roiphe observes, in "a prolonged state of adolescence," wobbling in their stilettos from party to party. Bushnell believes that her books and others like them are successful because they give women an alternative to earlier stereotypes of single women. "That character has always been a cultural icon in America. There was Mary Tyler Moore, even *Valley of the Dolls.* But now, we've perfected the concept. I write about strong, funny people who do what the fuck they want." She admits the new paradigm might be intimidating to some men. "For some reason, men don't *like* funny. Funny is not a quality that's usually prized by men. Large, fake breasts are."



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novelists. "But I *love* the idea. It makes me feel n

Still single after all these years: *Bridget Jones's* birth mother, Helen Fielding.

"MALE WRITERS HAVE ALWAYS FEATURED characters like these," Roiphe points out. "Promiscuous yet good-hearted young men trying to make their way through life. Look at Philip Roth or Jay McInerney. This is just the female version. Women in their thirties who are just living their lives, not depressingly hunting for a husband—they're the new archetype."

Melissa Roth, author of *On the Loose,* a nonfiction account of one year in three unattached women's lives, reeled in William Morrow by selling the publisher on that very notion. "There was a time when single women in their thirties who didn't have prospects would terrify people—family members, married women, *everybody.* Now it's like they're envied: They're the ones with the exciting lives."

Well, not always. In general, the new Lit Girls fall somewhere between Fielding's muddled idealist and Bushnell's exuberant hedonist. In some ways, they are the descendants of the angst-ridden post-collegiates who peopled the coming-of-age stories of late-eighties and early-nineties writers like Mona Simpson, Susan Minot, and Tama Janowitz. But their dilemmas are those of an older, more mature audience. "Coming of age is *nothing,*" says Christensen's literary agent, Elizabeth Kaplan. "*Being* of age is where it gets interesting. There's a whole generation of people who have grown up but are still struggling."

WHEN CHRISTENSEN IS NOT WRITING IN HER Greenpoint studio, the lithe, dark-haired author moonlights as a soap-opera star—albeit a low-rent public-access soap opera filmed in a friend's living room. This is not her first foray into city-sponsored cable: An endless string of temp jobs included a stint reading (and writing) phone-sex scripts for Channel J. "I *specialized* in incest," she notes. She began her novel over three years ago, while she worked as a secretary at a Japanese bank. At first, she desperately hammered her prose into what she labels "confessional serious American fiction": "I remember trying to drudge up anything. But I wasn't abused. I was never anorexic. If I showed an interest in science, my mother was right there with the chemistry set."

Christensen says she quickly grew "sick of that self-seriousness. But I didn't really see a lot of books out there until *Bridget Jones* that had a tone and worldview that was just like mine. I was reacting *against* political correctness, Alcoholics Anonymous. I *love* to drink! I think there's a kind of moralizing in those books that I consciously reacted against."

Like her contemporaries, she infuses

Photographs: previous page, Cindy Charles (Suzanne Finnamore); David Margolis (Sue Margolis); Tom LeGoff (Amy Sohn); Lynn Goldsmith (Laura Zigman); Marion Ettlinger/Outline (Melissa Bank); Brian Doben (Kate Christensen).

her work with bawdy detail and cutting humor, traits that are a welcome change for readers who've suffered through the decade's most recent literary trend: ponderous, weepy memoirs like Elizabeth Wurtzel's *Prozac Nation* and Caroline Knapp's *Drinking: A Love Story.* “Look at how violently people responded to *The Kiss,*” says Roth's literary agent, Elizabeth Sheinkman, referring to Kathryn Harrison's memoir about her four-year sexual affair with her father. “That was the apex of the memoir trend. People became fed up with the role of the victim. The independent spunky creature seems much more appealing.”

Christensen's novel is an artful chronicle of a frustrated writer, Claudia, who finds herself light-years from where she expected she'd be. (She even has a dysfunctional relationship with her cat.) But Claudia doesn't let her problematic obsessions veer into self-pity. Instead, she ponders electrocuting her psychotic boss in the bath and drinks vodka like it's diet Snapple. As for the feminist standard-bearers who find Bridget Jones (and by extension her sister heroines) too frivolous, Christensen heartily disagrees: “We're past the point where we have to prove we're worthy by taking ourselves seriously. Feminism has brought us to the point where we can make fun of our weight. The time has come for women to be funny.”

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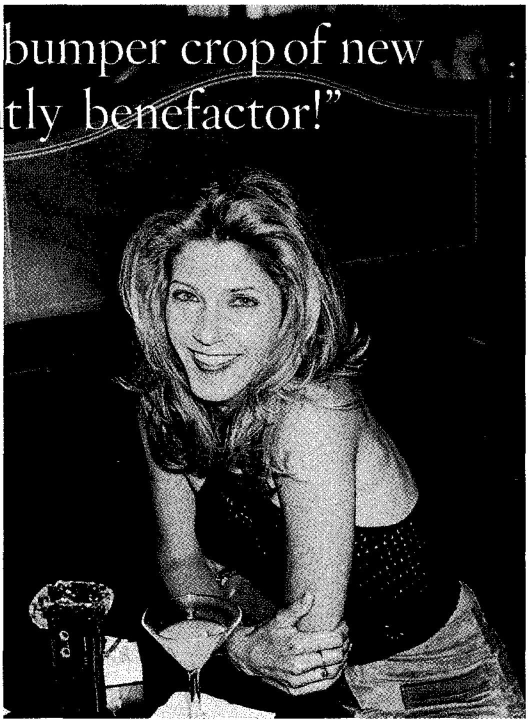
elous—like I'm the saintly benefactor!”

PERHAPS THE MOST BUZZED-ABOUT beneficiary of the Bridget boom is Melissa Bank's *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing,* which is not a straight novel but a collection of interlocking short stories. Although they seem to be having a small renaissance, collections are known to be consistent money losers and a tough sell. Bank's stories, however, came with solid, savvy prose, a snappy title, and built-in momentum. The title story was originally commissioned by Francis Ford Coppola for *Zoetrope: All-Story,* his literary magazine. Coppola, who also commissioned Bank to draft a screenplay of the story, wondered what it would be like if someone followed *The Rules,* the oft-reviled how-to guide for snaring a husband.

In “Girls' Guide,” Bank's heroine attempts to employ the so-called wisdom of a book entitled *How to Meet and Marry Mr. Right* to snag a buff bachelor she meets at her best friend's wedding. Throughout the narrative, the how-to book's bouncy authors materialize as characters, dispensing unhelpful advice on the rules of courtship. “Melissa really made this idea her own,” says Coppola. “It could have been superficial or glib, but she took the opportunity to make it personal.” So personal that Jane Rosenal, her affable main character, is a ringer for Bank. “Obviously, I feel *some* of the same things,” she says. “Somebody should give you a guidebook to life. The wisdom we have is woefully inadequate.”

At Cal's Restaurant & Bar in the Flatiron on a balmy spring evening, Bank, dressed in an all-black ensemble, is chain-smoking Merit 100s and drinking red wine as the after-work singles scene rages on around her. Everyone is eating oysters. Bank, who is 37 and single, grew up in the Philadelphia suburbs. She got her M.F.A. at Cornell, and after floundering for a while in various assistant jobs in publishing, she set her sights on magazines.

“I had an interview at the *New Republic,*” she recalls, “so I decided it would be a good idea to read an issue. There was one cool article, but other than that, I was totally lost. Some people grow up in an intellectual environment. I am not one of them. The only thing I can debate fluently is the evolution of hairstyles.” Instead, she lived with her mother and took the train to a temp job at a bank. “I wore my floral dress from high school,” she remembers. “That's when you have a sense of yourself falling off the world.”



Sex sells: Candace Bushnell parties on.

Eventually, she landed a copywriting job at McCann Erikson. “I had to write an ad convincing a monk who'd taken a vow of silence to use AT&T,” she recalls. After she came up with “AT&T. Because we take your vows as seriously as you do,” the firm ordered her some business cards. She continued to work on her writing; in 1993, she won a short-fiction contest at the Chicago *Tribune.* Then came *Zoetrope,* and after seven years of direct-mail ad campaigns, she sent her collection to agent Molly Friedrich on a Tuesday, along with this note: “Dear Molly, I hope this is a book. I also hope for the love of a good man.” Friedrich told her a sale would be “pathetically easy.”

On Wednesday, Carole DeSanti, Bank's editor-to-be, read the manuscript, had an intensely physical reaction—“It was like someone shocked me with an electric prod,” she says—and came in with an offer of $275,000. A few months later, Bank received a letter from a senior buyer at Barnes & Noble, who sees hundreds of books a month, telling her he couldn't get it out of his mind.

It's clear that Bank's book would have come to life even without a push from Bridget. But sharing the same publisher didn't hurt. As they did with Fielding's book, Viking's marketing staff is planning to pile into a van postered with the book's cover and drive to city bookstores like a roving pep rally. The publisher, which has already tripled the first printing for *Girls' Guide,* plans to trot out Bank and Fielding together this summer; the women will be appearing at the 92nd Street Y to chat about “what single girls want.” Bank doesn't mind the association at all. “It makes me annoyed that Bridget was so slammed,” she says. “She gets at a lot of truths about what it is like to be a single woman, in sort of a middle-class, better-than-average job, trying to find love. I thought it was beautifully done. If it had been the diary of a male coal miner, it might have been hailed as great literature.”

AS SHE SOMEWHAT SHEEPISHLY admits, Suzanne Finnamore may be the only tyro in the publishing world who has yet to crack Fielding's tour de force. “I'm too upset about the fact that she's picking out a Honduran island right now,” she quips. “I find that gets in my way of reading it.” But Finnamore, who had a solid career as a creative director at Foote, Cone & Belding in San Francisco, may soon be flipping through the Sotheby's island catalogue herself. Last summer, literary agent Kim Witherspoon

Photographs: left, Jim Cooper/Retna; right, Jesse Frohman/Outline.

plucked the manuscript of her first novel, *Otherwise Engaged,* out of a slush pile and quickly submitted it to publishers. At the time, Finnamore was nine months pregnant.

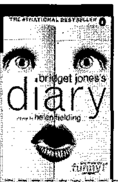
"We were going back and forth via cell phone," Finnamore recalls. "Meanwhile, I'm driving to the hospital for my C-section." That afternoon, she pocketed a hefty six-figure advance from Knopf. A few days later, 20th Century Fox stepped in to option the movie rights, and she whisked her week-old son, Pablo, straight to the BMW dealership. "I put him down on the desk and told the guy he had an hour," she laughs. "Now I have a 528i with Montana leather interior and a 400-watt stereo. It's a crack dealer's car."

Although she's the only one of the bunch who is also a wife and a mother, Finnamore is far from a "Smug Married." A brassy Californian with cropped, dark hair, she fires off one-liners like a stand-up comic. Her heroine, Eve, is a 36-year-old creative director in San Francisco who artfully orchestrates her engagement, then comedically suffers through the ensuing year of ambivalence. "Insta-Shrew," Eve calls herself after barking at her new fiancé, "Just add diamonds." The narrative is divided into monthly dispatches, peppered with hilarious tag lines. Eve's conceptualization of a prune campaign reads as follows: "Little. Black. Wrinkled. Prunes! Prunes . . . they used to be plums." She is also appropriately neurotic, as Finnamore is quick to emphasize. "But she's more like Scarlet O'Hara–neurotic," she explains. "She'll bite your arm off. She's like Bridget, but butch."

Knopf is betting that *Otherwise Engaged* will be a "big book"; ordering up an initial run of 75,000. But its release next month will put it directly in the path of *Bridget's* paperback debut, on May 24. Viking plans a blitzkrieg release of 460,000 copies, with all the attendant fanfare. Fielding herself touches down for a frenzied round of morning shows and book signings June 1. Tellingly, her stops will include Bloomingdale's as well as Barnes & Noble.

While Finnamore jokes about Bridget's omnipotence ("Bridget is like Jesus Christ. Everything is B.B., before Bridget. We're P.B., post-Bridget!"), her publicist is alert to the risks in the comparison. As Katie Roiphe notes, the fascination with the thirtysomething single gal could have a limited shelf life. "The genre has a danger of being annoying," she says. "It's like *Ally McBeal.* It was interesting in the beginning, but you can't stand that much of it." In England, Bridget has devolved from an icon into something of a punch line. "Her moment is so past," sniffs Sally Ann Lasson, who writes *Tatler's* "Sex in Society" column. Even the *Bridget Jones* movie, which Fielding is writing for Working Title Films (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*), is rumored to be on hold because of the book's overexposure.

Valley of the Dolls: This summer, a pack of winsome wannabes

	The Gold Standard	Intellectual Bridget	Baby Bridget
Title	**Bridget Jones's Diary** Helen Fielding (Penguin, $12.95) 	**The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing** Melissa Bank (Viking, $23.95) 	**Run Catch Kiss** Amy Sohn (Simon & Schuster, $23)
Heroine	Bridget Jones, thirtysomething, book editor and TV producer	Jane Rosenal, 34, book editor and copywriter	Ariel Steiner, 22, sex columnist and Off-Off-Off Broadway actress
Sample Rant	"As women glide from their twenties to their thirties . . . the balance of power subtly shifts. Even the most outrageous minxes lose their nerve, wrestling with the first twinges of existential angst: fears of dying alone and being found three weeks later half-eaten by an Alsatian."	"I pretend that maybe I'm just getting another Edith Wharton novel . . . There are stacks and stacks of *How to Meet and Marry Mr. Right,* the terrible book Donna told me about, terrible because it works. I take my copy up to the counter as furtively as I would a girdle or a vibrator."	"It had been a long time since I'd jerked a dick that belonged to somebody I loved . . . I was a hopeless romantic trapped in the body of a seething hussy . . . I wanted . . . passion and companionship and deep discussion and lots of compliments delivered to me regularly without any misgivings or posturing."
Mr. Wrong	Daniel Cleaver, publisher, playboy, who dumps her for a tanned American named Suki.	Archie Knox, a much, much older man. She breaks up with him when he starts drinking (again). Then he writes a novel about their affair.	Ex with whom she has sex at a Times Square peep show; an aspiring director who likes to watch and wank; et cetera, et cetera, et cetera
Seduction Gear	Very, very small skirts	Black Armani sheath (from Loehmann's)	White nurse dress, platform heels, black flip wig
Tragic Flaw	She thinks dreamy Mark Darcy is a snob. She thinks he thinks she's trash.	Mr. Right, a witty cartoonist, says he's in love with someone else—the woman she was before she read the *How to* book	She fakes an infidelity in her column. "Novel Lover" fakes one back. And so on, in an orgy of one-upmanship.
Outcome	(Dating) bliss	(Dating) bliss	She writes a novel, which sounds suspiciously like *Run Catch Kiss.*

DETRACTORS WOULDN'T BE SORRY TO SEE the genre wear out its welcome. To Danielle Crittenden, the Lit Girls' spirited high jinks mask a real anxiety that still accompanies the state of being single in your thirties. It's an opinion shared, somewhat surprisingly, by Marcelle Karp, the 35-year-old cofounder of the femzine *Bust.* Many of the new books, she points out, paint single life as a long, sexy party: "Everyone gets laid a lot and wears Prada. But they're glamorizing something that is vaguely uncomfortable. The reality is, single women in their thirties are only going out to fill the void. I don't know *one* woman who doesn't want a boyfriend. If she's single and 35 and saying she doesn't want children, she's only saying that because she's afraid she won't have them. I go out every night of the week because it's better to go out than be home alone."

"Single women today may have lots of problems," counters the 40-year-old Webzine editor Marisa Bowe, "but they're certainly having more fun than their mothers did. Which is better, to be single but lonely sometimes or be stuck in the suburbs, carting your kids around to their lessons while your husband is gone all day and people make you feel like you're a moron? That's why Valium was so popular."

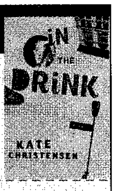
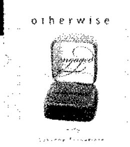
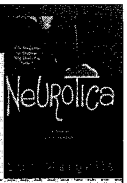
LAST TUESDAY NIGHT, AT KATE BOHNER'S 32nd-birthday party, there was no Valium in sight but plenty of other libations available. The festivities, held at a spanking-new apartment in Trump's Riverside Boulevard complex, seemed like a scene from a Bushnell book come to life. Bohner and Bushnell are, after all, best friends, but tonight Candace, stuck in England, couldn't make it. (She called from the plane.)

Bohner, looking fetching in a light-blue sheath, a matching shawl tucked under her spaghetti straps, stood by the bar in a huddle with the women she calls the Sisterhood: a group that includes Sarah Colleton, who produces movies with Penny Marshall, and the novelist Karen Moline, whose second novel, *Belladonna,* sold for a million dollars. Both are, of course, still single. Around them, several dozen guests—carefully groomed and studiedly casual women—guzzled chilled Dom Perignon. Nobody bothered with the hors d'oeuvre.

"There was a time when turning 32 would have seemed scary," giggled Bohner, who had been an investment banker, a *Forbes* columnist, and a CNBC correspondent all before she was 30. "Now it's like, fuck, who cares! We take care of ourselves. It's the way plate tectonics works in socioanthropology," she explained, pouring herself another glass of champagne, and coolly surveying the room.

"The New York scene is like continents that shift. There are more thirtysomething women now than ever before. We're the genre with the biggest continent." She laughs. "And we're moving in on everybody else." ■

eaded for your tote bag. Meet the babes that would be Bridget.

Dipso Bridget	**Betrothed Bridget**	**Married Bridget**
In the Drink Kate Christensen (Doubleday, $22.95) 	**Otherwise Engaged** Suzanne Finnamore (Knopf, $22) 	**Neurotica** Sue Margolis (Bantam, $16.95) 
Claudia Steiner, almost 30, ghostwriter for a socialite and best-selling author	Eve, 36, creative director, recently engaged	Anna Shapiro, 38, women's-page writer for a British tab
"[B]eing confronted with an actual flesh-and-blood man was like trying to understand a spoken foreign language. . . . Getting drunk and having sex with strangers seemed to open lines of communication . . . but I never remembered afterwards whatever it was I'd learned."	"People I haven't seen in a while coo, as if I am a child who has completed a difficult task. It's clear I have gained status in society, being both newly engaged and thinner. My former self feels slighted."	"[W]omen don't go in for extramarital shagging because they feel they can only do it if they are actually in love with the guy . . . so not doing it in the first place saves all the hassle of whose heart you're going to end up breaking. . . . All this needing to be in love in order to have affairs is crap."
John Threadgill, married, author of the thousand-page poem "The Bricklayer's Dilemma," with whom she has sex everywhere but the bed	Semipro basketball player—"When he gave me a black eye, I left him."	Captain Kaplan, the Jewish-Irish pilot; Alex, the plastic surgeon (who has a heart attack, interrupting the coitus); Ed Brzezinski, war photographer
Black minidress and lots of eyeliner	Parisian black skirt and long jacket	Powder-blue Jackie O suit
She wants to be more than "just friends" with boy-next-door William, a hotshot lawyer with a sexual secret	Post-diamond, things get rocky. She speaks during *The Third Man.* He tells her to shut up. She says, "It's just a stupid movie." He calls her a cunt.	Deprived of a good shag by her husband's hypochondria, and assigned a story on "The Clitoris-Centered Woman," Anna wonders: Can a married woman have casual sex?
She gets the guy, she starts writing a novel that sounds strangely like *In the Drink.*	(Wedded) bliss	(Wedded) bliss

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Eager provocateur and epic carouser Christopher Hitchens has started making some new enemies lately—his friends. So what's troubling the media's biggest troublemaker? **BY MERYL GORDON**

THE BOY CAN'T HELP IT

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS OPENS THE DOOR of his Washington apartment, a glass of Scotch in his hand, and says with a grin, "I've started without you." It's 1 P.M. on a Wednesday, and as Hitchens sits down in a book-lined alcove off the living room, placing a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black on the table between us, he immediately mentions that tonight is Passover. He's been brooding about the Jewish holiday, he explains, since he usually spends it at the home of his former friend Sidney Blumenthal. Not this year.

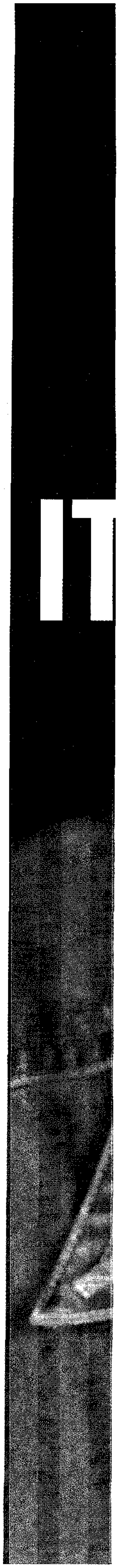
"I've been thinking of just turning up at Sidney's and walking in when they open the door for Elijah," Hitchens says. It's hard to tell for a moment whether he's joking or he's serious, since this shambling, tousle-haired British journalist, an agent provocateur columnist for *Vanity Fair* and *The Nation*, delights in the dramatic gesture, in impishly courting controversy. Then he adds, looking wistful, "I've decided it would be too theatrical."

It's been two months since Hitchens threw the grenade that bounced back to explode his own life. A week before the final vote of President Clinton's impeachment trial, Hitchens and his wife, Carol Blue, both left liberals, took the startling step of cooperating with House Republicans and ratting out their dear old friend Blumenthal. Both signed affidavits saying that the Clinton aide had told them over lunch that Monica Lewinsky was a stalker—a smear that the White House had denied spreading.

The gesture was politically futile, but the personal repercussions were fierce. Even though Blumenthal has long been ridiculed as the ultimate Clinton toady, Hitchens was immediately branded the villain in this Washington drama. His behavior in turning state's evidence was seen as simultaneously traitorous and self-destructive. The Washington *Post* and other publications promptly ran stories suggesting he was headed for permanent social purdah. Yet Hitchens is acting anything but contrite.

"I don't care if people despise me; it's a badge of honor," Hitchens pronounces defiantly. "Some of the people who say they consider me an ex-friend have saved me the trouble."

In the grand tradition of Washington enemies lists, Hitchens, too, is keeping score. He tells me he's furious at New



PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. A. PETERSON

York *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd for describing him as "snitchens" and a "canary." "That little cow," he fumes. "And I've always been fond of her." He's amazed, rightly so, at the venom of a series of unrelated personal attacks on his character: Edward J. Epstein charged Hitchens, in a widely circulated e-mail, of being a Holocaust denier. (He's not.) Alexander Cockburn implied in his own column that Hitchens makes drunken passes at male friends. ("I've certainly never tried to jump *his* bones," Hitchens says with a mischievous laugh.) L.A. *Times* columnist Bob Scheer even dragged up an old scandal, attacking Hitchens on TV for leaving his pregnant first wife, Eleni Meleagrou, for Blue.

But the worst insult of all? "The New York *Times* called me a 'Washington insider,' " he says in a tone of mock outrage. "Do you think I can sue them for libel?"

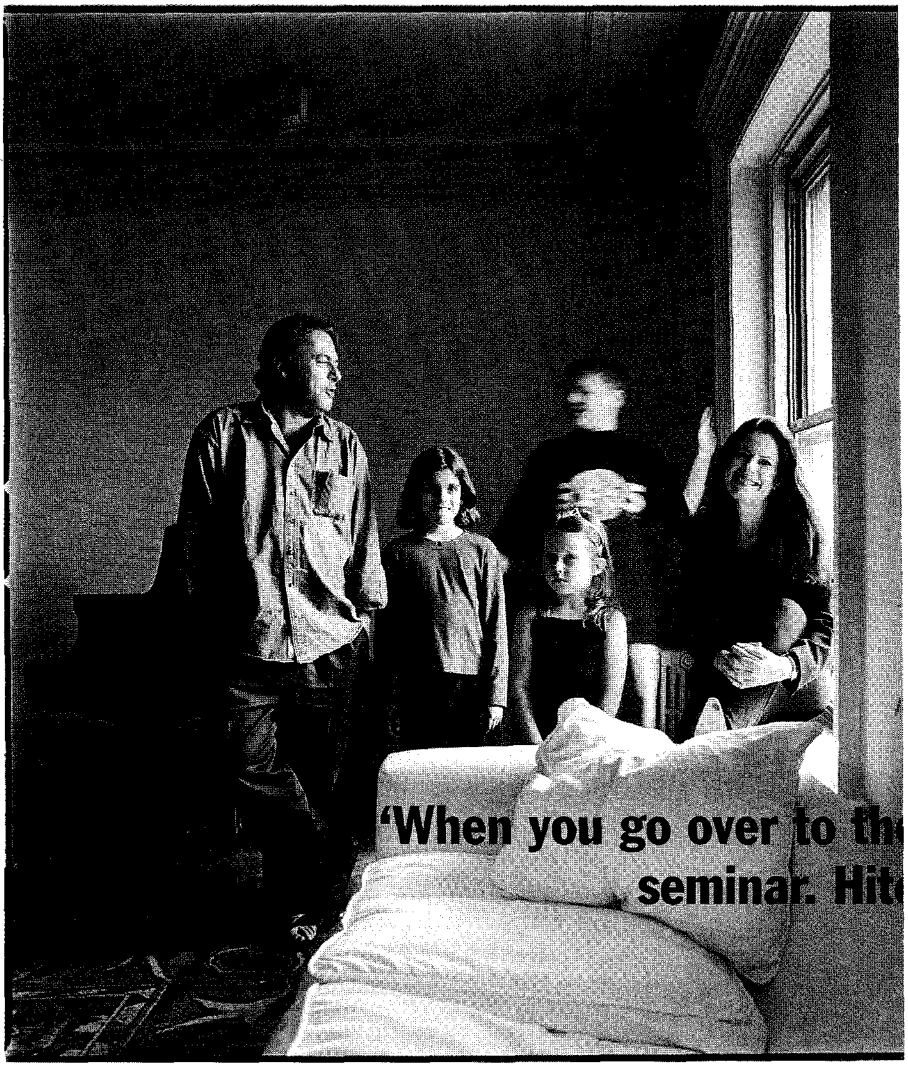
As he pauses to light one in a never-ending series of cigarettes—making the point of telling me they're unfiltered—it's clear he's putting on a show, with the intent to amuse. He's a rakishly attractive man, now gone a bit to seed from prodigious drinking ("I'm fat," he moans), a master of the devastatingly pointed phrase, a writer who both produces and is good copy.

STILL, HITCHENS IS EAGER TO SALVAGE his reputation. His elegant, rambling apartment on the top floor of the landmark Wyoming condo building in the Kalorama neighborhood resembles a grad student's lair: virtually no furniture but thousands of books careening off bookshelves, stacked on the floor, tilting precariously on side tables. Hitchens is a born storyteller, and for hours he regales me with self-deprecatingly hilarious tales, confides riveting details about a haunting family tragedy, and tosses in literary and historical references as if striving for some conversational prize in erudition.

He insists he's not having a midlife crisis, although the timing would certainly be right. His 50th birthday was last week, April 13. "What chance did I have in life?" he jokes. "I turned 13 on Friday the 13th, and our house number for years was 13." He also wants to dispel the rumor that he was too soused with Scotch to know what he was doing when he signed the affidavit. "I wasn't drunk," he insists, and a House Republican staffer readily agrees, saying, "There isn't any doubt in our minds that what he was doing was done with clearheadedness."

So why would Hitchens do something so hurtful to a friend?

Ask members of Hitchens's inner circle, and they inevitably reply that this is what he does—he thrives on being outrageous, he blows up his life on a regular basis. And usually, when friends are involved, he's later forgiven for his sins. "Christopher's always taken up unpopular positions; he likes the battle, the argument, the smell of cordite," says novelist Martin Amis, a close friend since their days at Oxford University 30 years ago. Although Amis adds, "This time I think he was on the wrong side."



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HOME RULES: Hitchens in his Washington apartment with, from left, his children, Sophia, Antonia, and Alexander; and his wife, Carol Blue.

Washington novelist Christopher Buckley knows from personal experience that Hitchens can't resist the wicked aside, regardless of the consequences. "Christopher loves to do things that get your dander up. He took a swipe in print a while back at my father-in-law [Donald Gregg, national-security adviser to George Bush]. It just pissed me off. We didn't speak for a year. But Christopher's too much fun to hold a grudge against." The two made up—at Blumenthal's son's bar mitzvah.

So it's not surprising that Hitchens is completely unrepentant about his recent actions yet anguished about the rift with Blumenthal. "I thought I could hit the president and miss Sidney," he says. The stress has gotten to both Hitchens and his wife. Tears start rolling down her cheeks as she talks about it. "I don't care what people think of us, it's much more missing Sid," she says. "Hitch is so desperate to patch it up, but I don't think we'll live long enough for that to happen."

Hitchens telephoned his former pal, but Blumenthal's wife, Jackie, hung up on him. Blumenthal has reportedly told allies he's sorry that Hitchens destroyed their friendship; he told me, in a jaunty I'm-over-it tone of voice, "I don't want to say too much about Christopher. It's a bad idea on my part."

Contrary to all the dire predictions, Hitchens has not become a pariah in journalistic or literary circles. Just last week, he and Blue were in New York for two glitzy events, *New Yorker* editor David Remnick's dinner for writer Salman Rushdie and a party thrown by Tina Brown for Martin Amis. "The truth is, we could go out every night if we wanted,” says Blue. “Whether it's titillation or curiosity, I'm grateful people are standing by us.” Michael Kinsley, the editor of *Slate* magazine and a Blumenthal pal, says drily, “I'm mystified that Sid's been on the right side in two noisy controversies [the other was a spat with Matt Drudge] and yet his image is still so negative. What's ironic is that Christopher's being protected by his friends on the question of protecting a friend.”

Still, when Hitchens goes out into Washington society these days, he's like a gunslinger with an itchy trigger finger just waiting for the inevitable insult. He made a point recently of arriving early at an A-list book party for writer Maureen Orth, planting himself front and center to see if people would talk to him or avoid him. “None of the Clinton crowd came up to be in my face,” he says. “I was hoping they would—I like that kind of thing.”

Yet he clearly is also searching for approval, telling me with obvious pleasure that he received a warm welcome at the book party from one of the city's leading social arbiters, the writer Sally Quinn. “I like Christopher, I think he's brilliant,” Quinn says. More to the point, she stands with him in anti-Clinton solidarity. “Christopher did what he had to do, and I don't have a problem with that.”

ouse, it's a mixture of Mardi Gras and a philosophy n talk for hours. The more he drinks, the more lucid he gets.”

JUST AS PRESIDENT CLINTON KEPT APOLOGIZING endlessly last fall in hopes of finally getting it right, Hitchens still cannot stop explaining himself, even if it's in his interest to let the controversy die down. First came a column in *The Nation*, then his op-ed for the Washington *Post*, and now a blow-by-blow account in this May's *Vanity Fair* of how and why he came to write what may be his most famous words, the one-page affidavit. Next week he's starting a national tour—including L.A., New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, Seattle—to promote his new book, an entertaining screed against Clinton called *No One Left to Lie To*, which sums up every Clinton deed Hitchens finds abominable and includes a final chapter about the Blumenthal affair. (Since notoriety usually sells, his publisher, Verso, has already increased the first print run by 10,000, to 35,000 copies.)

“I told him, do this column, and don't talk about it again, don't make it the lead paragraph in your obituary. Move on,” says Graydon Carter, the editor of *Vanity Fair*. But he knows Hitchens can't just leave it alone. Carter jokes that he's had to ban Hitchens from further airing his unwavering hatred for our commander-in-chief in the magazine: “Christopher is very rational about most things, but he's missing a sense of proportion on this.”

In truth, the great joy in reading the prolific Hitchens's work is that he's devilishly clever and unafraid to go over-the-top. He's fearless in tackling taboo topics, whether debunking Mother Teresa, railing against the Princess Di mythology, complaining about the uselessness of airport security, or ripping into Washington, D.C.'s, inept and corrupt city government. His rabble-rousing stories, along with his serious literary criticism, have made him well-read on both sides of the Atlantic.

“Christopher Hitchens and Martin Amis are the thinking woman's crumpet,” says Joanna Cole, a columnist for the *Times* of London. She recalls a literary gathering two years ago in London where young women in black queued up to talk to the two men. “They made being intellectual sexy, which it wasn't in Britain.”

IN AMERICA, BRITISH ACCENTS ARE SEXY, and Hitchens sports an upper-class one that makes people think he grew up living the good life. But the voice is actually just good packaging. “A great attempt was made by my mother to make sure I spoke as I do now,” he says. Hitchens was born on a naval base in Portsmouth. His father, Eric, was a career officer who met his much younger mother, Yvonne, a Navy wren, during World War II. The couple struggled financially to send Christopher, at age 7, and later his two-years-younger brother, Peter, to boarding schools.

It wasn't a terrible childhood, but it doesn't sound like a very happy one. Hitchens can still work up an angry tone of voice as he describes his well-to-do classmates' sense of entitlement, and his pleasure in discovering that he could use words as a weapon to humiliate rivals in debate. School, for all its mixed blessings, provided an escape from the tensions of home. His father drank and his mother chain-smoked, two vices their oldest son acquired. “I've wondered all my life why my parents married,” Hitchens says. “My father couldn't believe his luck; she had charisma. He was a conservative, stodgy guy. She was a liberal, and she would have liked a life with more music and gaiety.” Somehow, it is not surprising when he adds, “I take after my mother; my brother wants to be my old man.”

His younger brother, Peter, is now a conservative columnist for the London *Express*. He tells me in a phone call that he did indeed hope to be a navy officer until an eye defect cut those plans short. With the amused and resigned tone of the second-born, Peter admits that “Christopher was always the kind of person picked for school plays to play the lead role.”

Arriving at Oxford in 1967 at the height of the antiwar movement, Hitchens declared himself a socialist and threw himself into revolutionary activity. “He was very dashing,” recalls Martin Walker, a classmate and now a Brussels-based reporter for *The Guardian* of London, “and rather Byronic, a compelling public speaker.” Hitchens still cites his arrest record with pride: He was locked up for disrupting the speech of a reactionary politician and for trying to disrupt a cricket match against an all-white South African team.

In between rallies, he also wrote the society column for the student paper and book reviews for *The New Statesman*. At Oxford, Hitchens discovered the pleasures of crossing class lines. “Christopher always moved easily in upper-class and fashionable circles,” says Walker. “He was criticized for being a ‘champagne socialist’ or a ‘country-house revolutionary.’ ”

Harry Evans, now the editorial director of the *Daily News*, recalls hiring Hitchens, just out of college, as a writer for the *Sunday Times* of London in the early seventies. “The quality of his mind impressed us all. It was surprising to find someone challenging the conventional wisdom who was barely old enough to know what the conventional wisdom was.”

THE MOST SEARING DRAMA OF Hitchens's life, a story that makes the current controversy seem like a stroll through the cherry blossoms, occurred in 1973, when he was 24 and living in London. His parents' marriage was in trouble; his mother had an affair with a defrocked vicar, and she eventually moved out. “I met her one day when she had been shopping,” Hitchens says, “and there was a man carrying her parcels. I just knew. My father was a great guy, loyal, solid, hardworking, very principled, boring. This guy was charming but hopeless, couldn't hold a job.”

Like so many writers, Hitchens frequently mines his own life for material. But the one thing he's never written or talked about publicly is his mother's death. Perhaps because he's turning 50, about her age when she died, he's been thinking about it a lot, and the terrible details pour out.

Hitchens was in London when he got the news: The first report was that she had been murdered in Athens. His voice is steady as he describes the scene with a reporter's eye—the smell of the blood, the crime-scene photos, the view from the Athens hotel room where his mother was found dead. "I had to go take care of it," he says, flying down alone to find out what had happened. What he found was a suicide note addressed to him: His mother had taken sleeping pills while her lover had slashed himself repeatedly.

"It was terrible to see the room and the really awful police photographs," he said. His mother had apparently had a change of mind and knocked over the phone in an attempt to get help, help that never came. Finding the note addressed solely to him was especially distressing. "Knowing and believing you're your mother's favorite is a great thing for a guy, Freud says, but it's another thing to have it in writing."

His voice is steady as he describes the scene with a reporter's e
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But what was even more haunting for Hitchens was discovering, when he saw the hotel bill, that his mother had repeatedly tried to reach him in London before her death. "I have to wonder what would have happened if she'd gotten through. Maybe I could have said something that made her decide not to do it." He pauses and reaches for his glass.

Just to make the situation more surreal, Greece was in the midst of a political upheaval. "The streets are full of tanks, I know people who are in hiding and have bullet wounds, I'm talking about Mummy to the coroner from Costa Gavras's movie *Z*—this is amazing." So Hitchens decided to do something remarkably sane under the circumstances. To distract himself from grief, he threw himself into reporting the political situation. Upon his return to London, he published a long piece in *The New Statesman*. "People said to me, how could you write a story, and I thought, how could you not?"

The truly strange coda to Yvonne Hitchens's death came more than a decade later. Peter Hitchens, Christopher's brother, went to introduce his bride-to-be to his maternal grandmother, and she turned to him and said, "She's Jewish, isn't she?" Peter replied yes, to which his grandmother replied, "I've got something to tell you. So are you."

Yvonne Hitchens had hidden her identity all her life, not even telling her husband. She wanted to pass, and she wanted upward mobility for her sons. Christopher, an atheist, says he was pleased to hear he had Jewish roots, both because so many of his friends had always been Jewish and because the news explained things he'd wondered about all his life, such as his mother's emotions in describing anti-Semitism to him. In a moving essay, "On Not Knowing the Half of It," Hitchens writes about the painful legacy of belatedly discovering this family secret. "I feel more and more deprived, as the days pass, by the thought of conversations that never took place and now never will."

THE HARD-DRINKING, CHAIN-SMOKING Fleet Street journalist is a time-worn cliché, but for Hitchens it's been the role of a lifetime. Lord, the man can drink. His friends talk with a mixture of admiration and astonishment about all the nights he's left them reeling, lurched to a typewriter, and pounded out perfect prose. "When you go over to their house, it's a mixture of Mardi Gras and a philosophy seminar," says Jamie Raskin, a professor of constitutional law at American University. "Hitch can talk for hours. The more he drinks, the more lucid he gets."

Victor Navasky, the publisher of *The Nation*, says, "Ham Fish [president of the Nation Institute] and I tried to encourage Christopher to go off the sauce and offered to help, but he said he'd tried and that he was no good without it." Graydon Carter weighs in with "Christopher's a big boy, and this is the fuel he needs." Martin Amis says he's concerned but would never dream of discussing the drinking with Hitchens, explaining, "It would be ridiculous for anyone English to have that conversation."

Hitchens proudly insists that he's never missed a deadline and never drives while drinking. "My father used gin, and I used to swear I'd never touch it," he says. "But I guess it's in the genes." He doesn't see any compelling reason to quit, saying, "I think I get more out of it than it gets out of me."

The carousing, the adventurousness, the brilliant conversation—it can all add up to a very appealing package. And if you believe even a small part of the Hitchens mythology, he's certainly had a way with the ladies over the years. One of his more notable romances was with *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour back in the mid-seventies, when both were young, single, and ambitious. "I was tremendously in love with her," he said, but ultimately the fashionable Wintour and politically attuned Hitchens didn't have enough in common.

He met his first wife, Eleni Meleagrou, while on assignment in Cyprus in 1977, shortly after the Turks had invaded the country. "I fell in love with him," says Meleagrou, now a lawyer who lives in London. "He was a romantic figure, attractive, clever, he had everything. He was a scholar, and he was interested in my people."

They married in 1981, and the following year, Hitchens, who had been writing frequently for *The Nation*, accepted the magazine's offer to become Washington correspondent. "Christopher had to get out of Britain to be free," says Martin Amis. "There were too many depressing memories and connections." Meleagrou, then attending the London School of Economics, joined Hitchens in D.C. after she graduated, working first for a Greek-American newspaper and then for a Greek-American lobby. "Eleni was greatly adored," says Hamilton Fish. "She was exotic, and Christopher made her more so by describing her as a terrorist—his terrorist."

Friends who visited their Capitol Hill townhouse remember it as an exciting, chaotic environment, with constant impromptu dinners featuring visiting dignitaries, politicians, and novelists. In 1984, the couple's first child, Alexander, was born. Hitchens said he had an odd thought in the delivery room: "When I saw my son being born, I thought that the part of my funeral director had just been cast."

Around that time, Hitchens met Blumenthal, then a journalist writing regularly for *The New Republic*, at a foreign-policy seminar, and they became fast friends. "We would conspire together," Hitchens says. After Hitchens discovered his Jewish roots and that one branch of his family had been named Blumenthal, the two men began to affectionately refer to themselves as "cousins."

Although his journalism career was flourishing, by 1989, Hitchens was restless, unhappy at home. "Eleni became shut in, she lost her spontaneity," Hitchens says. "I felt guilty about that, that it was my fault. I resented it, too." They argued over having a second child; Meleagrou nonetheless became pregnant. Hitchens adores his daughter Sophia, but at the time he felt trapped.

What better reason to leave town than to go on a book tour? Hill & Wang had just published a collection of Hitchens's work, *Prepared for the Worst,* and publisher Steve Wasserman, now the editor of *The Los Angeles Times Book Review,* offered to fly Hitchens out to L.A. to appear on a panel. Since the publisher's budget didn't allow for a hotel room, Wasserman arranged for Hitchens to stay with a longtime friend, Carol Blue, a journalist and screenwriter.

Hitchens and Blue apparently took one look at each other at the LAX baggage-claim area, and that was it. ("I was just glad such a person existed in the world," says Blue, an intense, stylish woman who still speaks of her husband with almost Nancy Reagan–esque adoration.) Hitchens returned to Washington and told his wife he wanted out of the marriage, which, given her pregnancy, was a caddish thing to do. "Christopher knew he was doing something unforgivable," says Elise O'Shaughnessy, a *Vanity Fair* editor and Hitchens confidante, "but he couldn't not do it."

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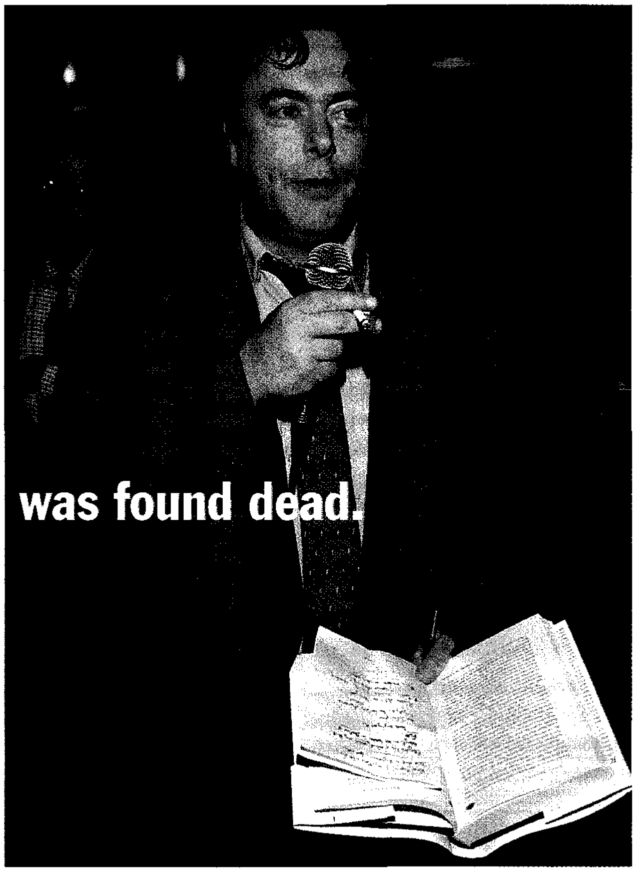
Ask Eleni Meleagrou about this episode of her life, and she speaks in a sadder-but-wiser tone. "Christopher fell in love with Carol, and he expected me to understand. 'Don't you see? I'm really in love,' he'd say, and my reaction was, 'Bug off.' He told me he was doing me a favor. Maybe now I think he did."

She pauses to explain, "His life is such that you either fall in line or you're left behind. I didn't want to follow anymore." After the divorce, she went to law school, and two years ago she moved with the two children from Washington to London. ("I could have fought it," Hitchens says, "but I thought if Eleni was happy, the children would be happy.") The couple seems to have worked out a remarkably amicable arrangement; the children, just in town for Easter break, get along well with their stepsister, Antonia, Hitchens and Blue's 5-year-old daughter.

"Christopher was honorable with me and the kids," Meleagrou says. "He knew he did a big boo-boo, and he put up with a lot of crankiness on my part to have it all out." Meleagrou even backs her ex in the Blumenthal controversy, saying, "I have no question that Christopher was right. I trust his political judgment."

CAROL BLUE WAS IN ATHERTON, CALifornia, visiting her parents, when Hitchens called unexpectedly on February 5 to tell her that not only had he agreed to talk to House prosecutors but that government staffers were that very moment en route to their Washington home to take his affidavit. "Christopher's call was like having something dropped on you from outer space," she recalls.

PARTY OF ONE: "I don't care if people despise me," says Hitchens, seen here at a book party in 1996. "It's a badge of honor."



In their brief conversation, Blue says they discussed two issues: "Is this going to be good for Christopher's critique of Clinton, or will it obscure the message? And second, Sidney was our friend. What did it mean to be his friend and do this?" Wiping at her teary eyes, she says, "There must have been a moment when Hitch believed that maybe he could change the course of history."

Hitchens, amazingly enough, believed that. But he also insists that his decision to cooperate was a defining moment—that it struck at the very heart of his own sense of identity, his place in the Washington world. Hitchens explains that a year earlier he had written a signed piece in a British newspaper, the *Independent,* about a lunch with someone close to the White House who had tried to plant the Monica Lewinsky stalker story—but he didn't mention Blumenthal by name. He had already decided to go public with the tale in *The Nation* and was calling around for more information on the alleged White House smear machine when House Republican staffers got wind of his story.

Hitchens knew he could have refused to cooperate. "But I couldn't stand the thought of what they would have said about me," he said. He then recites this imaginary conversation—the House staffers saying, " 'This guy has information that could help but has to live here; he can't break the conspiracy of silence about how the Clinton White House works; he's just another Washington hack.' " Hitchens didn't want to be that guy. "The White House doesn't get me to acquiesce to *omerta* that easily," he says. He signed his affidavit, and Blue supported him by submitting her own version two days later.

So far, Blumenthal has *not* spent thousands of additional dollars in legal fees, as feared, because of the affidavits; nor does he appear to be in legal jeopardy. When I mention this to Blue, she brightens with relief, but still seems to be in denial about the potential repercussions of her actions. "If Sidney *had* additional legal bills," she insists, "it wouldn't have been because of us, it would have been due to working for Clinton."

Hitchens says, "It'll blow over. It shall." And of course, all Washington scandals eventually do. But Hitchens isn't likely to lie low. Inevitably, he will find a new way to make mischief. After all, he's an agitator, a bad boy. "I am frightened, really frightened, of being bored," he tells me late one evening, in the tone of a small child fearful of the dark. "Boredom creates a physical sensation of terror in me." Lives like his are not for the faint of heart; sometimes boring is better. ■

Photograph by James M. Kelly/Globe Photos.

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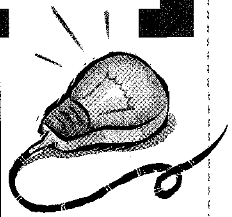


Are These People Really Worth $200 Million?

. . . and other Silicon Alley mysteries debated—like what it takes to be wildly successful, why profits don't matter (yet), and what happens when the bubble bursts.

A ROUNDTABLE MODERATED BY MICHAEL WOLFF

A year ago, New York's Silicon Alley was a ragtag group of companies, few of which had ever earned a dime. But over the past twelve months, eight companies in the city doing dot-com business have sold stock to the public and reaped a market value of $14 billion. During the next few months, thirteen more companies will race to "get out" (before the bubble bursts) and realize an additional worth of as much as $28 billion—making the Internet, at least in terms of market value, one of the biggest businesses in the city.

New York invited some of the executives of these enterprises—and some of the city's nouveau decamillionaires—to sit down and discuss the state of the business. The discussion, moderated by *New York*'s media columnist Michael Wolff (who is also the author of the controversial Internet-industry memoir *Burn Rate*), confronted the basic questions raging in and out of the Internet industry: When will Internet companies make money, and when will they get into trouble if they don't? Do big media companies really know the difference between old and new media? In the end, when all is said and done, who will be left standing? And, of course, how does it feel to be rich beyond all imagination?

The discussion included the CEOs of two newly minted public Internet companies—Scott Kurnit of the miningco.com, and Stephan Paternot and Todd Krizelman, co-CEOs of theglobe.com—as well as Mary Ann Packo, president and COO of Media Metrix, a soon-to-go-public Internet company; the president of an old medium's new-media company, Martin Nisenholtz of the New York *Times;* a new-media adman, Chan Suh; and Internet pioneer and author Bruce Judson.

The collective net worth represented at the roundtable: something upwards of $200 million. The discussion took place in *New York*'s offices in midtown Manhattan.

Michael Wolff: There are people at this table who are now rich beyond ordinary comprehension . . .

Chan Suh: [*Pointing at Kurnit*] *Him.*

Wolff: . . . everyone except me . . .

Martin Nisenholtz: Hey, I work for the New York *Times.*

Wolff: . . . and Martin.

Suh: Hey, I make $75,000 a year.

Wolff: Do we have that on tape? [*Laughter*] Looking back on your own ride here—Scott, you've had some great success and also some not-great success [*laughter*]—can you start to come to conclusions? What do you owe it to?

Scott Kurnit: Oh, God. I think anyone who is running a public company . . . any of us would say that we're at the beginning still. The reality is that as quick as wealth can be created in this industry, it can be also taken away. As much as you maybe say, "Oh, that's not true; these guys have *so* much money," the reality is that we don't make that much in cash, and for

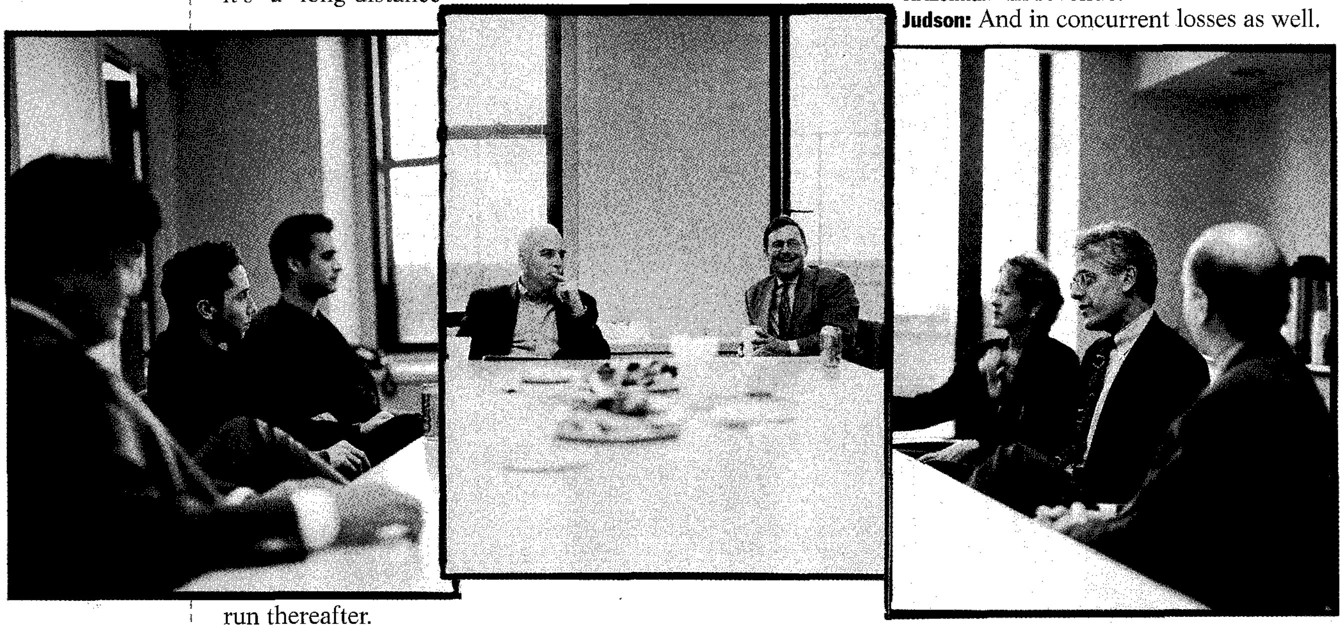
Power grid: Left to right, from top (portraits), Stephan Paternot, Scott Kurnit, Mary Ann Packo, Michael Wolff, Martin Nisenholtz, Bruce Judson, Chan Suh, and Todd Krizelman.

Photographed by Silvia Otte

Illustrations by Adam McCauley.

this to work for management, you've got to have sustained success as a publicly held company for years going into the future.

Stephan Paternot: It's almost like all the planets have aligned. There have been 100 times where our company could have not succeeded. We managed somehow to get the financing put together the first two years when we couldn't get any venture-capital money. We got the right management team. We kept trying. It's a constant fight. Eventually you get to the IPO phase, which a lot of people view as "Oh, *whew*—made it." But five seconds later, you're off again.



Still life with fruit platter and cookies: Left to right, Suh, Krizelman, Paternot, Wolff, Judson, Packo, Nisenholtz, and Kurnit.

Kurnit: Simply said, it's a sprint to get to the IPO, and it's a long-distance run thereafter.

Wolff: Can someone start today, somebody who is a nobody—

Nisenholtz: And be a somebody?

Wolff: Yes. And become a Net-somebody?

Judson: Yes, absolutely.

Todd Krizelman: As much as there is a lot more competition and it will take a lot more money to get you where you need to go, there are a lot more of those dollars available today for new ideas.

Paternot: You need to come up with a more and more unique idea now. I mean, if you're just going to copy what's already been done, you're going to need a lot of money. But there's a ton of room for unique ideas to take market share.

Judson: As soon as you get out with an idea, though, there are more and more people looking at you and wanting to copy you. The competitive environment is intense. We've never actually seen anything this intense.

Paternot: That's why either you have to have the dollars to grow it massively or you'll be a great acquisition target.

Mary Ann Packo: Right. Being a first mover is a tremendous advantage, but then you have to be willing to constantly be fluid and reinvent—to change with the tide, really.

Wolff: Let me ask what at least *I* think of as the seminal question of the moment considering the daily march of Internet companies—almost all without profits—going public at fabulous multiples: Are there any "bad" Internet companies?

Nisenholtz: I think the measurements are so radically different in the Internet space right now with respect to valuations, which is really what you're talking about.

Judson: I don't think there *is* a measurement, actually.

Krizelman: There are very high valuations for Internet companies. But the reality is, there are very few other industries where companies are growing this fast. Many of these companies are growing 100 percent per quarter.

Judson: Growing in what?

Krizelman: In revenue.

Judson: And in concurrent losses as well.

Krizelman: But not at the same growing rate.

Judson: Yeah, but typically what you're seeing is revenues growing and losses increasing.

Paternot: Right, but how do you quantify a bad company, even in these circumstances?

Wolff: Which is why, at least for the present, the market seems to have concluded that there are *no* bad Internet companies.

Kurnit: I don't agree at all. The dozens and dozens of companies that gone through the IPO process have had to get over the hurdles set by accountants, bankers, and 200 different institutions that you meet along the way.

Nisenholtz: But I think you're asking a bigger question, which is: Are there business models on the Internet right now that we're comfortable saying are sustainable?

Wolff: Let's make this real. Who would you sell at this point? What companies, or what sectors of this industry?

Judson: Anyone who depends solely on ad revenues, anyone who says, "I am going to create original content, and I am going to make money based on ad revenues," without any other clear sources of revenue. My issue is that typically the cost of content and marketing to bring in an audience and hold it makes it impossible for an ad-supported business to be profitable.

Nisenholtz: But the funny thing is that if you look at the revenue multiples, the numbers, the companies that are being rewarded the most right now are content companies.

Wolff: Have we come around again? There was the period in which content was king, and then you couldn't get arrested if you were in the content business—you certainly couldn't get financing for a content-driven new-media business. Are we back in business on the content side, and therefore, I might argue, on the New York side?

Kurnit: Stewart Alsop said it to me best when I went out to pitch my business to him. He said, "Scott, when has a VC ever financed a movie, a book, or a magazine?" Part of the problem of New York, which is the content center of the universe, is that venture capital is the traditional form of financing. VC financing is required for Internet companies, because unless you're lucky enough to launch out of your dorm room, you require large amounts of capital. In New York, the corporate players are not the financial players. The Time Warners and the Viacoms do not finance start-ups. It's not what they have historically done. So you went out to California, and California says, "We don't know what content is. We've never invested in a content business."

So in a lot of ways, when you were looking for financing, it wasn't that you weren't right. It was that the financing sources didn't understand you. So those of us who were either hybrids, where we had different kinds of models, or able to get the financing to get to a level, people said, "You know what? Content is a good idea."

Suh: I sort of reject the notion that content was at any time out of the picture. Financing is not the final validation of content. Consumption is the final validation of content. And if you measure consumption, the Internet has, if anything, been voracious about content.

Judson: Except that people won't pay for it.

Suh: The phenomenon of people paying for old content or refusing to pay for old content is interesting. The *Times* is a good example, I think. I pay to look things up that have already been published in the New York *Times.* I pay money, and I am glad to pay money to do that. But for breaking news? Not really. So what is it that I am paying for? Is it the ability to aggregate the source of information from an authoritative source and get the concept that I want, when I want it?

Nisenholtz: Breaking news is really a commodity. It's provided principally by news wires. It doesn't take much analysis or depth of thinking. It's breaking news. I think what people pay for among the old media, to put it that way, are the considered thoughts and editing capabilities of people who spend their lives doing this.

Wolff: Let's step back. At what point does new media have to be at least as profitable and efficient as old media?

Suh: Day one.

Wolff: Okay, but that's clearly not true . . . [*laughter*]

Paternot: Measured by investor return?

Judson: The question comes down to, can you create a sticky community? I mean a loyal audience, the kind of audience loyalty that you get in old media. The answer is no.

Kurnit: No, I will not accept that—

Judson: I knew you wouldn't.

Kurnit: I grew up in television, which is why I'm comfortable that a medium that attracts users can charge advertisers, and as long as you have the balance of cost versus revenue in place, you're fine.

Paternot: If you're able to aggregate a huge audience, then your cost structure can be lower than broadcast. On the Internet, your cost of transmission can be virtually zero.

Judson: It seems to me that we have not yet seen any of the major television studios say, "Internet media is definitely the future." What they *have* done is bought in, in an inexpensive way, using airtime and other kinds of things. So that while you read a lot about their affiliations with new-media ventures, no one has stepped up and said, "This is so much the future that, like AT&T, I have to buy TCI."

Kurnit: First we have to say, how valuable is the Internet in its way of changing communications and commerce as dramatically as the printing press and computing and television did? If we believe that it is a dramatic change, then the metrics of looking at old-media companies don't make sense.

Wolff: Let me also ask a question in the other way—not about old-media companies judging new-media companies but new-media companies using the incredible values of their share prices to buy old-media companies. Last fall, I suggested in my *New York* column that CBS was a likely acquisition for AOL. This is now the rumor du jour. Could it happen? Should it happen?

Nisenholtz: It would be a drop in the bucket for AOL, too, which is so extraordinary. But I think the competencies and the whole range of services offered in the Internet space are not necessarily, to use an overused word, synergistic with a broadcast network.

The Participants

CHAN SUH, 37, a former promotions staffer at *New York* Magazine, designed a Website for *Vibe* magazine and, in the basement of Time Inc., created Agency.com, now among the foremost advertising agencies specializing in the Internet.

TODD KRIZELMAN and **STEPHAN PATERNOT**, both 25, co-CEOs of theglobe.com, a "community" site, took their company public last November in one of the largest first-day run-ups of all time. Their company, with revenues last year of $5.5 million and a cumulative loss of $20 million, now has a market value of $800 million.

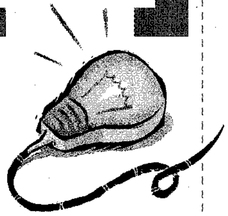
MICHAEL WOLFF, 45, writes the "Media" column at *New York.* Wolff's book *Burn Rate,* published last year, is his story of the birth of the Internet industry—AOL, *Wired,* the search engines, the race for venture capital, Silicon Valley and Silicon Alley—and the rise and fall of his own business, Wolff New Media.

BRUCE JUDSON, 40, is a co-founder of Time Warner's Pathfinder—one of the first sites to develop advertising on the Web. He's written two books on Internet business—*NetMarketing* and *HyperWars*—and now runs the Judson Group, which holds stakes in several start-up Internet enterprises, including WebClipping.com.

MARY ANN PACKO, 43, is a former director of the Internet Advertising Bureau. She is president and COO of Media Metrix, one of the leading Internet-audience-measurement companies.

MARTIN NISENHOLTZ, 44, is president of the New York Times Electronic Media Company. He was previously Ameritech's new-media czar and, before that, founder of the interactive-marketing group at Ogilvy & Mather.

SCOTT KURNIT, 44, a former senior executive at Prodigy and CEO of the ill-fated News Corp.–MCI enterprise iGuide, launched the Miningco.com in 1997. The company, with 1998 revenues of $3.7 million and a cumulative loss of $26.6 million, went public last month and now has a market value of $976 million.



Suh: It really depends on whether you're building a portfolio or building a company.

Nisenholtz: Broadcast networks, with all due respect to television, sell mass undifferentiated eyeballs for the most part, and I think on the Internet we're trending toward targeted one-to-one media.

Wolff: But AOL would certainly insist that it is a media organization. Media is trending toward package. What's the package that I can sell? If I can only sell online, it's going to be difficult for me to compete with ad-sales organizations like Time Warner, for instance.

Paternot: Your ability to reach someone is far greater if you're working on both sides, the Internet and the broadcast side. And who is to say that four or five years down the road, 5 percent of the population or 10 percent of the population now has HDTVs, and through their cable lines they're no longer just getting dumb broadcast images, but they are digitally transmitted. It's on that very same line that someone could take out a 30-second ad, and instead of putting in a dumb ad, it's now a 30-second ad targeted to young men in their mid-twenties. Or something even more specific, one-on-one to *me*.

Nisenholtz: Well, hold on. I wasn't suggesting at all that there isn't commonality between Internet companies and video. What I was saying is that the commonality between an Internet company and a traditional mass-market broadcaster is a difficult one for me. I know a lot of the people who work in those companies. I've worked with them for twenty years. And I've got to tell you, if you combine with CBS, you will have two separate operations! [*Laughter*]

> “I reject the notion that content was at any time out of the picture. Financing is not the final validation of content. Consumption is the final validation of content. The Internet has been voracious about content.”

Wolff: Well, let's look forward. Just take a step. Let's look nine months, eighteen months ahead. What happens in a broadband world?

Kurnit: Broadband is not a nine-month . . . It may be three to four years . . .

Nisenholtz: Traditional broadcast has an infrastructure and a way of thinking that is very one-way, and it's not going to play in an interactive broadband world. Interactive television is an oxymoron that has never worked and will never work. I have a feeling it's going to be a lot more about videoconferencing. And by the way, videoconferencing of *all kinds.*

Suh: Oh, Martin!

Paternot: If you just look at what happens in general human nature now in the real world, you spend mostly a few hours a day watching one-way media. The rest of your day, from business to hanging out after work, you're having constant little interactions with people. Now all of a sudden, online, you can do the same thing. I *don't* think broadband is going to suddenly mean "Oh, I have a big enough pipe to watch ten hours of *Seinfeld* online."

Nisenholtz: Or that you want to interact somehow with *Seinfeld* and change the endgame. I mean, what a ridiculous thing.

Wolff: Well, what do you do if you're running an old-media company?

Krizelman: I don't know if it's as much of an enigma as we're making it out to be. At the very top level, someone says—and it's probably Mel [Karmazin]—"We're going to figure it out, we're going to place investments all over the place, we're going to start it internally if we need to as well." And they go for it.

Packo: Look at Disney, for instance—what did they do? The Starwave deal, the Infoseek deal. Then they created a whole new portal, go.com. And in there, all the brands are showing up—ABC, ESPN. They're really merging the two, the Internet and their current way of being, to be really right for the future. They're experimenting, they're getting there. When we look at where the consumers go, they do go to trusted brands, but they also certainly gravitate to the Yahoos and to the Excites.

Kurnit: Are you saying those aren't trusted brands?

Packo: They're trusted brands, but they're not the traditional brands. They're new brands.

Wolff: Scenarios for the bubble bursting. You must think about it all the time. We all think about it. We all assume it will happen.

Krizelman: It feels more like a constant series of corrections. About a year after Netscape went public, at that point a lot of people felt that the craziness was gradually disappearing. Back then, of course, we obviously proved that that wasn't true. This past October was another time that we felt the bubble had burst. And again this January, there was another major correction. There's a constant series of corrections.

Wolff: But it was a minor correction. Let's talk about a scenario in which Internet companies lose half of their value and maybe three quarters of their value overnight.

Suh: It's not a bubble; it's a dome. And if something breaks, it's going to be really painful to everybody, not just the Internet companies. It's almost like Long-Term Asset Management. You couldn't afford to let them burst. And I think it's the same with some of these Internet stocks that you might call a bubble. If these things crash, it's not the Internet crashing.

Wolff: So you're saying that really the Internet is now too ingrained and has attracted too much capital for it to crash?

Suh: Yes. I mean, it may crash, but if it does, I think the entire market will crash rather than just the Internet sector.

Krizelman: I agree with that.

Judson: I do agree that it would trickle from the Internet to the rest of the market.

Suh: There will be clarity achieved. I think some companies will lose 50 percent, 60 percent, 80 percent, 90 percent of their value, but there will be others . . .

Paternot: A lot of the early players in the market have fallen out of favor. Unless they've completely redefined themselves, they've lost a huge amount of their market value.

Nisenholtz: Well, it's like social Darwinism on the Internet, if you will. The early players . . . If you look back at '94, there was GNN and there was the WAIS Search Engine. There were all these players that don't exist now.

Kurnit: But you see, that's an interesting attitude. Every company that thinks that it should survive in its original form isn't going to make it in the Internet.

Suh: You know, it's not like this sector can go down and every Internet company just becomes worthless overnight. It can't be that.

Judson: Well, you could have a biotechlike scenario. There was a time when everything in biotech was terrific, and then nothing in biotech was terrific, and then the quality re-emerged.

Suh: At some point, the Internet is going to disappear as a sector, and it's going to just become . . . It's like the telephone. It's like saying, "Well, if the telephone sector goes down, many of us will go out of business."

Judson: I actually think that the telephone sector, because of IP through the Internet, is questionable. [*Laughs*]

Wolff: Let me pursue this: By that logic, Amazon finds itself next year or the year after no longer in the Internet business but in the bookselling business or the retail business.

Suh: They always have been.

Wolff: Well, no, they haven't. Because obviously, if they were, they would be valued on the level of the book business and the retail business.

Suh: No, that's not true. Amazon.com's great . . . the key to their great success is that they sell books really well.

Wolff: Well, if you discount books at 30 percent, virtually anybody could do it fairly well. I mean, they don't sell books better than Barnes & Noble.

Kurnit: Yes they do. They absolutely do.

Wolff: They sell books online better than Barnes & Noble sells books online.

Kurnit: No, excuse me. They sell books better than Barnes & Noble. Period. Period!

Wolff: Our evidence?

Kurnit: Period!

Wolff: Period?

Kurnit: One, I buy three times more books than I did five years ago, and two, I will never step into a bookstore to buy a book. I will go in to browse and hang around and buy a cup of coffee. But when it comes time to buy, one-click ordering and thank you very much. They sell books *better.*

Suh: They sell books brilliantly.

Judson: Still, where does it end? When does someone make money? [*Laughter*] That's kind of the concern.

Kurnit: People are making money left and right on Amazon right now!

Suh: Yeah, buddy!

Kurnit: This is no different than any other business in the history of mass retail. You know, everybody says it's all price wars and it's all price-sensitive. I've got to tell you, there's a certain segment, and I include myself . . . I don't care if Amazon charges me another dollar or two. I'm a loyal Amazon customer because that's where I started off first.

Wolff: What I'm hearing is that there is some in-

Fund and Games

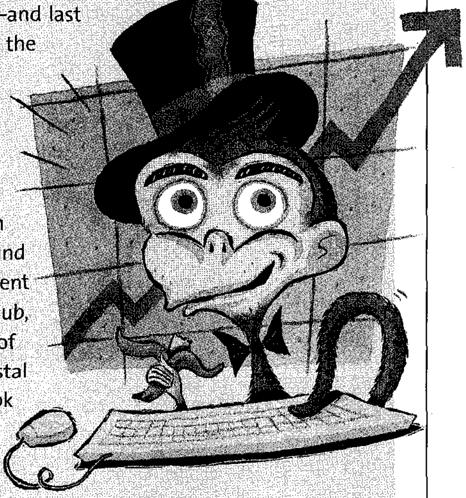
The Internet Fund is just like the Internet: Really successful and *really* annoying.

RYAN JACOB HAS A PROBLEM. WHILE YOUR TYPICAL AMERICAN MUTUAL-FUND MANAGER struggles to explain to investors why his picks can't seem to do any better than the proverbial monkey tossing darts at the *Wall Street Journal,* Jacob, portfolio manager of the now-legendary Internet Fund, must prepare his investors for the day when his fund's returns fall to the mere double digits. "It's going to be difficult if not impossible to replicate last year's returns," Jacob says. "But that's what I said at the end of last year—and look what happened the first quarter. If you take our first-quarter number and annualize it, guess what? Not only do we beat last year; we destroy last year."

He's not exaggerating: While the average U.S. diversified fund scored only a .93 percent gain in the first quarter of the year, Jacob's Internet Fund racked up gains quite literally 100 times that—and one-year gains of roughly 367 percent.

But let's not let go of the monkey metaphor just yet: For while Jacob's stock picks have so far put even the sharpest simian to shame, the fund, until recently run out of a modest Long Island bungalow, does at times seem to be administered by monkeys. Investors tell tales of returned checks, unreturned e-mails, and phones that are perpetually busy—all of which makes even the fund's fiercest partisans mightily annoyed.

After it was anointed the top performer of 1998 by mutual-fund tracker Lipper, Inc., money began pouring in almost faster than it could be counted—and last month the fund had to temporarily halt the inflow while it petitioned the authorities for permission to sell more shares.

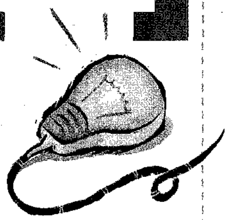


In many ways, the story of the Internet Fund echoes the up-from-the-garage mythology of the Silicon Valley startups Jacob banks on. Started in 1996 with only a dozen investors, the fund was little more than a high-tech equivalent of the Beardstown Ladies investment club, operating (none too successfully) out of the North Babylon home of retired postal worker Frank Costa. After Jacob, 29, took the helm in December of that year, the fund began its upward climb. These days, Jacob says, the fund has something on the order of $280 million in assets, sunk in a concentrated tech portfolio featuring such frothy high-fliers as Yahoo!, eBay, and CMGI. And the fund's founders have cashed out, selling their company to the New York investment-advisory firm LePercq, de Neuflize & Co.

Sure, there have been problems with the administration of the fund, Jacob admits. "The fund grew beyond anyone's wildest expectations, in a very short period of time," he says. "We were overwhelmed." But the fund's administration was outsourced earlier this year—which means there's a decent chance, perhaps one in five, that your phone call will actually get answered.

Whatever its long-term prospects—continued brisk growth or complete meltdown—the fund is likely to spawn copycats. "One of the incredible things about the U.S. fund business is that it has a very low barrier to entry," says Lipper chairman Mike Lipper. "And so people who think they can invest well and raise money can enter the business. Most of them don't make it, but *some* do. This proves it can happen." In America, in other words, even the humblest-born can dream of a tech fund all his own.

DAVID FUTRELLE



evitability about Amazon achieving Barnes & Noble's margins. That's inevitable?

Kurnit: They might sell 50 times more books! Yes, they have to be profitable on every book they sell, but they don't have to achieve the specific margins. It's a completely different business, and it's a completely different marketplace.

Suh: Maybe they can do better.

Wolff: So on a measurable basis, Amazon becomes a better business than Barnes & Noble?

Suh: Yeah, obviously . . .

Wolff: Yeah, obviously?

Suh: Yes.

Paternot: It's a better business.

Suh: So if the question is, Is Amazon a viable business? Yes.

Wolff: Actually, the question was, If, as you began to say, that Amazon was not in the Internet business but was in the book business, at what point does it get judged on the same criteria that other businesses in bookselling get judged on?

Kurnit: You can't possibly judge a business that operates at a completely different paradigm against the metrics of one in another one. How many books can you sell from a store on the corner of Third Avenue and 57th Street versus how many books can you sell on the corner of the Internet? One is limited, and one is *un*limited. You can't compare a bricks-and-mortar operation with one that has a worldwide market with incredibly low distribution or zero distribution costs.

Wolff: Well, you *can* literally compare. And that's my question: At what point do you sort of sit down and say, "This is a better business than this one"?

Suh: You can compare, but you cannot make judgment calls using empirical criteria until the models both move a little bit.

Wolff: Huh?

Krizelman: At some point, you get into the realization that Amazon isn't in the business of just selling books anymore. That's just a fraction of their business. They've been able already to demonstrate that if you're comfortable with their brand name for books, by the way, we're going to start offering you music and movies, and each quarter, or every six months, we're going to roll out a different product line, a different vertical market, where we're going to dominate, because of the same thing Scott is saying. They can go and tap into a worldwide market.

> "You could have a biotechlike scenario. There was a time when everything in biotech was terrific, and then nothing in biotech was terrific, and then the quality re-emerged."

Kurnit: Wal-Mart doesn't have a very good book section. And if Amazon means to become Wal-Mart . . .

Nisenholtz: It does if you have an eighth-grade education.

Kurnit: Spoken like a true New York *Times*man.

Wolff: Actually, Wal-Mart is the fastest-growing outlet in the book business.

Judson: They also sell more toys than anybody.

Suh: And bully for them! That's great.

Judson: You tend to end up with two dominant players in most industries, and that's—

Kurnit: That's cool.

Judson: I mean, Burger King and McDonald's . . .

Kurnit: Just as fast as we can consolidate down to two players is as fast as another player can come in. Think of Fox Television. Everyone said, "You can't start another network." And Murdoch, because he had vision, said, "I'm starting another one." And he did it, and he did great. We will see another bookstore come up on the Internet 50 years from now and surpass Amazon. Fifty Internet years, of course. But there's also another point: We'll see people go into the book business if the book business succeeds, which we still haven't seen.

Wolff: That is the point that I'm making: Amazon doesn't make money.

Kurnit: But Michael, that's so unfair. That's so unfair! I mean, it's such a . . . there's a dozen different ways for Amazon to make money, some of them immediately and some of them longer-term. Amazon could make money today if it chose to, and then the question is how long would it sustain and would it grow? It could raise its prices today, and it would continue to do very well in the short term.

Suh: Time Warner doesn't make money. It hasn't made money in fifteen years. Time Warner hasn't made money in fifteen years.

Nisenholtz: It hasn't? [*Laughter*]

Wolff: It's Internet accounting. Amazon is a success. Time Warner is a failure.

Kurnit: But to return to the basic premise, that a lot of businesses invest in the early years to get the payback in the later years—true or false?

Wolff: A lot of businesses invest against a plan that you can *see*.

Suh: The Amazon.com business plan says, "We will grow, and then we will make money." Not the other way around. Okay?

Kurnit: When you plant apple trees, do you get apples your first year?

Wolff: We can make the assumption: We have seen apples. But we haven't seen *profits*.

Suh: But what they're saying, though, is that they're investing in the future.

Kurnit: I'm told apples are a terrible business, actually.

Nisenholtz: These days it's much better.

Kurnit: Apples?

Nisenholtz: Apple.

Paternot: In the Internet's case, we're making a guess that at some point, 6 billion people will be online. I look at a *People* magazine, which is successful in the United States out of 250 million potential people. Every single country has its *People* magazine. Now, what would you pay to be the One Almighty Magazine that takes every single country? You'd spend probably maybe five to ten years unprofitable if you could capture every one.

Wolff: I guess you're bullish on the Internet.

Paternot: Otherwise, I'd be selling my stock.

Nisenholtz: *Can* you sell your stock?

Paternot: No. [*Laughter*] ▬

Most Wanted

A wide-screen TV that can actually fit in a city apartment, a supermodel-worthy cell phone, a talking wonder car, and more—presenting the spring crop of lust-inspiring tech toys.

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2
3
MOTOROLA
Digital
SmartMedia
MIC
yepp'
DIGITAL
Palm V

1. PHONE HONED

The first time I laid eyes on one of Motorola's digital StarTac ST 7760 telephones, it was in the hand of rap mogul Russell Simmons. If it's the smallest, newest, coolest thing in telephony, you can trust that a cell-phone phreak like Russell will have it first. And the dual-mode CDMA digital StarTac is all of that.

"It's the best phone out there," the sales rep at Bell Atlantic Mobile tells me when I call to buy one—and then choke on the price. Though it won't work with national single-rate plans (they require different technology), this classic Motorola clamshell phone, with its sensual feel, its Kate Moss–slim, long-lasting lithium-ion battery, its clear sound, its ability to slide smoothly between analog and digital cellular systems, and its simple side-button programming, has the feel we've come to expect from Motorola.

It also has a dedicated voice-mail button, a memory that holds 99 phone numbers, a vibrator feature for those moments when, despite your cool, you can't ring-a-ding, and the unbeatable ability to inspire craven envy in others when you pull it out of your watch pocket and snap it open. Really, the only problem with it is that it's so small, it's easy to lose. But then, it feels so good in the hand, you might never put it down.

So repeat after me: "Mine's smaller than yours." Now, didn't that feel good?

MICHAEL GROSS

- **$399 with activation; $649 without/Bell Atlantic Mobile/800-255-BELL**

2. PLAY MOBILE

For roughly half a year (practically centuries in tech time), Diamond's Rio has been the only portable, shock-free digital-audio MP3 player on the market. Enter the Samsung Yepp, which should appear in U.S. stores later this spring. Yepp delivers near-CD-quality music downloaded from the Internet (at least 40 minutes' worth) and displays song titles and other info on its LCD screen. An adorable little guy—the size of a deck of cards—the magnesium-jacketed Yepp comes equipped with an FM tuner.

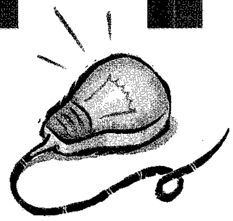
STEPHANIE SAULMON

- **$199/www.yepp.co.kr**

3. YOU'RE SO FINE

Prada nylon dopp kit. Knicks floor seats. Titanium Hello Kitty BlancPlain chronograph. Sometimes it takes a truly inexcusable sum of money to distinguish yourself from the masses. And so it was with $450 burning a hole in my pocket that I became the distinguished owner of a new Palm V personal organizer.

For the record, I am an original Palm



Pilot Personal Edition owner. I am also incredibly popular. Even so, my 603 address listings, 2,090 datebook appointments, 108 memos, and 125 to-do-list items consumed barely 50 percent of my Palm Personal's paltry 512K of internal memory. In other words, there was absolutely no compelling practical reason for me to upgrade my personal-organizing technology other than the simple fact that the anodized-aluminum Palm V looks so damn fine. (The Palm V is sort of the Ivana Trump of the organizing set—it doesn't actually *do* anything different from what its predecessors did, but the exterior face-lift is surprisingly pleasing to the eye.)

How many industrial engineers does it take to design a PV? Clearly, not enough. The poorly designed cover has a bad habit of rubbing against the power button when it's stashed in your bag or pocket. On the upside, the unit runs on built-in lithium batteries that recharge every time you use the hot sync cradle connected to your PC. A full juicing lasts approximately 30 days depending on how anal you are.

ROBERT MORITZ

- **$449.99/J&R/15 Park Row/238-9100**

4. SCREEN GEM

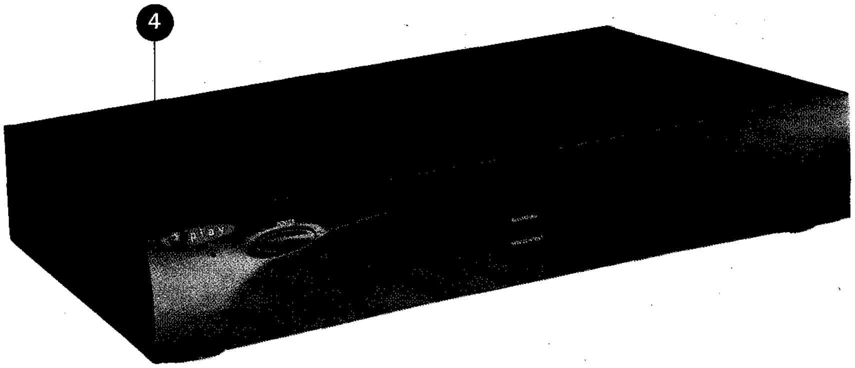
Samsung packs a 40-inch progressive-scan image into its new digital-ready PLH403W wide-screen tabletop rear-projection TV—which, thanks to space-saving LCD technology, is a svelte box only 13½ inches deep.

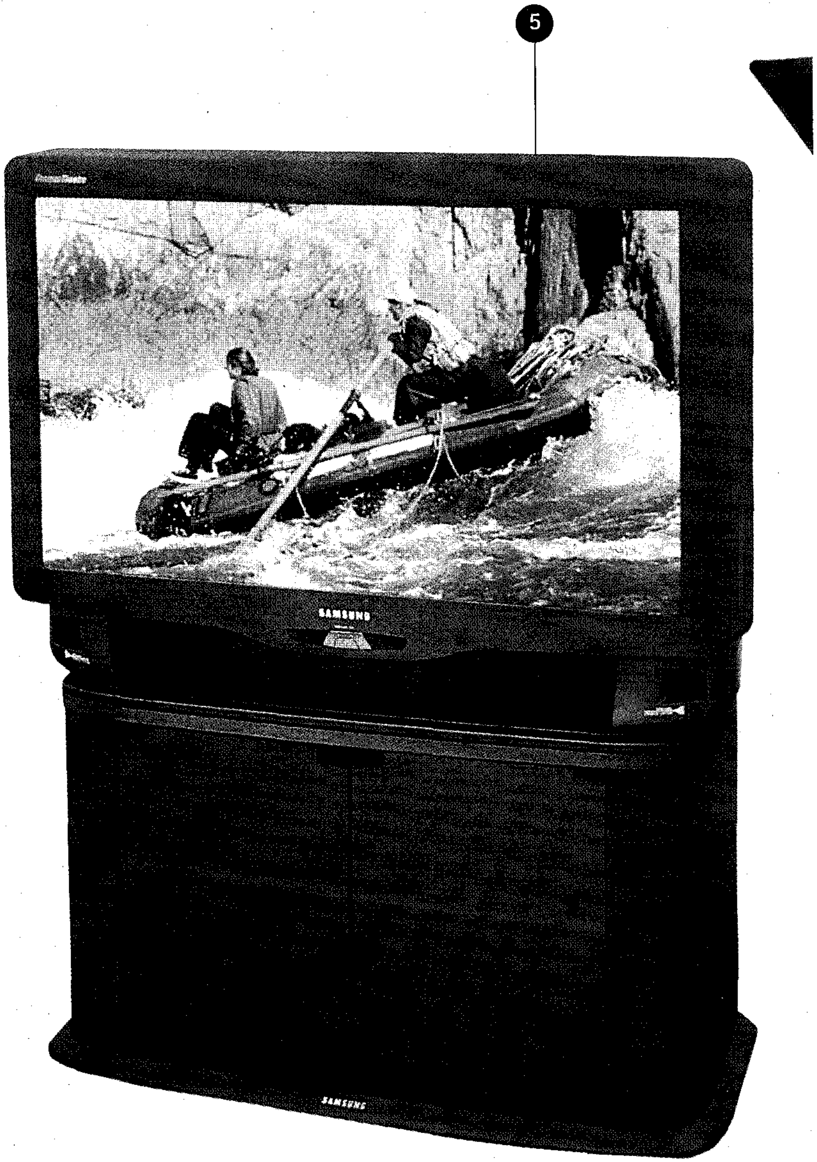
- **$2,300/J&R/15 Park Row/238-9000**

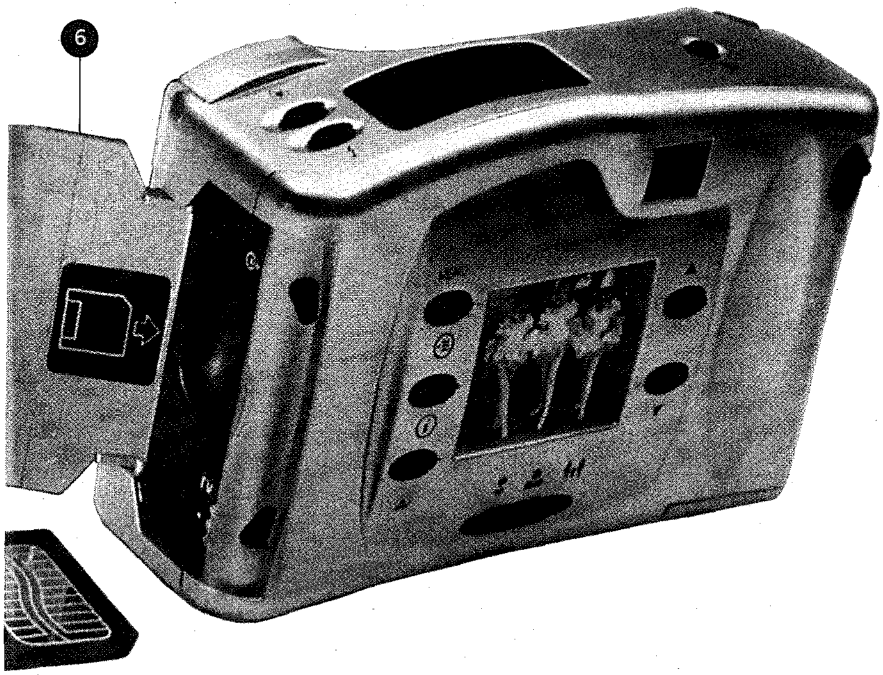
5. I WANT MY REPLAYTV!

Your VCR is obsolete. The ReplayTV set-top unit dispenses with magnetic tape and instead stores shows (six hours' worth) on a random-access internal hard drive. Among its coolest tricks: ReplayTV allows you to "pause" a program while you're watching it live (take a phone call, get a beer, floss your teeth), then pick up where you left off even while it's recording the rest of the show as it's broadcast (just fast-forward if you want to catch up to "real time").

- **$699/800-266-1301 for dealers**







6. BIG SHOT

A seriously sweet little thing, the PhotoMAX PDC 640FL is not just a camera; it's a "creative kit." Well, that's how Polaroid is pushing its latest offering, and we have to agree. Everything you need to get digital is included in the box—including PhotoMAX Image Maker software on CD-ROM (a sort of low-end Photoshop that lets you manipulate your images on your Windows computer), a floppy-disk adapter with removable 2Mb SmartMedia memory-storage card, and an AC adapter. The tripod-mountable camera itself has a 1.8-inch LCD monitor so you can view and delete crummy shots, a built-in flash with a range of up to eight feet, a ten-second self-timer, and the ability to capture images at resolutions up to 640 by 480 with 24-bit color, which means your shots will feature gradations of literally millions of colors. The best thing about the new PhotoMAX series? The price points—less elaborate models begin at about $250.

$350 (model PDC 640FL)/Kmart/One Pennsylvania Plaza/760-1188

Future Perfect

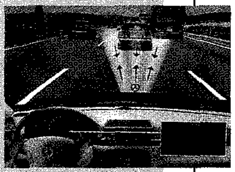
I CAN THINK OF THREE PRECISE MOMENTS IN my life when I felt like I was finally living in The Future. The first was walking through a Washington, D.C., Metro station, with its Kubrickian vaulted ceiling and whisper-quiet trains. The next was the first time I actually saw someone use a laptop computer on an airplane. The third was when I sat behind the wheel of Mercedes-Benz's new S-Class.

You have to understand, the new Mercedes is not just a car—it may quite possibly be the *definitive* car. Granted, if some new trend develops where we demand that our automobiles also be able to press our slacks while driving, there may be a need to design such a vehicle, but if what you're looking for is the ability to go from one destination to another in speed, safety, and comfort, please put your pencils down and face front, because the exam is over.

My S430 loaner was equipped (as standard) with a truly Buck Rogers navigation system. By determining my location with the help of a dozen GPS satellites in low-Earth orbit (thank you, Cold War), and then plotting my position on a detailed map stored on the in-dash CD-ROM, the S430 made it impossible to be lost. Punch in your desired destination and you will be clearly guided by map images on the 4.7-inch screen on the center console as well as by voice prompts. Traffic jam? Punch the DETOUR button, and the little Ferdinand Magellan who lives under the hood will replot your course around the snag.

Now, beyond the golly-gee-ness of the navigation system lies the well-I'll-be-a-monkey's-uncle-ness of the mobile phone. Mercedes's voice-recognition software adds a measure of safety to that morally suspect act of trying to dial international-access codes while merging at 75 miles per hour. Push a small button on the steering wheel and just say "Dial number," and the car responds, "Number please." By speaking the number into the air, you can make the car dial for you and place the call on speaker phone.

While driving (yes, you still have to drive) the S-Class, you also now have the option of an automatic transmission, a manual, or both. The Solomon-like engineers at Mercedes have included a "Sportshift" transmission that can act as either a traditional five-speed automatic or a clutchless four-speed manual. For simple *whee-ha* fun, this feature is indispensable.



Though there are a number of other luxury automobiles that have many of the same features as this car, what sets apart the new S-Class from its competition is just how elegantly these functions have been integrated, as well as their ease of use. The S430 never overwhelms, and all controls and operations are laid out in a thankfully predictable and intuitive manner. Granted, for more than $70,000, that should probably be the case, but when you think about it, isn't $70,000 a reasonable price for The Future? SAM GROBART

SMARTCITY

Faster Netizen! Kill! Kill!

Ditch your old dial-up modem and surf the Web with blazing speed. Here's how. **By Patrick Cullen**

YOU'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT upgrading your poky, old-fashioned dial-up Internet connection, but you've been hearing nothing but static: High-speed lines are tough to get, near-impossible to get installed, and incredibly expensive. Not to mention incredibly confusing. Should you double (or is that quadruple?) your current 56-kbps connection by getting a separate ISDN line installed? Do you wait for one of those new cable modems you've been hearing about? Do those mini-satellite dishes that collect both TV images and high-speed Internet data really work? And what's the deal with all those "Red Means Go" billboards?

Then, once you decide which sort of "pipeline" to jack into, what about your Internet service provider? Can you stick with your current ISP, or will you have to switch? Can you still use AOL?

It's all enough to drive a Netizen nutty. Fortunately, the high-speed-Internet-access market is rapidly consolidating, and options for consumers are coming into tighter focus. Your options:

ISDN

Most computers that have shipped with modems in the past year communicate at a theoretical maximum speed of 56 kilobits per second, though your own dial-up modem may be much slower (it might, for instance, be rated at 28.8 kbps or 14.4 kbps, which are respectively one half and one fourth as fast as 56-kbps modems). Enter ISDN (Integrated Services Digital Network) lines, which Bell Atlantic (bellatlantic.com; 800-GET-ISDN) has been marketing heavily over the past few months. An ISDN setup at your home allows you to access the Internet at speeds of up to 128 kbps and is available to all Bell Atlantic customers in the five boroughs.

Here's how it works: An ISDN line utilizes three so-called channels. The two B channels carry voice, data, and video at 64 kbps apiece. If you are only surfing the Internet, the combined speed will be 128 kbps, though if you make or receive a phone call, one of the B channels will switch to voice, thereby slowing your connection speed down to 64 kbps. ISDN is pay-per-use, and billing is a bit tricky: There's a monthly base fee, plus per-minute charges for each B channel on your line (1 cent per minute). For installation of a new line, the start-up charge is $113.22 plus labor ($102.78 for the first hour of work and $45.68 per half-hour thereafter—God have mercy on the souls of the bureaucrats who came up with those to-the-penny prices), and you'll be charged $13.71 for every 100 feet of wire that stretches from the telecommunications closet in your building to your apartment. (We're not making this stuff up.)

To set up your ISDN connection, Bell Atlantic will have to either convert your existing phone line or install a new one. Conversion is cheaper, since no labor charges are assessed and no physical work is done in the residence. The cost: $94.30 to switch a line from analog to ISDN.

The good thing about ISDN: You can get it right now; there used to be waiting lists. And ISDN service in the city has stabilized considerably, according to the ISDN users we've talked to (one East Village user who used to complain about frequent "drops"—getting disconnected without warning—now speaks of much steadier connections). The bad thing about ISDN: Its days may be numbered. With DSL (digital subscriber lines—see below) gradually entering the high-speed fray, ISDN's "high speed" suddenly doesn't look all that speedy anymore. Telcos, including Bell Atlantic, will presumably continue to offer ISDN for years to come, so it's not like your ISDN modem is suddenly going to be obsolete. But if you don't need to step up to a quicker connection immediately, you might consider waiting a bit for DSL—or considering one of the other options mentioned below.

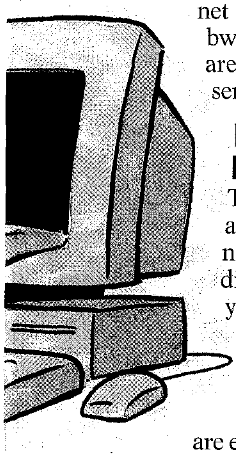
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Palm Tricks

You couldn't *be* more chic. Of course you preordered the super-svelte 3Com Palm V personal organizer (see page 52), so the minute they came off the assembly line you were the first in your co-op to have one. So why not be among the first to put some *real* horsepower into your Palm by downloading some totally cool killer apps like a New York City subway map, or a restaurant and bar guide, or a Manhattan cross-street finder? All of these "shareware" applications, and many more, can be found at www.palmcentral.com, the "personal favorite" of Rachel Luxemburg, co-founder of the New York Palm Pilot User Group, who has performed the noble duty of helping people who have aspirations beyond just flashing their Palm V's at Patroon. "There's so much you can do with your Palm Pilot," notes Luxemburg, "and PalmCentral has the most comprehensive selection." SAM GROBART

Illustrations by A.J. Garces.

Internet service providers for ISDN in both the 718 and 212 area codes include UUNET Technologies (www.uu.net), TunaNet (www.tuna.net), and SpaceLab.Net (www.spacelab.net). Digital Telemedia (www.dti.net), ECLIPSE Internet (www.eclipse.net), and bway.net (www.bway.net) are among several that serve 212 only.



Digital Subscriber Lines (DSL)

The beautiful thing about DSL is that you never actually have to dial up. Get DSL in your home, and you're jacked into the Internet 24 hours a day, seven days a week, at speeds that are eleven times faster than 56k and five times faster than ISDN. You start up your PC and initiate your connection, and—*shazam!*—no more waiting for the World Wide Web.

A feature added to your home telephone line, and therefore requiring less labor to set up than ISDN, DSL grants each subscriber his own dedicated connection (also unlike cable modems) and allows users to talk on the phone or fax with no loss of Internet-connection speed. As with ISDN and cable connectivity, you need a special modem, but industry observers are predicting that it may not be long before computers come equipped with internal DSL modems.

Sound great? Well, it is. Except that DSL is probably not yet available in your neighborhood. DSL, it turns out, is distance-sensitive, so Bell Atlantic needs to equip local phone stations throughout the city with special equipment, station by station.

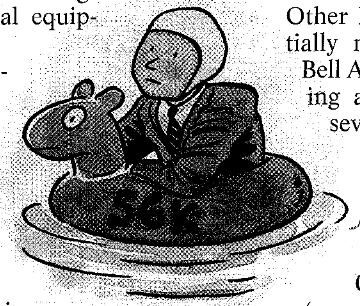
Bell Atlantic (www.bellatlantic.com; 877-525-ADSL) is now testing digital subscriber lines in a Manhattan trial run (we talked to one lucky guinea pig who is thrilled with the service) and will roll out its Infospeed-brand DSL in May, according to spokeswoman Joan Rasmussen. Initial installation charges are $198 (including the modem), and unlimited-use service options run $49.95 a month for 640 kbps (the best bet for residential use), $99.95 a month for faster 1.6-mbps speed service, or $189.95 a month for shockingly fast 7.1-mbps service. BellAtlantic.net service comes bundled with the price and serves as your Internet service provider—though you can choose any ISP as long as it's DSL-capable (check with your current provider; at some point, all ISPs are going to have to be DSL-capable, though many still aren't).

Bell Atlantic's recent deal with America Online to make DSLs available to its millions of subscribers brings together a telephone company and the market leader of traditional Internet access. According to spokeswoman Wendy Goldberg, America Online plans to start offering DSL service in the summer, as a premium upgrade—the cost will be approximately $20 above AOL's current $21.95 flat-rate standard dial-up service.

Prism Communication Services (www.redconnect.net; 888-RED-2000), the progenitor of the "Red Means Go" campaign that has deluged the airwaves and New York City public spaces (most notably Bell Atlantic phone kiosks), is the metro area's DSL upstart. Prism's DSL product, Red, was launched on January 31 and offers a speed of up to 640 kbps at $79.95 a month for a one-year commitment. Bundled in the price is rental and maintenance of the DSL modem. Initial installation is $299.95.

Premium service called Red Single goes for $149.95 for a one-year commitment and offers speeds of up to 1 mbps. With either "Red" or "Red Single," Prism serves as the Internet Service Provider. (The service currently does not support outside ISPs.)

Red has more than 1,500 customers in the New York metropolitan area, most of whom are in Manhattan, says spokeswoman Debra Niewald. Red service is most readily available below 59th Street—installation elsewhere in the city could involve a wait of at least several months.



Other DSL options are essentially middlemen: By leasing Bell Atlantic circuitry and acting as DSL wholesalers to seventeen Internet service providers—including Digital Telemedia (www.dti.net), Flashcom (www.flashcom.com), and Concentric Network (www.concentric.net)—NorthPoint Communications (www.northpoint.net) provides digital-subscriber-line service, as does Covad Communications (www.covad.com), with more than 30 partnered ISPs and service available in New York City.

Cable Modems

You want high-speed access through your cable-TV

(continued on page 104)

NAVIGATOR

Q: I've just bought one of those cool portable MP3 players and want to build up my music library. Now what? Where can I find the best MP3 sites on the Web?

A: Before you get too ambitious, you should know that downloading MP3 files—and you don't need a portable player to just listen through your computer—will take a pretty long time (okay, that's an understatement; you'll feel yourself aging by the minute). So it's best to try to access MP3 servers during non-peak hours (i.e., daytime), or at least have other activities planned at the same time—like, say, baking bread.

Start your digital music quest at the Lycos MP3 search engine (mp3.lycos.com), where you'll find links to practically every MP3-formatted file on the Net, searchable by artist or song name. (Incidentally, an association representing 1,300 record companies just brought legal action against Lycos's MP3-listings-providing partner—in Norway, of all places—for encouraging copyright piracy, but we trust you won't download anything illegal.) Its reliability guide ranks servers to get you the most dependable download, though many "four-star" sites can still only accommodate a few users at once.

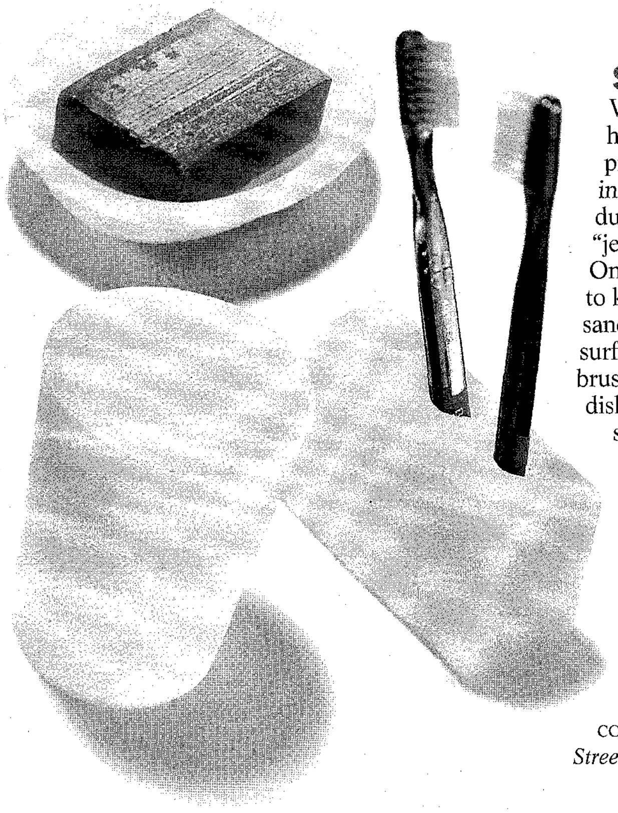
At GoodNoise (www.goodnoise.com; soon to be renamed EMusic so as not to scare away classical and jazz fans) you can purchase downloadable music (99 cents a song, $8.99 for a whole CD), and score the occasional free track, from artists like Frank Black and Little Richard and labels like Rykodisc and spinART, as well as from hundreds of unsigned bands. MusicMatch (www.musicmatch.com) offers a similar service and invites artists to upload their tunes to help expand its collection. Of course, you'll find the largest selection of free music (over 18 million possible downloads) at MP3.com (www.mp3.com), where you can also sample song snippets in RealAudio (a so-called "streaming-audio" format, which you can listen to instantly, in real time) and even catch the controversial, exclusive release of Ice-T's new single, "Don't Hate the Playa."

STEPHANIE SAULMON

Grass Slippers

If proof were needed that fashion editors could, on occasion, out-Martha Martha, these slippers might qualify. They're the clever idea of best-friends-from-childhood Lisa Safir (formerly with *Vogue* and *Glamour,* now a stay-at-home mom into arts and crafts and glue guns) and Amy Eller (a museum curator and prop stylist). The pair take handwoven Chinese wheatgrass slippers and give them a decidedly American edge by adding floppy cotton-gingham flowers ($65).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*
SCOOP/*1275 Third Avenue, near 73rd Street/535-5577*



Soapy Sales

Waterworks Collection, home to high-end trappings for sybaritic soakings, has recently introduced a line of kid-friendly "jelly" bath accessories. Once, jellies were relegated to kids' feet (think summer sandals), but now they've surfaced as cups, toothbrush holders, and soap dishes. Kids can drop them, step on them, whatever, and they won't break, since they're made of pliable nontoxic rubber. And with such cotton-candy-colored helpers, kids just may be tempted to wash and brush (from $12 to $16.50).

WATERWORKS COLLECTION/*475 Broome Street/274-8800*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

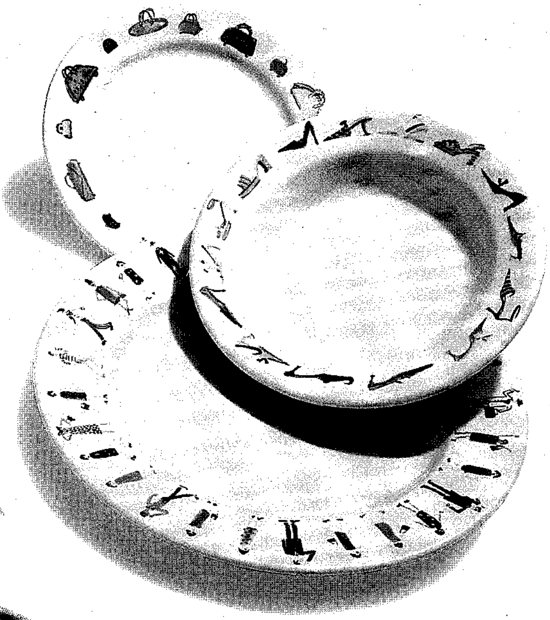
Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-699

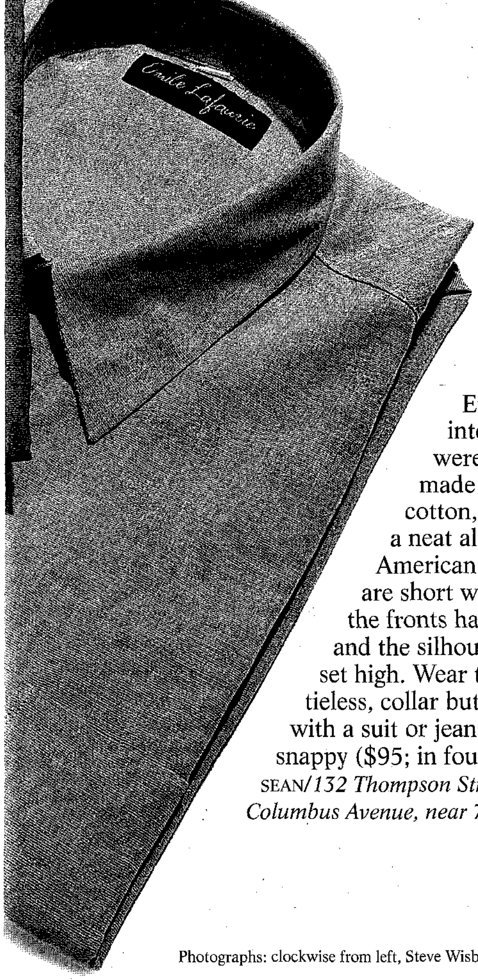
Fashion Plates

Finding china that's not too Dina Merrill, too Marie Osmond, too Vivienne Westwood could require many a shopping day. Cynthia Rowley manages to bring a fun, lighthearted touch to the genre, teaming up with Fishs Eddy to create raffish dishware. Her dinner plates are lined with chic hand-drawn figures, the side plates and bowls with fanciful fashion accessories (hats, shoes, etc.), and the dessert dishes with flirty little undergarments (side plate, $22; bowl, $24; dinner plate, $28).

CYNTHIA ROWLEY BOUTIQUE/*112 Wooster Street/334-1144*

FISHS EDDY/*889 Broadway, at 19th Street/ 420-9020; and 2176 Broadway, at 77th Street/873-8819*

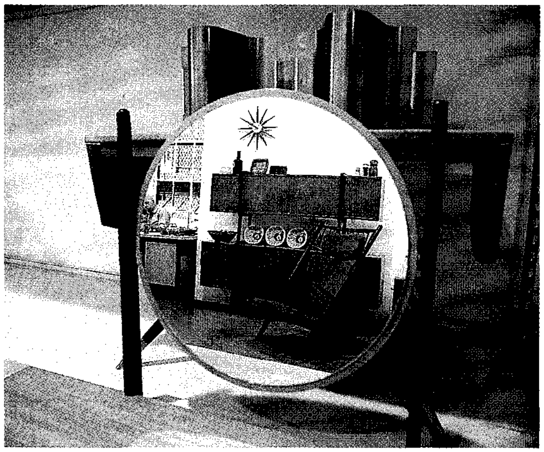




Hidden Assets

Emile Lafaurie's shirts have international flair. They were designed in France and made in Portugal of Egyptian cotton, besides which they offer a neat alternative to the classic American button-down. The collars are short with hidden button stays; the fronts have concealed closings; and the silhouette is lean, the armholes set high. Wear these shirts with a tie or tieless, collar buttoned or unbuttoned, with a suit or jeans, and you'll look quite snappy ($95; in four shades of gray).

SEAN/*132 Thompson Street/598-5980; and 224 Columbus Avenue, near 70th Street/769-1489*



Fixtures at an Exhibition

H55 is impossible to find, since only a handful of New Yorkers—and about two taxi drivers—have ever heard of Little West 12th Street. All this will change, of course, when Keith McNally opens his new restaurant there in November, but until then this gallery is definitely worth hunting for. Michael Salmons (a painter) and Anders Wenngren (a graphic artist) named it for the 1955 exhibition held in Helsingborg, Sweden, that celebrated modern architecture and design. The owners have managed to snare works created by many of the Scandinavian participants, so there's glass and pottery by Stig Lindberg, Sven Palmqvist, and Erik Höglund, and furniture by Bruno Mathsson, Piet Hein, Børge Mogensen, and Hans Wegner. Among the smattering of American icons are Herman Miller, Charles Eames, Paul McCobb, and Harvey Probber. Vintage communal seating is a shop specialty, so scads of hard-to-find sofas and chairs, all in fine shape and in their original fabrics, cover every inch of floor space (glassware and pottery, $45 to $1,500; lighting, $350 to $700; furniture, $400 to $3,500).

H55/*17 Little West 12th Street, near Ninth Avenue/462-4559*

Photographs: clockwise from left, Steve Wisbauer; Michael Grimm (3); Kennth Chen (store).

SHYAMA PATEL

Bohemian Rhapsody

Gypsy chic returns—*but this time around, Deadhead fringes won't do. A SoHo style-setter unearths import cheapies that'd* **pass in Saint-Tropez.**

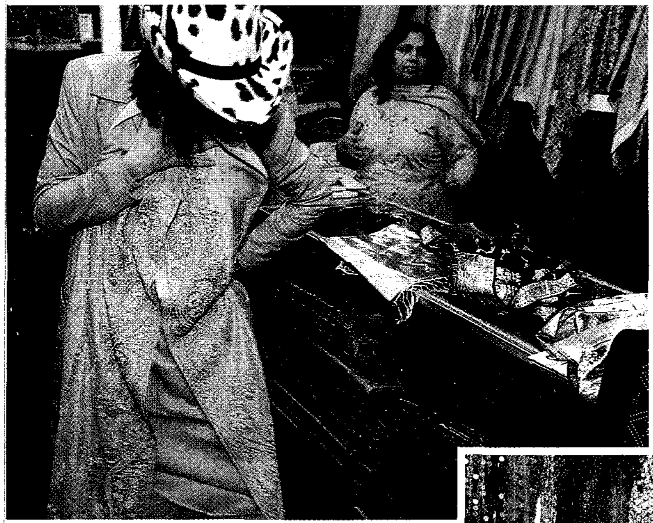
LOVE THIS SPRING'S GYPSYISH FASHIONS, but wary of looking like a sloppy hippie? Meet designer Catherine Malandrino, of the SoHo shop **Catherine**, who always mixes ethnic finds with bright basics: "You have to bring south-of-France colors to the Hamptons, otherwise it's so . . . *boring*," she says. To add a bit of pizzazz to our essentials, we tagged along on a shopping trip.

At the Chelsea Market, we make a beeline for **Imports From Marrakesh**. From a cauldron full of leather slippers, Malandrino picks a gold pair ($50). "So sophisticated with khaki pants." Next comes a lime-green-and-brown scarf with sequined tassels ("*Perfect* for the beach.") With the gold slippers? "No, no! Flip-flops or Manolo Blahniks—always combine ethnic with modern," she explains.

Taking the scarf, we head on to Little India's **Royal Sari House**, a trove of colorful silks. "I'm looking for green—*bright* green," she presses the saleswoman. But she also loves a pink and gold tunic ($250, with pants): "Fantastic with capri pants, no?" (The pink pants will go with a white top.) She's not nearly so concerned with the traditional way of wearing things ("A great strapless wrap dress," she proclaims of a large shawl, $200). In the end, she picks up another green silk scarf ($35): "You can do a lot with this."

At **York Novelty Import**, bright strands of beads ($3–$12 each) blanket the walls. "When you're tan, you *have to* wear lots of natural, colorful beads," she insists. But not prissily: "Lots and lots together, like in Africa." Mixing and matching, Malandrino reflects on her choices: "I'm very colorful."

Imports From Marrakesh, 88 Tenth Ave., near 15th St. (675-9700); Royal Sari House, 264 Fifth Ave., at 29th St. (679-0732); York Novelty Import, 10 W. 37th St. (594-7040).



Jazzy fusion: Catherine Malandrino in her natural habitats.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Save a Bunch

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME (OR A friend's dinner party) with budget weekend pickings from **800-FLOWERS**. Stems are usually from $1 for carnations to $2.99 for yellow lilies to $4.99 for long-stemmed roses, but on Friday afternoons from 4 till 8, all are two for one. Mix your own, or snap up a ready-made bouquet ($12.99 for tulips)—either way, they'll match it for free. *380 Second Ave., near 22nd St. (780-0120); 576 Third Ave., at 38th St. (490-0990).*

Picks of the Week

ABH Design's pashmina shawls (very, very impressive Mother's Day gifts) are on sale for much less than you'd pay elsewhere: from $160 for light embroidered styles to $240 for mid-weight solids to $430 for oversize, heavily embroidered shawls. *153 E. 61st St. (688-3764); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30; 4/19–5/10.*

Patrick Robinson's cool downtown clothes for women are $350 and more at uptown department stores. At the showroom sale, they're half off: from $150 for cashmere sweaters to $350 for fluid jersey dresses. Sizes 2–14. *84 Wooster St., second floor (431-1301); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, 4/19–4/23.*

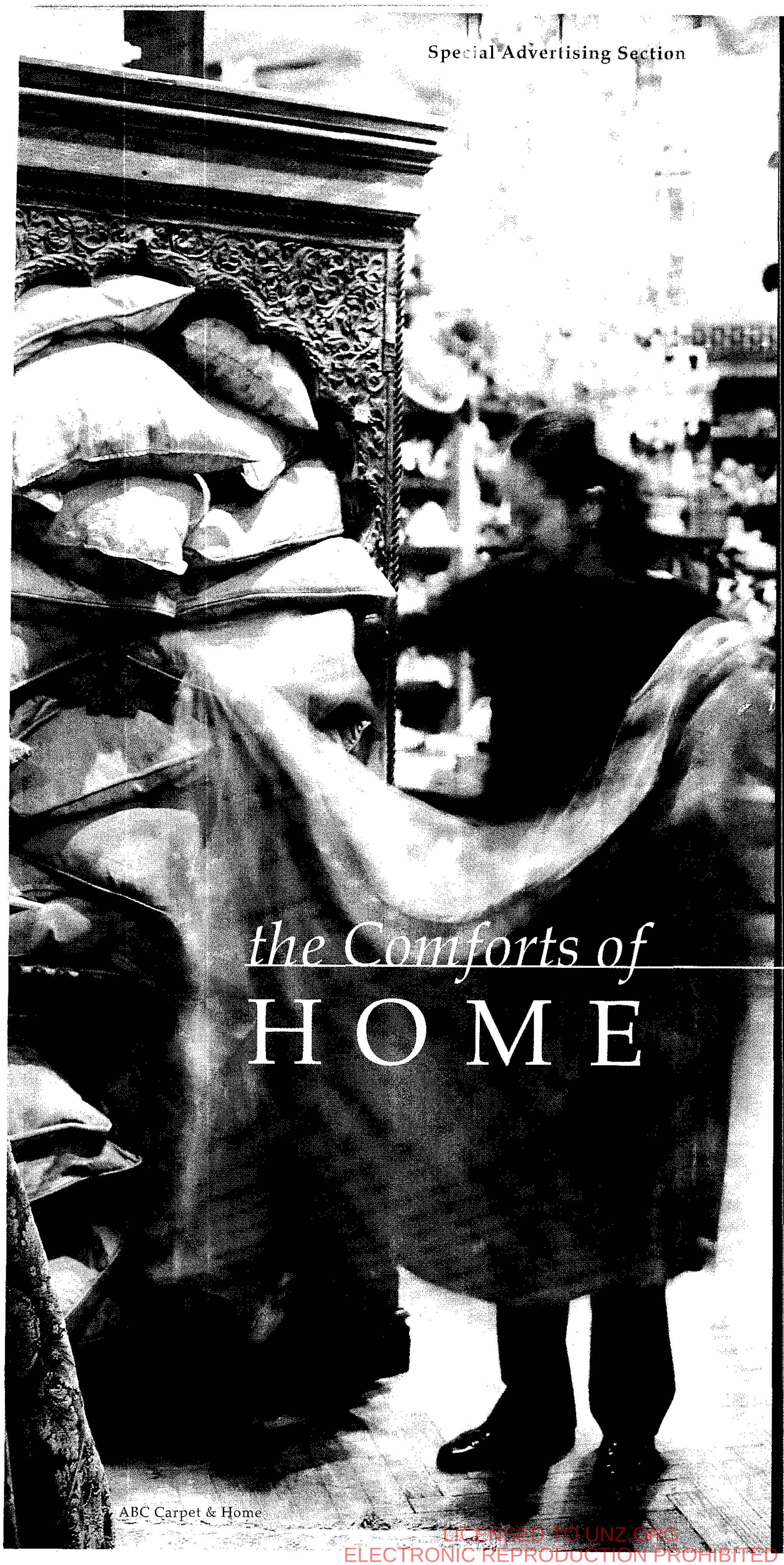
Renée DuMarr women's casual and career clothes are on sale at the showroom for 70 percent off retail: from $50 for simple dresses to $200 for tweed suits. Sizes 4–14. *530 Seventh Ave., near 38th St., seventh floor (768-3734); A.E., checks accepted; Fri.–Sat. 11–4; 4/23–4/24.*

Carla Westcott and Heidi Weisel's eveningwear is ideal for dressy summer weddings. At Barneys, gowns start around $1,000; at the showroom sale, samples and stock are $100–$300. Sizes 4–14. *530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., twentieth floor (768-9794); checks accepted; Fri. 8–7; 4/23.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs by Andrew Goldberg.

the Comforts of HOME



ABC Carpet & Home

> "Simple pleasures are the last refuge of the complex."
>
> Oscar Wilde

Beverly Hood Allen
Creative Services Director

Christy Casamassima
Editor

Bolle Design
Creative

Elizabeth Fairchild
Writer

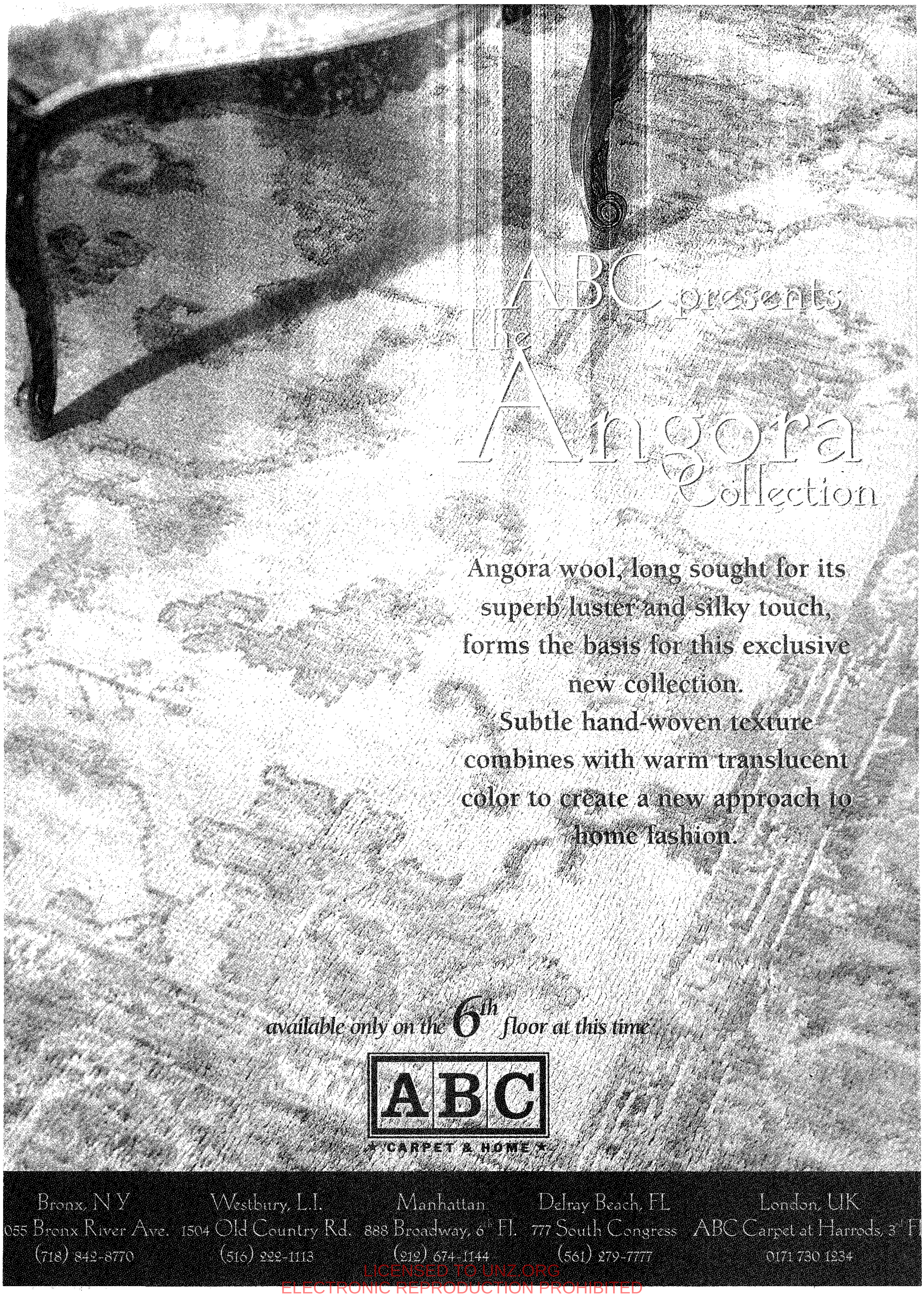
Lory Conklin
Research

Kenneth Chen
Photography

> "Elegance
> is
> good taste
> plus
> a dash
> of
> daring."
>
> *Carmel White Snow*

ABC Carpet & Home (2)

Home is a state of mind. When you open the door, you want the place to say "welcome," like a warm handshake. Like a big hug. And it can. Light, color, texture, furniture, design... can make your space feel like much more than an address. Take stock of your surroundings, then stop by some of the city's best home design resources. They are stocked to the rafters with everything you need to make your home a welcoming and stylish retreat.



ABC presents
The
Angora
Collection

Angora wool, long sought for its superb luster and silky touch, forms the basis for this exclusive new collection.

Subtle hand-woven texture combines with warm translucent color to create a new approach to home fashion.

available only on the 6th floor at this time

ABC
★ CARPET & HOME ★

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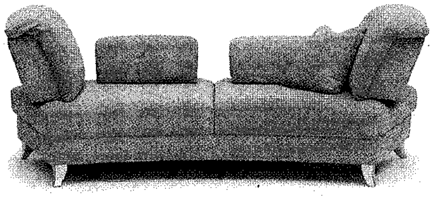
055 Bronx River Ave.	1504 Old Country Rd.	888 Broadway, 6th Fl.	777 South Congress	ABC Carpet at Harrods, 3rd F
(718) 842-8770	(516) 222-1113	(212) 674-1144	(561) 279-7777	0171 730 1234

Dupont CORIAN®

If you have visions of a home that is as eclectic, multi-layered, and as charming as its inhabitants, head to **ABC Carpet & Home** on 19th Street. Exceptional carpets, unusual furniture, glorious imported fabrics and linens, mirrors, frames, even foods, create an ambience that is part flea market, antiques fair, middle Eastern bazaar, and urban warehouse. Be prepared to drool. The first thing the experts at ABC will tell you is to "Trust your instincts." Learn everything you can about combining a range of unique pieces to create your own personal oasis. Talk to their design pros. You'll see how intricate carpets can add texture and rhythm to your decor. You'll learn how to use antiques and furniture as a way of setting boundaries. Or breaking them. Almost as important, like the most creative designers, you'll become flexible, inventive, and excited by collecting in a store that specializes in outfitting entire homes with quirky, individual flair.

Creating a home that feels like a refuge is no mean feat. But it's a lot easier with the five floors of choices, styles, and designs you'll find at **Foremost Furniture**. Keep in mind that proportion is key. Whether you're starting from scratch or adding a few pieces, Foremost's designers will help add style and balance to any room. Livability is what it's all about. At Foremost, you can put together rooms that invite you to entertain or simply escape. This is one of the most extensive furniture showplaces in Manhattan. If you are looking for a particular piece, such as an armoire or a hutch, and don't see what you want on one of five floors, Foremost has the resources to get you what you desire. Simply consult with one of their pros.



Foremost Furniture

"There's no place like home."

Dorothy, "Wizard of Oz"

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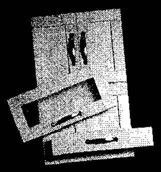
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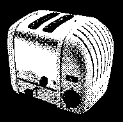
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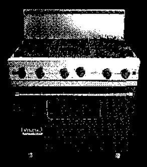
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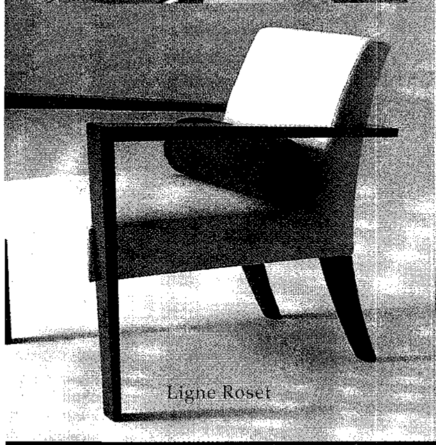
S. Russell Graves for Designer Previews



Ligne Roset

Mimi O'Connell for Designer Previews

> *"Living well is the best revenge."*
>
> *George Herbert*

Soothe the eye and stimulate the senses in the most trafficked rooms in your home. Start with your countertops and vanities, where a range of textures and surfaces by **Dupont CORIAN®** will create handsome focal points. Strong lines, solid materials, and durability are what today's customers demand in bathrooms, kitchens, and throughout the home. It's what they get with Dupont CORIAN.® According to Gin Guei Ebnesajjad, director of style and color development, the cue for Dupont's surfaces and colors come from nature. Simple and genuine are the looks that matter. Dupont integrates aesthetics and technology to create countertops and surfaces that are a joy to live with. These are counters meant to hold their style and beauty, even after frequent use.

When it comes to furniture, design and creativity make a piece successful. But what good is beautiful furniture if it isn't comfortable? At **Ligne Roset**, you'll find the kind of furniture that gives you room to stretch your arms and legs in all directions. Here, you will encounter furniture famous for clean, European design and relaxed sophistication. Pieces that catch and hold the eye. At Ligne Roset, the concept is about

⬛ And every color in between ⬜

Black Night 164 A

White Lace OW21 IP

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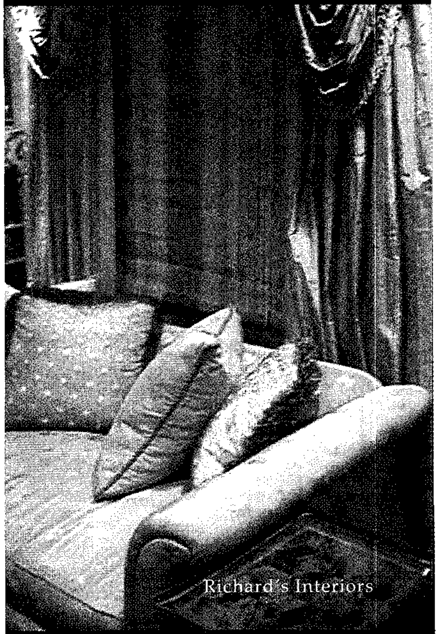

Richard's Interiors

"Less

is

more."

Meis van der Rohe

"Less

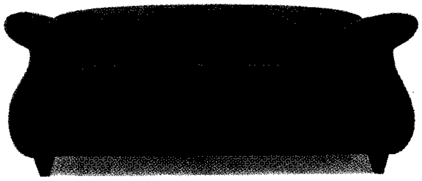
is a

bore."

Robert Venturi

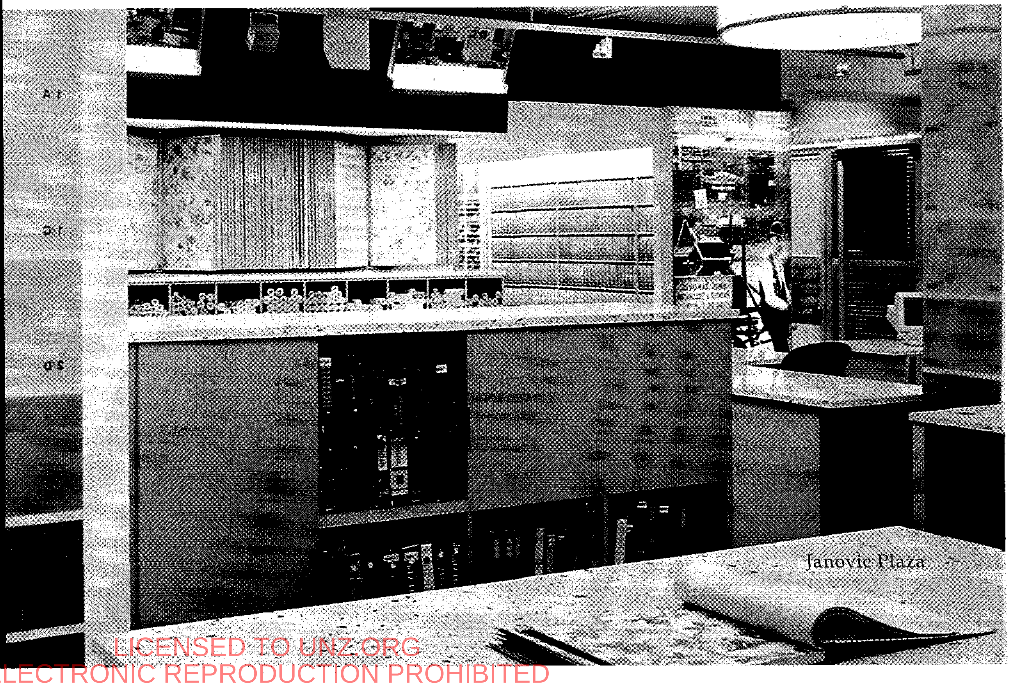
choosing pieces that will enhance any living space. And add life with bold colors and cutting-edge shapes. As a famous architect once said, "We should only own what we appreciate." At Ligne Roset, each piece is a functional work of art.

City living means making the most out of limited space. For creative sleeping arrangements, convertible sofas are a godsend. But does that mean trading in on a good night sleep? Not according to Darren deMatteo, President of **Carlyle Custom Convertibles**. "Beautiful craftsmanship, precise efficiency, and furniture that is as comfortable as a bed or a sofa, is what you should expect. At Carlyle, you can take any piece of furniture and customize it to the nth degree." That means fabrics and colors, too. Today people want convertible furniture that works way beyond simply popping up. They want it to last and be able to lead many lives. A Carlyle convertible sofa can transform itself for your expected–and unexpected guests. Rest assured.


Carlyle Custom Convertibles

Finding the right designer doesn't have to be a chore. In fact, at **Designer Previews** it's a pleasant adventure. "Today, people know more, want to be more involved, they're more sophisticated," says Karen Fisher of Designer Previews. "That's why we encourage you to pour through our portfolios and interview at least three designers based on rooms that speak to you." A designer can help you find your voice, avoid the pitfalls of all the decorating temptations that abound, and prevent expensive mistakes. Plus, a designer will do the legwork to make your vision come alive. This person has the Rolodex and resources to create an environment that reflects the way you want to live–at a price you can afford.

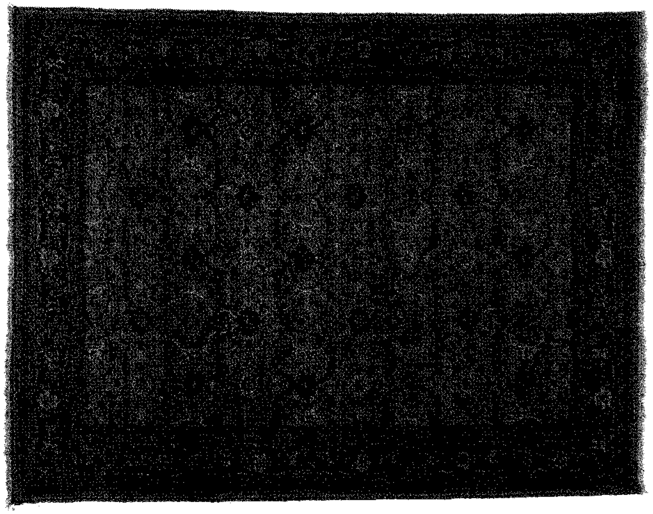
"We believe that home starts with the people who live there," says Richard Harary, of **Richard's Interior Design**. "When it comes to choosing fabrics for slipcovers, upholstery, draperies or custom furniture, don't be afraid to mix passion with


Janovic Plaza

calm." Today there are dazzling materials available, making for dizzying choices. So Harary also advises, "follow your instincts; the results will always be harmonious." Richard's Interior Design offers complete design and decorator services to help simplify the process. And keep in mind that furniture provides the structure to a room and fabrics establish the tone. Go ahead and express yourself with chenilles, tone-on-tone stripes, mix-and-match textures. The selection at Richard's Interiors screams break the rules. If there ever were any.

Color can make a room feel cool or hot. Expansive or cramped. Formal or casual. And no one knows more about color than Neil Janovic at **Janovic Plaza**. "Color makes an immediate and lasting impression and can provide a range of experiences." If you're a doubter, head to Janovic's Color Rotunda. You'll find thousands of color chips to view under four different kinds of light. No chance for missteps here. While you're there, check out the metallics—coppers, rusts, black irons—really hot as we hurdle toward the millennium. Along with color, people respond to the quality of light in the room, which is often determined by your window treatments. If you want to soften a room, choose blinds with sheer fabrics. For a masculine or architectural ambience, wooden blinds are an excellent choice. Whatever your objective, the design pros at Janovic can help you use color and light to set the mood throughout your home.

Wit, energy, and personality are the essential ingredients of good design. And at **Maison Decor**, you'll find fabrics full of joy and the sun-drenched colors of the Mediterranean. Maison Decor's



THE FINE LINES DON'T REVEAL ITS AGE.

This stunning vision of a vintage Tabrize design is handknotted in Romania from pure wool and tinted with natural vegetable dyes to create that distinctive antique impression. It's available in various sizes including runners, all on sale now. Just one look at this timeless classic and you'll know it's aged to perfection.

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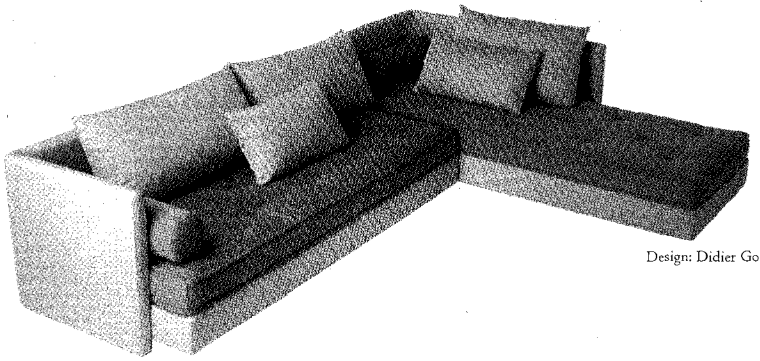

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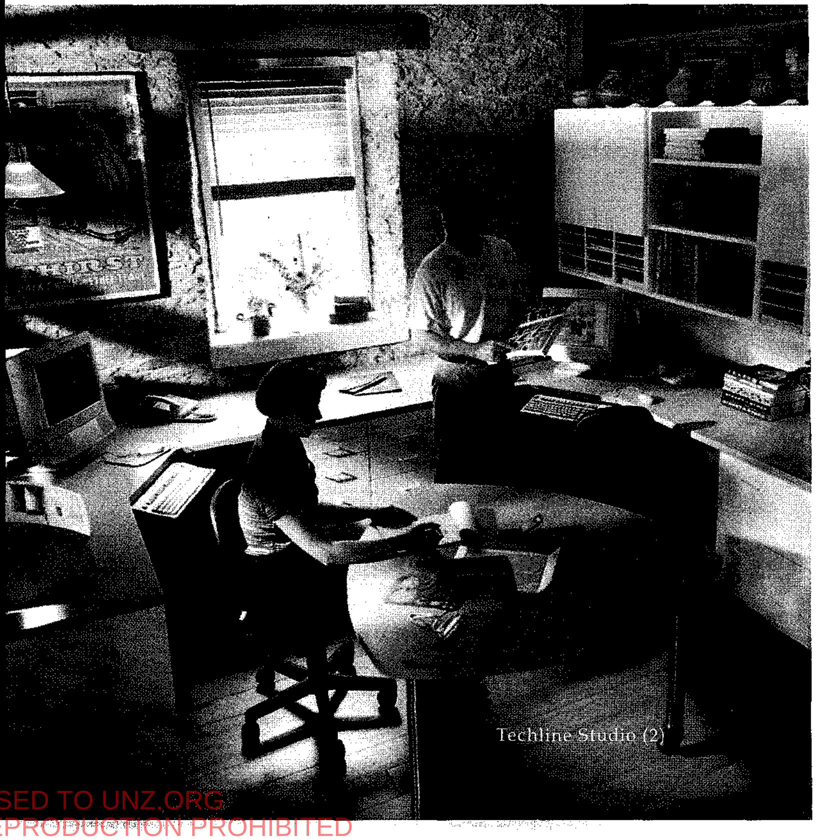
Evelyn Chin points out that "fabrics are the easiest and can be the least costly way to transform a room." The first step in choosing fabrics and colors is to learn what you like by collecting samples. The experts at Maison Decor will gladly develop a whole color scheme based on one fabric. Then, decide if you want to turn up or turn down the volume in your room. Reupholster instead of going for brand new. Cover pillows in lush prints set against the backdrop of a solid sofa or chair. The results will be breathtaking. Without breaking the bank.

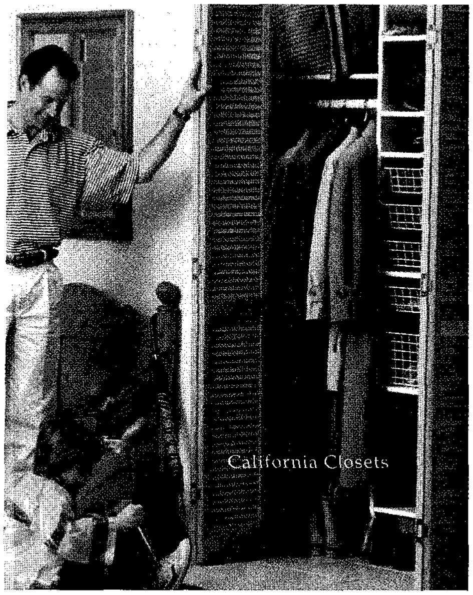
If lack of space is a problem, there are solutions. Domestic bliss is possible no matter what your budget or style or space. An empty room can be as loaded with meaning as a furniture-filled aerie. Our only advice? Make sure you leave room for the life's uncertainties.

Limited space is part of modern life. Even more so when it comes to a home office. But that doesn't mean that function and aesthetics can't both get the nod in your home work space, according to Gavin Bromell, **Techline Studios** Design Director. To be able to sit with comfort and think with a relaxed mind is what he and his team strive for. Working with materials that are durable without being cold, Techline provides work surfaces that fit perfectly into your décor, cabinets that fade into the background. They deliver the ultimate: an office that you don't even know is there.

We all crave storage. And the organization and logic that comes with it. When your closet is organized, somehow your life feels that way too. Especially if the closet gurus at **California Closets** have their way. They're all about ease. Invite them into your closet, and

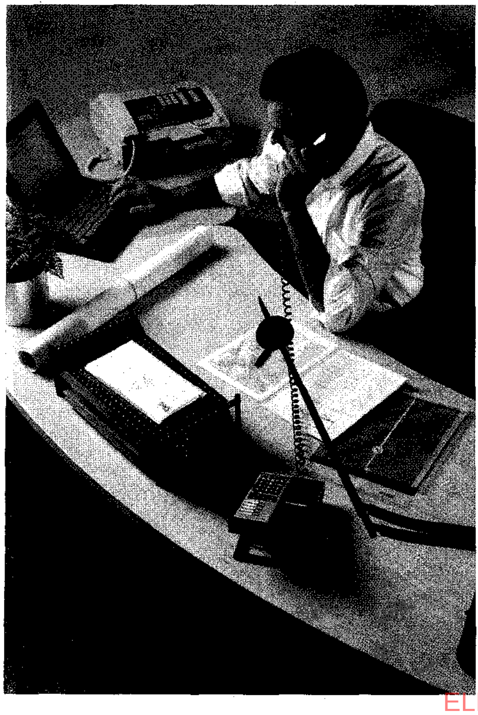


Techline Studio (2)



there'll be no more frantic mornings spent searching for matching separates. More time to think, relax, play. A custom designed California Closet is smoothly functional, like a well-oiled machine, with all its pieces in their proper place—shoes, sweaters, suits—all stored in their own home. When you combine the greatest simplicity possible with practicality, you're not just buying a closet, you're buying time.

Order creates sanity. And the right furniture not only helps you feel orga-



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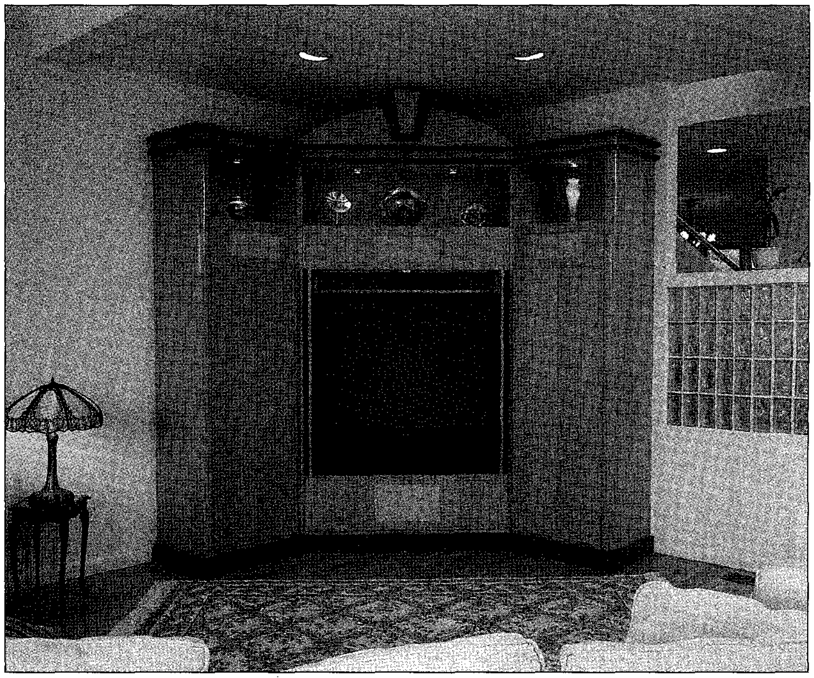

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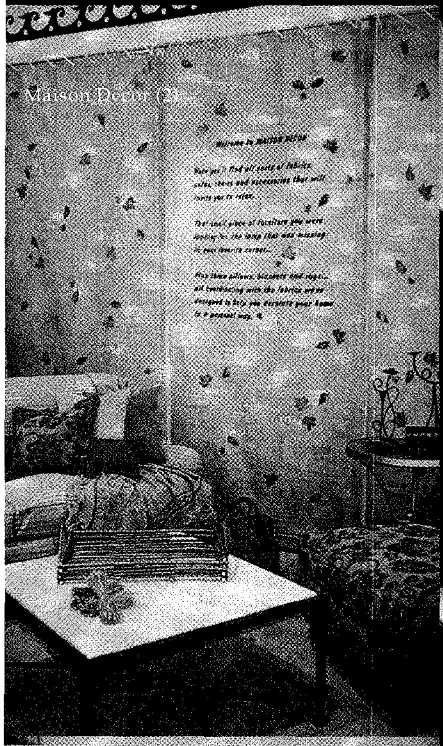

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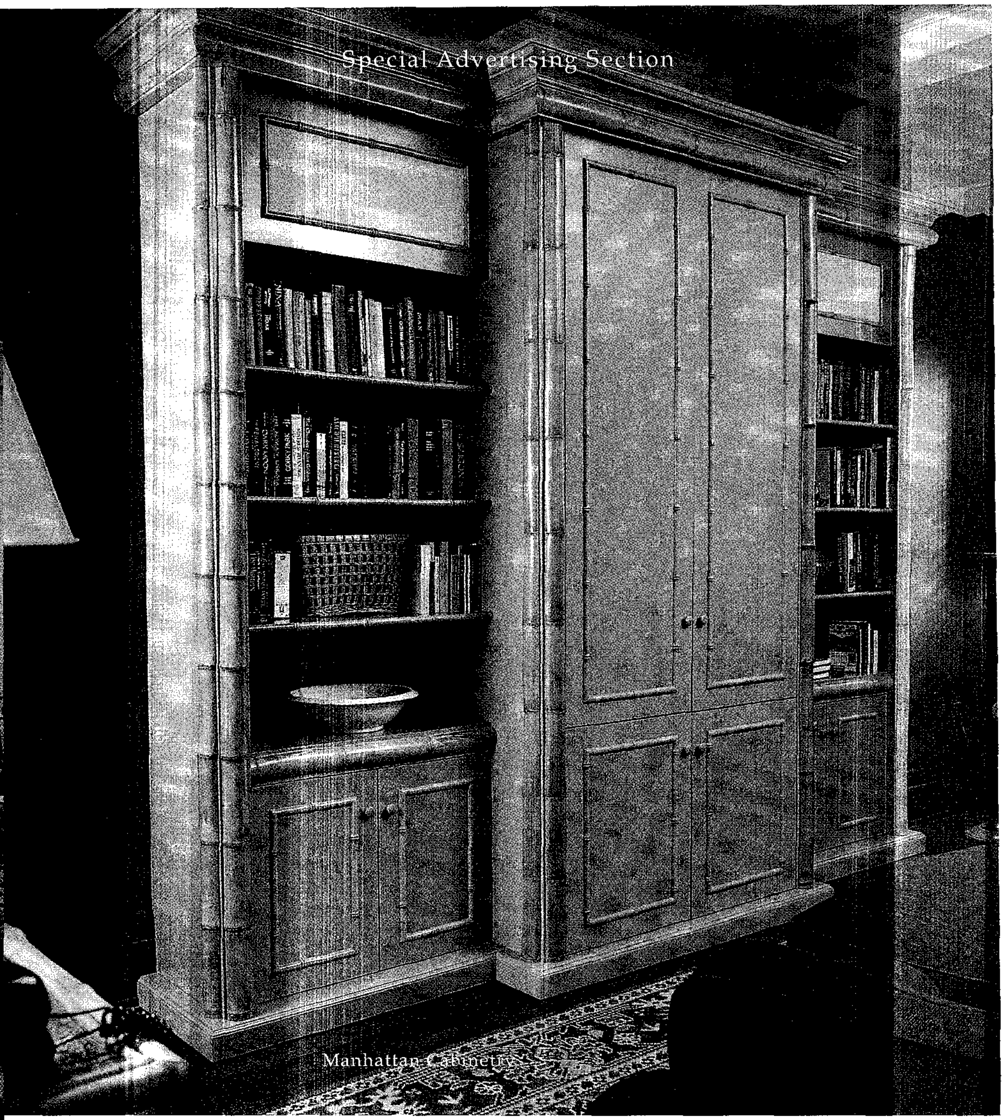
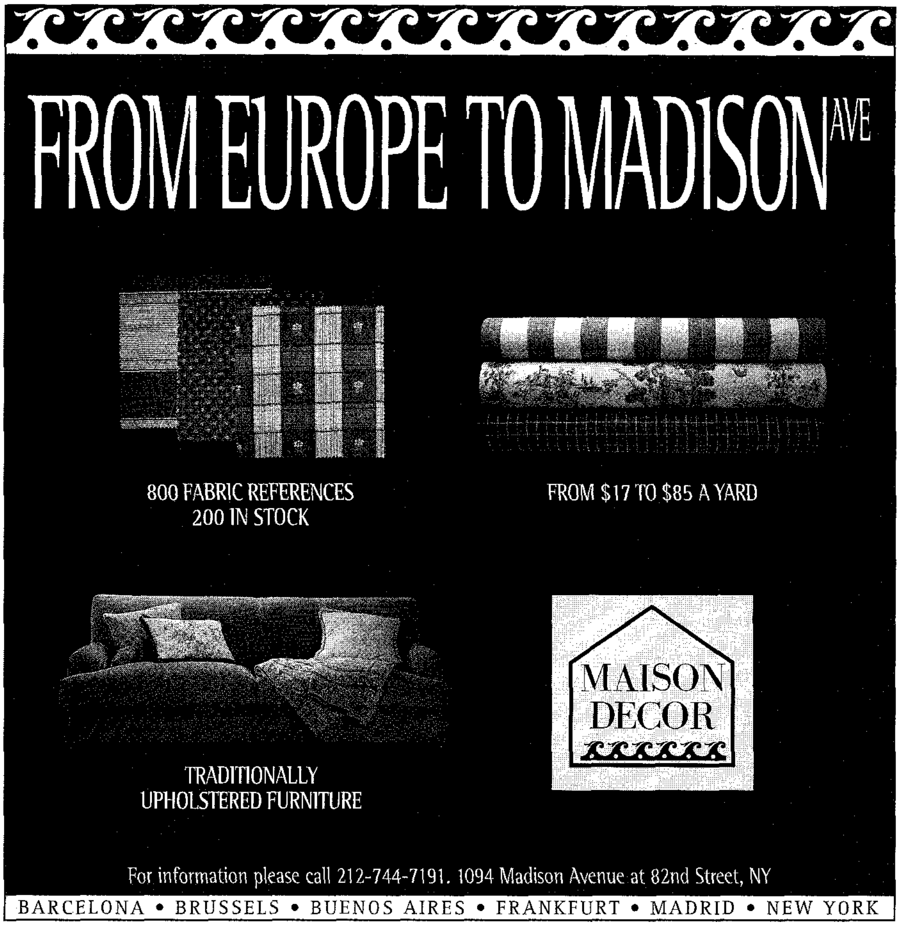


Manhattan Cabinetry

nized, it protects your belongings and gives you a sense of well being. **Manhattan Cabinetry** accommodates the wide variety of ways in which individuals use space. Knowing there's a direct connection between utility and beauty, the pros here will work with you to choose the right material to complement your dècor. They will create amoires, entertainment centers, beds, and custom pieces to handsomely store all of your prized possessions. But no matter where the cabinets are going to live, they will have an authentic, handmade integrity. You can choose from sensuous rosewood to practical plastic laminate. Whether you want to reveal or conceal, Manhattan Cabinetry offers beautifully crafted storage solutions.

Wander into **Einstein Moomjy's** 58th Street showroom and you'll find three levels pulsating with texture, color, and pattern. There's a dizzying number of rugs from every corner of the world, a veritable United Nations of carpets. And they've recently made the natural leap into offering furniture, a natural extension of their gorgeous line. No matter what your budget, or your taste, you're sure to find some gem. Whether you're looking for wool and whimsy for a child's room, a one-of-a-kind antique Indian rug or custom-made embroidered broadloom. "Comfort and convenience, beautiful *and* usable are the buzzwords now," says Andrea Moomjy, "That's why one of our best sellers is textured broadloom–it hides a lot so its popular with families. Just pick your color, size and borders and we'll have it custom made and delivered in three months." Need help? Really into the Arts and Crafts movement? (very hot right now according to Andrea Moomjy). Can't decide between traditional Persian or custom Tibetan? Then just cozy up to any of the experienced salespeople for help. A manager will even come to your home to help guide you to the right rug–one that speaks to you. "We advise customers to think of a rug as part of the family. Something you'll live with for a long time. And to think of our salespeople as personal shoppers." Of course, part of that service is knowing what people want, having an ear to the ground. According to Moomjy, it's "designs that are stimulating, materials that are soothing." And colors. "Greens and golds are flying out the door." Like a magic carpet ride.

Einstein Moomjy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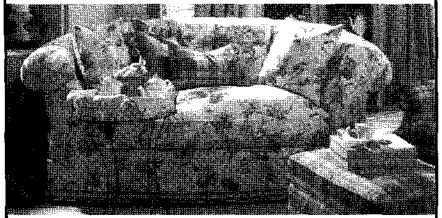

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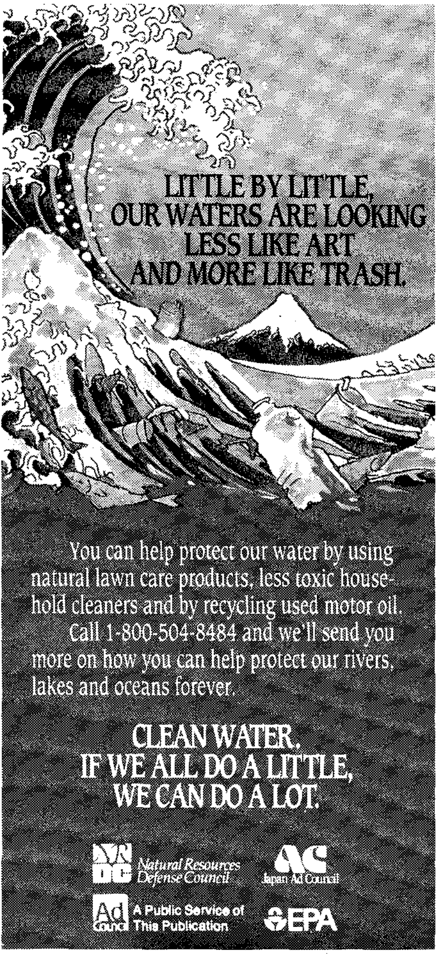

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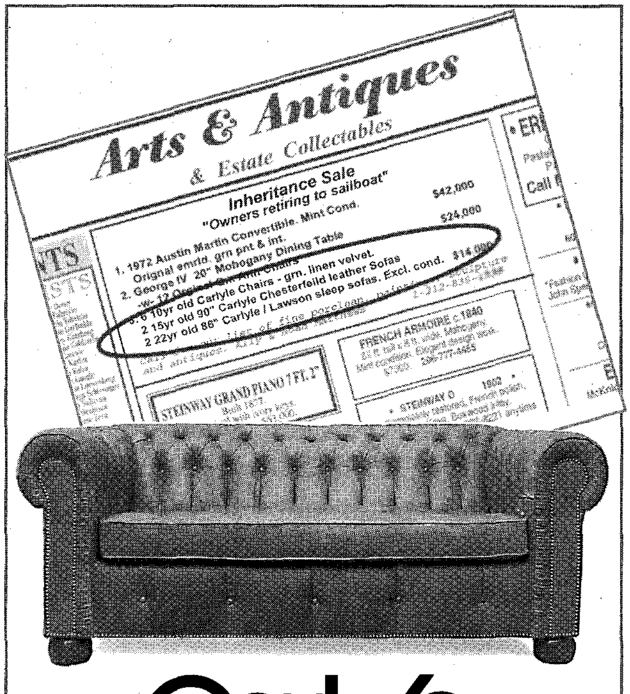

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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Under African Skies

Kate Winslet follows her 'Titanic' juggernaut with the smaller, exotic 'Hideous Kinky,' set in Marrakech and environs during the swinging seventies.

WHAT MUST KATE WINSLET THINK? AS ONE half of the romantic team in the biggest-grossing movie of all time, she might reasonably expect something like hysteria surrounding her next screen appearance. Leonardo DiCaprio and his posse, after all, are trailed by the press from here to Timbuktu; his upcoming movie projects, his salary, his main squeezes, are examined with the kind of scrutiny normally reserved only for the chief executive of our land. Meanwhile, here's Winslet in a new movie, **Hideous Kinky**, playing an English mother with her two daughters in Morocco—and no tom-toms are sounded.

Moor or less: Free spirit Winslet, with Saïd Taghmaoui, in *Hideous Kinky.*

It's as if the success of *Titanic* was linked in the popular imagination entirely to DiCaprio, with Winslet the lucky stiff who just happened to be cast alongside him. The deafening near-silence in the press surrounding the post-*Titanic* Winslet—except, tellingly, for the snipes about her "weight problem"—is a slap in the face to an accomplished actress.

Standards of beauty tend to go in and out of phase, and what I fear may soon be upon us is another stultifying cycle of movie-star-looking movie stars: Call it the Gwyneth Syndrome. We've been down this road before. In the Grace Kelly fifties, the height of attractiveness was how well you looked in a tiara. The waxworks handsomeness and hyperprettiness of many of the Hollywood screen actors of the sixties—the Doris Day–Rock Hudson era—was a big reason why films from that period were so bland. I have nothing against movie-star beauty, but is it asking too much for a little something to be going on behind the stars' eyes? One of the most exciting developments in movies over the past few decades has been the opening-up of acting—of stardom—to the less-than-picture-perfect types. It enlarges the range of experience on the screen. (The great movies of the early seventies are unthinkable without the collection of unruly faces they introduced.) How depressing—how patrician—it would be to return to a celebration of glossy, whittled physical perfection.

In the current pop-celeb derby, Kate Winslet loses out to Gwyneth Paltrow's tiara twinkle. This despite the fact that, aside from *Titanic,* where she managed to hold her own with the boat, Winslet's work in *Heavenly Creatures* and *Sense and Sensibility* and *Jude* and *Hamlet* show her off to be the better actress. Not to mention being the one with the authentic British accent. But authenticity may not be as valued these days as the sparkling counterfeit, and Winslet, unless James Cameron cooks up some kind of DiCaprio-ized prequel to *Titanic,* is probably slated for an unglitzy career in which she is merely excellent.

Her new film is a no-stars, non-Hollywood, medium-budget affair. It seems an odd follow-up to *Titanic*—but that may be the point. *Hideous Kinky* is the un-*Titanic.* It's far from great, but it gives Winslet a chance to explore different sides of her talent. (Her next film, due at the end of the year, co-stars Harvey Keitel and is directed by Jane Campion; I hope this doesn't mean she'll be playing a mute.) In our megabucks movie climate, it takes courage for a hot commodity to refrain from inserting herself into the next empty blockbuster; but what may take more courage in the long run is trying to extend one's craft. You can, after all, be just as unadventurous in an empty small movie as in an empty big one.

In *Hideous Kinky,* set in 1972, Winslet is playing Julia, who has left London with her two small daughters (Carrie Mullan and Bella Riza) for the all-spice exotica of Marrakech. Surviving tenuously on checks from her British ex-lover, a playboy poet and the father of her girls, Julia camps out in a hotel peopled by prostitutes who filch her undies and then contemptuously swagger about in them in full view of her. For her daughters, Marrakech is an *Arabian Nights* adventure, but Julia seeks enlightenment from a Sufi in Algeria. To reach him, she drags her kids through escapades in a remote mountain village, and then a Moorish villa occupied by European émigrés who seem to have stepped out of a Paul Bowles story. (Their host is played by Pierre Clémenti, best remembered as the leather-jacketed john with steel-capped teeth in Buñuel's *Belle de Jour.*) She takes up with a Moroccan acrobat (Saïd Taghmaoui)

Photograph by Sophie Baker/Stratosphere Entertainment.

who keeps appearing and reappearing throughout the odyssey as a combination stud muffin and guardian angel.

Winslet captures the ways in which Julia's allegiances are always in flux. She cares for her children, but she's part child herself; she resents how being a mother breaks her own self-absorbed gaze. Gillies MacKinnon, directing from a script by Billy MacKinnon based on a novel by Esther Freud, doesn't soft-pedal the irresponsibility behind Julia's wanderlust, and yet you can't entirely blame her. The people and the landscape and its colorations—which at times resemble Matisse's Moroccan paintings—pull us in, too. Julia's children, who are under no illusion that they are on the road to salvation, are more clearheaded than she is. One of the movie's continuing jokes is that Julia becomes more childlike as her daughters come to resemble miniature Englishwomen of breeding. A sensualist who has eroticized her own spiritual quest, Julia's the apotheosis of hippieness.

It augurs well for the long-term integrity of her career that Winslet in this movie doesn't try to ingratiate herself with the audience; a role like this needs to be approached honestly—with an appreciation for the ways in which wantonness can fog our good sense. Near the end of her quest, Julia says, "I want to know the truth," but she doesn't, really. She's just looking for a more aromatic species of lie.

In brief: Jeanne and the Perfect Guy IS A French musical about a frisky woman (Virginie Ledoyen) with a panting horde of boyfriends. Her truest love turns out to be an HIV-positive heartthrob (Mathieu Demy, son of Agnes Varda and Jacques Demy). The filmmakers try for a bittersweet lyricism à la Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* but end up with something closer to his genial misfire *The Young Girls of Rochefort.* The movie's combination of froth and political activism doesn't gel, and the song-and-dance numbers never achieve liftoff, perhaps because nobody involved can sing or dance. . . . The movie medium is sometimes described as a ribbon of dreams, but there have been surprisingly few great dream sequences on film. There's one in Buñuel's *Los Olvidados,* with a boy imagining his mother and a dripping slab of beef; and Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* opens with a chill, funereal passage. Fellini's **8½**, which in a newly struck print continues at the Paris, has as its opening perhaps the greatest dream scene of all: Marcello Mastroianni's Guido stifled in a silent traffic jam, onlookers gazing blankly at him as he rises through the sunroof of his car, high into the sky. The rest of the film isn't too shabby, either. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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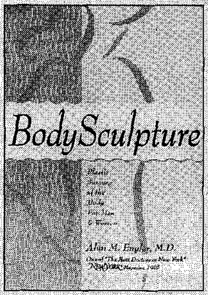

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THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Hare's Breadth

Judi Dench is all you've heard and then some, but 'Amy's View,' David Hare's expansive theatrical meditation, delivers even more.

YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW WHAT DAVID HARE'S **Amy's View** is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art (TV, action movies); about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. It is about the lure and pitfalls of a materialistic society, about whether love and faith and perseverance will prevail over hedonism and greed or be unjustly punished. It is also about God, in the guise of a theater director, and fickle at that. It is, I repeat, about life.

Being about life, it is about surprises all the way. Big surprises that the author springs on us quasi-casually, and leaves not fully explained. *Amy's View* is about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Does art imitate life or vice versa? Who is saved: the actress, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? Amy's eponymous view assumes different meanings in the course of the play, yet all are attempts at a clearer perception, truer understanding of our existence. Does this come about? You tell me.

It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. It defies easy summary, prompt evaluation. You must pay close attention to details, and think long after; I have only just begun. Meanwhile, there is the production. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. She has all the timing, modulations, implications, and vocal and visual range in the world, and then that extra something I can only call soul.

And what support she gets from the rest. As Amy, the excellent Samantha Bond devastatingly portrays the yearning for a saner world that in Hare is usually doomed. Tate Donovan, as Dominic, the man she impetuously gets involved with and eventually marries, unaffectedly conveys the imperfect creators and dubious creatures most of us are. As Esme's neighbor and business adviser (too good at the one, not good enough at the other), Ronald Pickup touchingly captures an older version of Dominic who nevertheless has come no closer to resolving the ambiguities of his nature. Anne Pitoniak epitomizes the well-meaning busybody, mother of Esme's late artist husband, who through mere longevity becomes a guiltless but heavy burden on her family. Only Maduka Steady, as a young actor, decent but unduly impressionable, fails to communicate the pathos of mindless amiability.

Grande mama: Mother (Judi Dench, left) and daughter (Samantha Bond) in *View*.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Extremely interesting is the décor by Bob Crowley. Whereas the designer is known for his daring and elaborate inventions (see his contribution to the current *Iceman Cometh*), here he offers a rigorously subdued stage picture that only in the end turns explosively and awe-inspiringly—but perhaps also disquietingly—theatrical. Mark Henderson's lighting is cogently restrained, and Richard Eyre's assured direction keeps everything simple and to the point: The occasional linguistic shortcomings or mechanistic exits and entrances are prevented from becoming obvious.

ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN IN A NEGATIVE REVIEW of Pam Gems's *Piaf* I took the author to further task for distorting both Edith and Marlene Dietrich, I got a charming letter of thanks from Miss Dietrich, graciously overlooking the fact that I had been less than kind to her farewell one-woman show. Now Miss Gems, one of England's more overrated playwrights, is at it again with **Marlene**, an account of the backstage and onstage goings-on in a 1969 Paris concert hall at the outset of that final concert tour.

What we get is twofold. First, a compilation of oft-rehearsed stories about Dietrich, from her mania for cleanliness as she gets down, her knees on her mink coat, to scrub her dressing-room floor, to her night with Sinatra in Vegas, during which he alternated eating cornflakes with having sex. Also her careful orchestration of curtain calls, pretending to be surprised by the many bouquets she arranged to have delivered at precisely timed intervals. Second, the introduction of an American woman playwright, a friend who slavishly attends to Marlene's every outlandish whim and serves as reverent sounding board for the star's pronouncements, reminiscences, and gripes. This Vivian, whether factual or fictitious, allows the author to suggest a past lesbian relationship without creating more drama than with the silent presence of Mutti, a fussily maternal old dresser, mute since her internment in Dachau.

Marlene is, of course, largely a showpiece for the esteemed Siân Phillips, portraying Dietrich. Helped by Paul Huntley's faithful wig and David C. Woolard and Terry Parsons's accurate costuming, Miss Phillips provides a tolerable though less sexy facsimile, and she does her best to speak and sing like Marlene. But her German is execrable and her French feeble, betokening a poor ear. Her Dietrich accent is wobbly, and her singing falls well short of the original; I have caught more than one female impersonator doing all this better.

As Mutti, Mary Diveny mimes dutifully, but Margaret Whitton's Vivian looks and acts like a no-longer-little Orphan Annie playing Sandy to Marlene. John Arnone's décor is functional, Mark Jonathan's lighting questionable, and Sean Mathias's direction unable to make diamonds of Miss Gems's zircons.

AMONG THE MORE UNUSUAL CASTING METHods is that used by Declan Donnellan for his production of **Le Cid**, Corneille's tragicomic masterpiece of 1636, which has just visited BAM. Based on a Spanish play about Iberia's semi-legendary eleventh-century hero, *Le Cid* tells of Rodrigo Diaz, known as El Cid (the boss), a soldier of fortune who was equally willing to fight for or against the Moors but finally proved most useful to Spain and Charlton Heston.

The play concerns the love of Chimène and Don Rodrigue, and how the latter, to avenge an insult to his father, kills his beloved's father in a duel. Whereupon Chimène, though still in love with him, clamors for his head. But because of his valiant routing of the Moors, who paid him less than the king of Castille, our heroic mercenary earns the royal accolade. The most the king is willing to grant Chimène is for a volunteer, Don Sanche, to fight Rodrigue in a duel as her champion. But what chance has poor Sanche when the lady herself derides him mercilessly, rooting for his adversary? Yet all ends well enough for everybody except Pierre Corneille, whose masterwork is travestied here by Donnellan & Co.

Using a French cast speaking French, Donnellan, who is said to be as fluent in French as he is flaky in directing, picked most of his male actors by their torsos, to which he strips them on a slender pretext. Thus Rodrigue is played by William Nadylam, a black actor with broad shoulders and a wasp waist—a perfectly triangular torso. Other male actors who peel for Donnellan display torsos that are milky white, smooth, and elongated, or white and darkly hairy, achieving a delightfully dappled effect. Don Gomès, killed early by Rodrigue, is nevertheless kept on throughout on the sidelines, hovering as a semi-nude ghost, and even, in a particularly inventive touch, becoming his daughter's dresser, clothing and shoeing her.

Ah, yes, not to be accused of homoeroticism, Donnellan has Chimène plead with the king

(continued on page 89)

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ART **MARK STEVENS**

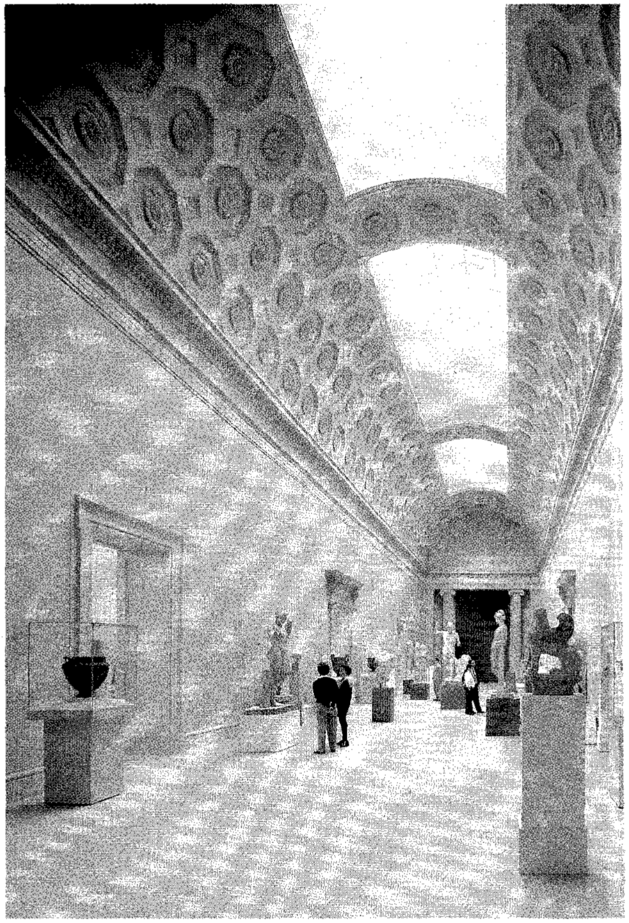
Greeks Bearing Gifts

The Met finally gives the best collection of ancient Greek art in the Western Hemisphere—that is, its own—the setting it deserves.

ANCIENT GREECE HAS BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED—for centuries—as the foundation of Western culture. The Greeks, said Goethe, "dreamt the dream of life best." Not surprisingly, the early planners of the Metropolitan Museum of Art intended to give Greece a preeminent place in their encyclopedic institution. Upon entering the museum, visitors would come upon two great architectural wings, with the majesty of Egypt to their right and the glory of Greece to their left. The rest of the collection would then seem to flow outward from these ancient springs. In the years before World War I, the architectural firm McKim, Mead and White designed the Greek wing with a soaring, barrel-vaulted gallery at its center, and in 1926, the museum opened a large atrium for Roman art just beyond this gallery. These grandly conceived spaces, together with the smaller ancillary rooms, constituted an extraordinary museum of classical art. After World War II, however, something happened that in retrospect seems utterly bizarre. Ancient Greece—from whence issued much of the best and brightest in Western culture—became the road to . . . lunch.

The soaring Beaux-Arts gallery was transformed into a undistinguished corridor leading to a noisy museum restaurant, which supplanted the former Roman atrium. Along the edges of the corridor, pieces of classical sculpture were haphazardly displayed; they looked like patients in an overcrowded hospital hallway. Much of the collection was removed from view. The remainder was dispersed to small rooms and displayed with an air of dusty pedantry. (Pots, and more pots.) And yet all the while, the Department of Greek and Roman Art at the Met continued to collect widely and well. It was no exaggeration to say that the finest museum of Greek and Roman art in the Western Hemisphere lay buried at the Met. An oversight, to put it mildly. For the past decade, the Met has been working diligently to recover this museum, conserving the work and planning a return to the original McKim, Mead and White design. This week, a major part of the restoration—the new galleries for archaic and classical Greek art—opens to the public. It looks terrific.

With the daylight streaming down from high above, the long, barrel-vaulted gallery becomes one of those secular cathedrals (like Grand Central or the old Penn Station) that can bring an air of uplifting boundlessness to a cramped city. The room looks better than it ever did, for the Met has faced the walls with the warm French Euville limestone that the McKim, Mead and White design specified—but that could not be used in the original construction because of the outbreak of World War I. Flanking the main room are a series of smaller galleries that chart the progression of Greek art from prehistoric times to the fourth century B.C. All told, about 1,200 works, including bronzes, marbles, painted vases, terra-cottas, and an array of jewelry, coins, and works in glass, are on display. The Met's curators—notably Carlos A. Picón, the department head—have done a superb job not only in carrying out the restoration but also in presenting the art.



Prandial passageway no more: The new Mary and Michael Jaharis Gallery.

Photograph by Bruce White.

It is worth noting why their galleries work so well, since many museums still arrange works of art in a ham-handed way. To begin with, the galleries are suffused with natural light. Art almost always looks better in daylight. And so do the people looking at art. Your senses become better attuned to art when the light is fresh; you are less subject to museum fatigue. Daylight can damage certain forms of art, of course, but even the artificially illuminated rooms in a museum should, ideally, never be far from daylight. Most of the Greek galleries on the western side of the installation do not have windows, but you are only steps away from the vaulted gallery. The flow of the space, in turn, complements the light. In the great hall, which is very open, you can admire larger pieces of art—and also relax for a moment from the concentrated looking demanded in the smaller galleries to either side. The curators have not overcrowded the spaces in an effort to dot every art-historical *i*. As a result, each individual work can breathe, and there is no compromise in the quality of the objects on display. Different media are brought together; there never seem to be too many pots in a row. The curators even allow themselves a measure of whimsy. In one case, they present a pair of eyes plucked from an ancient statue. (These floating eyes would have delighted Magritte.) In another, they highlight the humor of the Greeks, showing a vase that looks like a pregnant birdman patting his tummy—probably inspired by Aristophanes' *The Birds*. To put it simply, the installation emphasizes the pleasure to be found in Greek art. The history lesson is there, but you are never led by the nose.

The emphasis on pleasure is a serious matter. A space like this—both sensual and orderly—mirrors the rich paradoxes of Greek culture. Today, it seems especially important to remember the robust and sensual side of the Greeks, who are too often confined to words like *rational* and *naturalistic*. Many people mistakenly find the visual art bloodless, reserved, or coldly forbidding. (All that unyielding marble.) Originally, Greek statues were brightly painted, and though that paint is today mostly lost, the stone itself sings in a well-lit environment. The reds and blacks of the pots are gleaming and lush; the colors in the jewelry and the glasswork are vital. Dionysus, too, plays an important part in the installation. Many of the works celebrate the Greek love of wine and revelry. And some are delightfully lewd. This exhibition contains more erections—art historians enjoy using the word *ithyphallic*—than a SoHo exhibit about cross-dressing S&M fetishists. Perhaps a U.S. senator will want to complain.

In the next phase of the reinstallation, which should be finished in three or four years, the department will take back the Roman atrium—the restaurant is moving—and add a few more small galleries in which to show the rest of the classical collection. There will also be a space for temporary exhibitions. This should prompt the curators to put together the kind of small, imaginative shows, drawn largely from the museum's own collections, that are a sign of curatorial vitality. According to Philippe de Montebello, the director of the Met, the city now has a new museum. He's right. An important new museum.

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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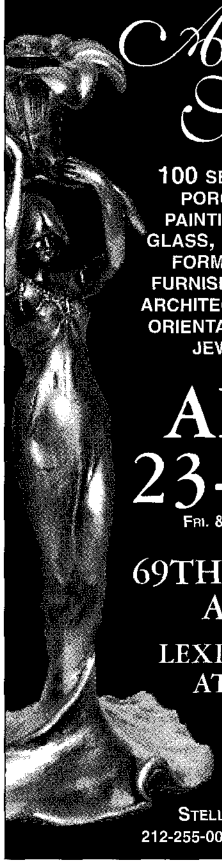

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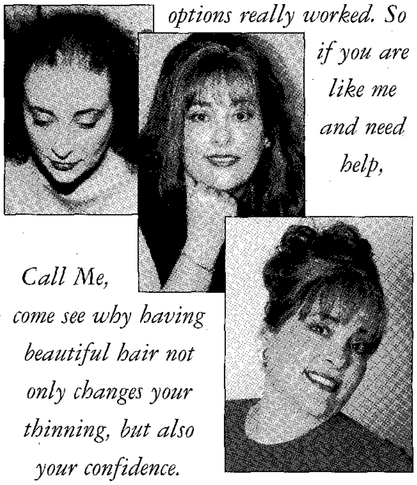

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

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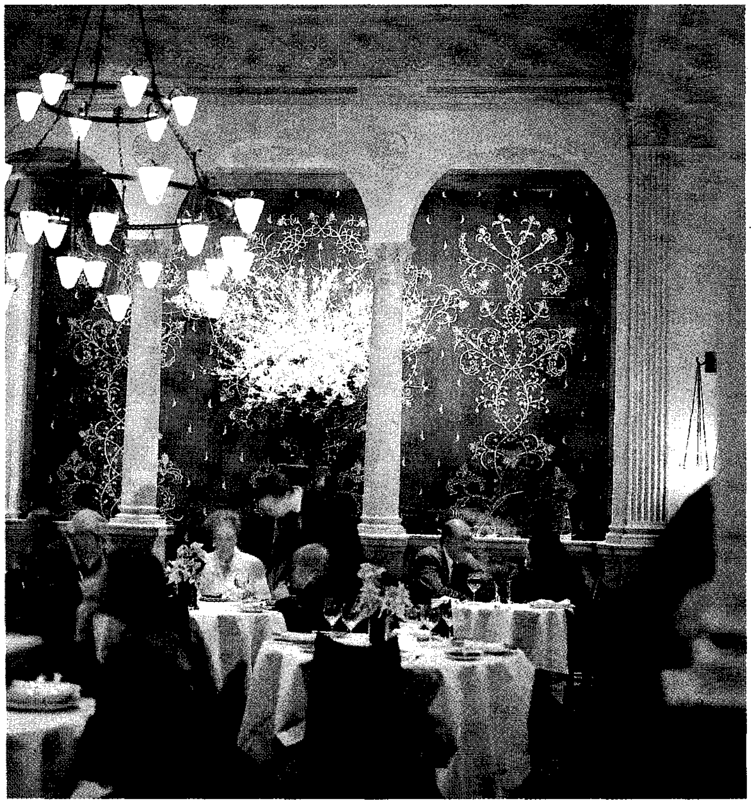
Now that Daniel Boulud has opened a $10 million celebration of the seasons just eleven blocks south of Café Boulud, his real rival may turn out to be himself.



The look of Daniel: Even the Sun King himself would blush at the opulence of the dining room.

PASSOVER, EASTER, DAYLIGHT SAVINGS, THAW and shiver, asparagus that tastes like asparagus: It's spring in New York. In the religious rituals of chef Daniel Boulud, that means baby lamb, ramps and morels, sweet peas and just-hatched favas. Not one but three species of asparagus. Thick white stalks from Utah that get dished up before our eyes with a flowing cummerbund of chive hollandaise. Amazing. Utah. (The fatter ones from France are still ripening.) Our little ménage à trois is honoring the season alone in the cozy lounge at Daniel, tended by a parade of well-drilled myrmidons. There are muted voices in the adjacent bar, folks peeking in as they wander toward the dining room and the throaty insinuation of Louis Armstrong judiciously modulated as if for our ears only. The jazz buff among us is impressed. "Louis Armstrong," he marvels.

We have been rude and negligent, waiting till 6 P.M. Saturday night to call for a table, anonymously of course, hoping in vain for a rain-provoked vacancy, then walking in anyway. That's why we are perched on the greige tweed sofa, sitting side-saddle to the coral lacquered pedestal tables—gratefully perched, to be sure, getting a preview of Daniel's Bar/Lounge service that debuts today with its own menu. To cap a series of sanely measured meals in the dining room, I've sent the kitchen an *omakase* challenge—let the chef decide. We have flirted with sommelier Jean Luc Le Dû and challenged him to find a red with bouquet, roundness, and at least three or four flavors for $50 or less. "I can give you more flavors than that," he responds, suggesting the Château Bellegrave '90 at $53. (Earlier, I'd been equally pleased with a '95 Le Colombier of Château Brown at $36 and the '95 Château Marsau from the Côtes de Francs at $39, proof there are modest treasures in Daniel's seemingly inflationary list.)

In no time Satchmo is forgotten, drowned out by our ecstatic sighs, sensuous moans, and rash "omigod"s, irrepressible gasps of astonishment at the chef's razzle-dazzle: The concerto of textures and flavors in a walnut-and-foie-gras-stuffed quail with porcini, favas, and haricots verts in a teasing gêlée. Spiced freshwater shrimp with asparagus and avocado in a heady potion of curry, coconut, and orange. Rhubarb-glazed sweetbreads with spinach purée, cèpes, and crisp polenta—a clever shuffle of smooth and crisp. Bursting pillows of herb-and-sheep's-milk-ricotta ravioli decked with morels and a fava coulis. Seared scallops in a toss of bacon lardons, girolles, and fingerling potatoes, cooked to the texture of porcini. A different dish for each of us in eight courses, arriving never too soon, never too slowly, the $120 improvisational tasting.

Midway through, the chef likes to do an old-fashioned presentation. Ours is a chunk of turbot for three in porcini'd transcendence, scattered with ramps and fiddlehead ferns. An essential swath of mustard cuts the fat of elegant chops and the rascally rich caramelized belly of suckling pig. And ethereal baby lamb, always a miracle in its much-too-brief season. We ask the so-called sommelier du fromage to select five divas from the cheese tray, then brace for the finale. Chilled fruit soups to refresh. Variations in chocolate to prolong the exquisite torture. Little madeleines still soft and warm from the oven. Tartlettes and chocolates. Virtuoso Daniel Boulud.

And aren't we clever? We've managed to escape the nagging dreariness of the dining room. Yes, that's the bad news, bruited about by even Boulud's most doting fans. "Somber. Dreary. Depressing," they tell one another. Does he know? Would anyone dare dent his pride and confidence? Canny and ambitious as he is, Boulud has an enduring sweetness and exuberance that disarms. (And he has been especially generous to Citymeals-on-Wheels, the organization James Beard and I founded to help feed the homebound elderly.) But the cruel truth is that his designers have never served him well. The klutzy original Daniel on East 76th segued last fall into a too-somber Café Boulud, though the crowds piling into his revised uptown lair don't seem to mind. One need only recall the carpet-covered walls in the early three-star days of the

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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Paul Crespin, "Teapot," 1740-41 at Cooper-Hewitt

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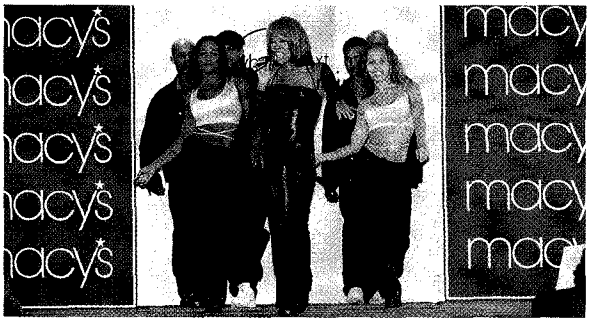
recent HAPPENINGS

MARCH 4 JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK Nearly 100 NEW YORK Magazine sports enthusiasts gathered to get firsthand information on everything from rock climbing to fly-fishing. NEW YORK Magazine editor Mark Horowitz and various experts were on hand to offer advice.

Johnnie Walker Black at Terrace 444

MARCH 18 MACY'S HERALD SQUARE Readers of NEW YORK Magazine attended a spectacular runway fashion show featuring the hottest looks for spring. A highlight of the evening was a special performance by Grammy-nominated R&B artist, Shanice.



Macy's Herald Square celebrates Spring Fashion with music by Shanice

MARCH 18 MACY'S ROOSEVELT FIELD For readers who couldn't make it to Herald Square, NEW YORK Magazine hosted a second runway show at Macy's Roosevelt Field location. The overall theme for the evening—"Taking Care of You."

APRIL 14 EMPORIO ARMANI NEW YORK Magazine celebrated the launch of Emporio Armani Fragrances at Ivy. The new scents for men and women are available now at Macy's and other major department stores.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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beloved Restaurant Troisgros in Roanne to know that cuisinary sorcery does not always guarantee mastery of design. But still . . . to think that Boulud and his Westchester Daddy Warbucks spent a rumored $10 million on this clumsily lit and pitifully accessorized hiccup of a design concept. Not that what was once the Mayfair Regent's lobby and tea room, a Jazz Age take on a Renaissance garden, lacks good bones. The grand coffered ceiling, graceful arches, and swath of gallery that ring the room cry out for decent lighting, rose perhaps, to warm the vast spaces and perk up aging epidermi. The women of 10021 do not brave the scalpel, the laser, and botox for this.

The ghost of a vanished tenant, fabled Le Cirque, still haunts these walls. Or is it Le Cirque's clever ringmaster we miss, Sirio the Maccioni, smooching the air above our knuckles and making us feel like Babe Paley or Scarlett O'Hara? Maybe not. Boulud's seasoned greeters, who sometimes seemed distracted uptown, sport much more style and intimacy here. And tonight they get an accidental assist from Shun Lee's Michael Tong, stalled in the entry welcoming a taggle of big spenders. How perverse that all of us happily shoehorned into Le Cirque's banquettes in the Big Blonde Hair days never minded the stunted ceilings or the dated décor—we were so delighted to belong, to be indulged, to eavesdrop and preview next morning's Liz.

I'm guessing that Boulud meant this soaring room, the explosions of cherry blossoms, the custom-order porcelain and silver, the wanton space between tables, to persuade the fickle rich—Diane Sawyer, the junior Bronfman, Lillian Vernon, Sirio's migratory pets, the wandering Perelman—that it's worth the premium to eat here. (A $42 prix fixe three-course lunch, entrées à la carte at $29 to $32; or a $68 fixed dinner, with tastings at $90 and $120.) Uptown at Café Boulud, we find, for considerably less, the same supernal soups, equally sprightly salads, similar blizzards of truffle and forests of wild mushrooms, the same potato-wrapped bass, cheeky cows, and crispy pork parts.

It seems that Boulud knows something is wrong. After a dinner in mid-March, as we sip coffee and try not to eat too many chocolates, he volunteers that a theatrical-lighting expert is coming in to work on the glow. He sends a waiter scurrying to turn on floor spots behind one of the dreary brown screens that corner the inner room. "This will warm things up," he says. Alas, the light doesn't work yet. He shrugs.

Now spring has sprung, and the tap dance in the dining room is getting spiffier. (I'm hoping the captain who offered us a granité of scallops has been coached and now knows it's a gratinée.) The kitchen is hitting new highs, too. Almost anything that isn't mind-blowing is good or very good: An oxtail terrine with foie gras, black truffles, and artichokes. Exquisitely cooked skate on a bed of white beans. Spit-roasted duck with kumquats. Roasted sturgeon with fava and cranberry beans. Every day, there is a roster of specials inspired by the market. The house-baked breads are perfect, especially what one of my chums calls the "garlic bialy." Two and sometimes three or four little tidbits signal the kitchen's welcome: tiny squares of lush terrines, caponata in a fragile tart shell, truffled goat cheese and walnuts in a Parmesan-flavored wrap, poached quail egg with caviar on a triangle of toast. Fruit soups and a rhubarb carpaccio have just the acid sass I crave. The rhubarb streusel, too gentrified for me, has a boost of acid tanginess a few weeks later. The pistachio vacherin balances silken custard and crunch. Daniel loyalists and folks who care about food may decide to stop obsessing about the room and let a mature master of refinement feed their senses. Whatever he does—old Lyonnais home-cooking, an update of a dish inspired by the repertoire of his famed mentors, or a bow to the market's bounty—Boulud never goes too far, and never falls for the one ingredient too many.

At my last lunch, the lights are turned up a notch, and the extra wattage cheers the mood. My friend and I have just 90 minutes for lunch, we warn the hovering crew: captains in dress-for-success suits, waiters in Nehru jackets looking rather seminarian. The soup-master scores again with a velouté of new potato, leek, and garlic. Even the lobster salad, commonly a gesture to timid eaters, detonates surprising zest with its orange-pesto sauce and startlingly potent asparagus. By a perfection of cooking and product, the squab is sheer velvet, and the foie-gras-porcini-and-pig's-feet stuffing a miracle of the ridiculous and the sublime.

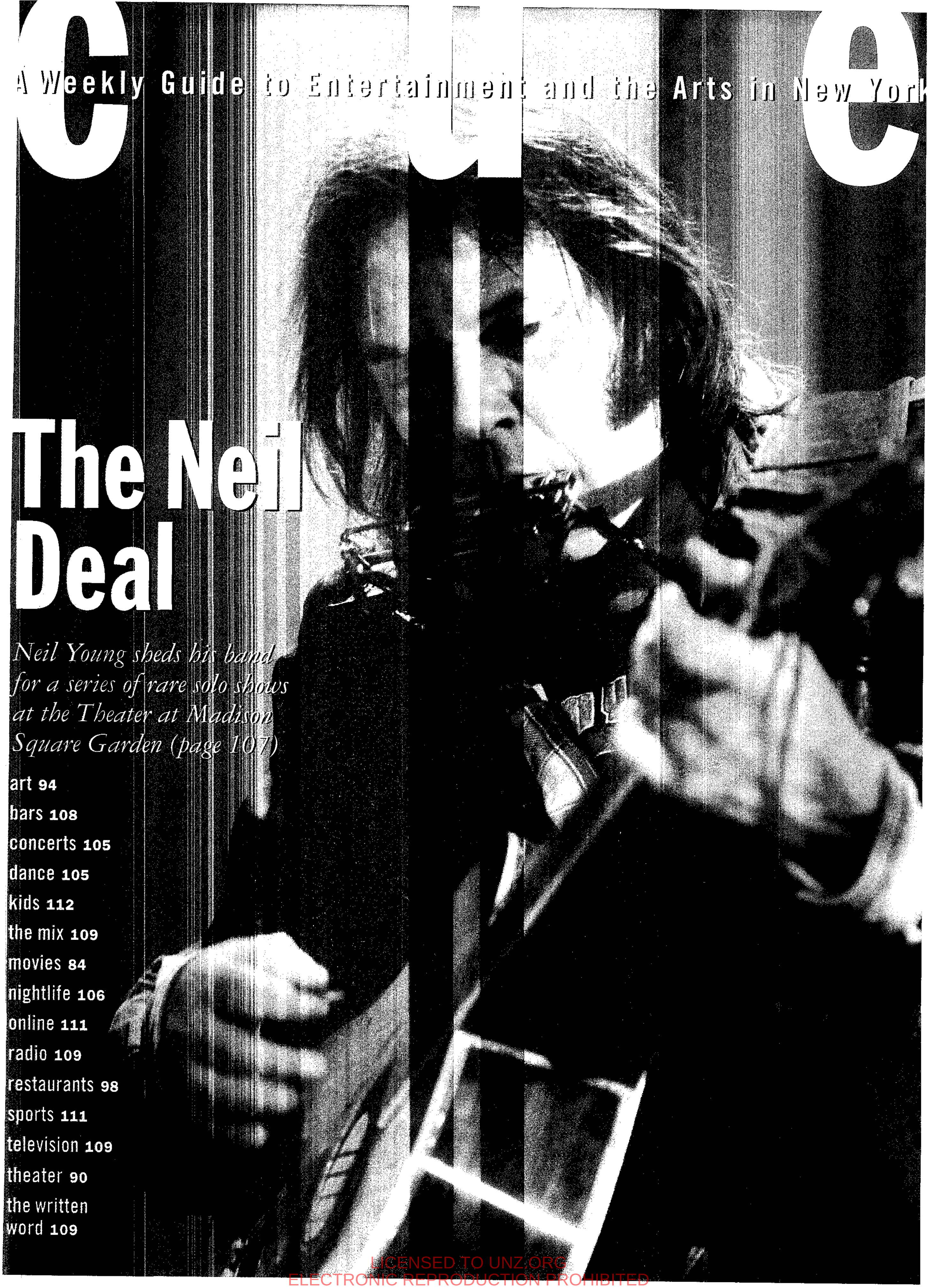
As I race off to my appointment, feeling rich and glamorous and indulged—as I might if I'd been flown to Paris for lunch and back by a rich admirer in his supersonic jet—I spy Boulud having coffee with David Rockwell. Yes, I think. Yes. Yes. Yes.

Daniel, 60 East 65th Street (288-0033). Lunch Monday through Saturday, noon to 2:30 P.M.; dinner 5:45 to 10:30 P.M. Bar/Lounge: lunch noon to 2:30 P.M.; afternoon tea and desserts till 5:30 P.M.; dinner 5:30 P.M. to midnight. Closed Sunday. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



The Neil Deal

Neil Young sheds his band for a series of rare solo shows at the Theater at Madison Square Garden (page 107)

art **94**
bars **108**
concerts **105**
dance **105**
kids **112**
the mix **109**
movies **84**
nightlife **106**
online **111**
radio **109**
restaurants **98**
sports **111**
television **109**
theater **90**
the written word **109**

movies

eXistenZ . . . "Tout Truffaut" . . . Three Seasons

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate but it's bigger than he is. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**Cookie's Fortune**—Robert Altman's latest, set in small-town Mississippi, is a pleasingly shaggy parody of southern gothic. You keep expecting it to drop a few octaves, but it never does; it's Delta pop that never becomes Delta blues. Still, this is not such a bad thing. Altman's feints and throwaways are very easy on the eyes; he shows off his townsfolk, played by the likes of Glenn Close, Liv Tyler, Patricia Neal, Chris O'Donnell, Julianne Moore, and Ned Beatty, with wiggy affection. The film is a goosey little jape, and it's crowned by a performance by Charles S. Dutton, as a man fingered for a phony murder rap, that's perfection. He has such an easygoing comic grace that he practically dances the part. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion.*

The Corruptor—An idealistic NYPD cop learns how power has corrupted his superiors. Starring Chow Yun-Fat and Mark Wahlberg. Directed by James Foley. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Cruel Intentions—Teenage stepsiblings make wagers regarding the sexual conquest of two innocent prep-schoolers. With Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Reese Witherspoon. Directed by Roger Kumble. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

Days of Heaven—Terrence Malick's 1978 film about a couple who leave Chicago to work for a wheat farmer in the Texas panhandle. Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

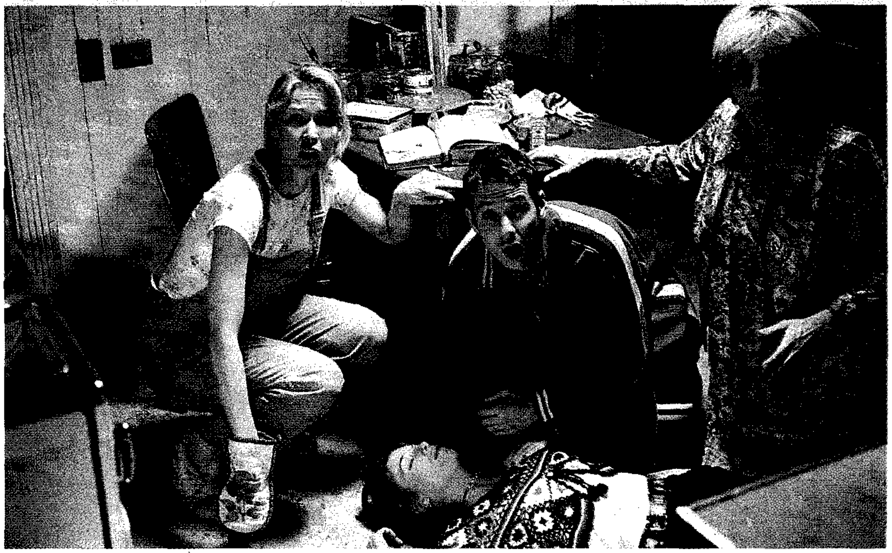
Doug's First Movie—The animated story of a boy's quest to save the local monster from certain death. (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CC Sutton; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Dreamlife of Angels**—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Élodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash night clubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Festival

Franglais Spoken Here

Our favorite indie stars (who dress just as fancy as mainstream celebrities these days) are the toast of the fifth annual Avignon/New York Film Festival: Christina Ricci, Amanda Plummer, and Stanley Tucci are a few of the actors appearing onscreen at the one cinema event that brings eight French and fourteen American independent features together. Check out the current French comedy hit 'The Sky, The Birds, Your Mother!' about three boys from the projects who win an all-expenses-paid trip to a posh seaside resort, and 'Better Living,' (below) in which a hateful, cruel, tanned Roy Scheider leaves his long-suffering wife (Olympia Dukakis). Runs April 22 through May 2 at the French Institute/Alliance Française. See "Museums, Societies, Etc" for more info.



'Cue' cover photograph by Jay Blakesberg/Retna.

Tribute
Prodigal Child

It was 40 years ago, at the age of 14, that actor Jean-Pierre Léaud met the soon-to-be-legendary French filmmaker François Truffaut and starred in *The 400 Blows* (1959). In doing so, Léaud brought to life Antoine Doinel, Truffaut's alter ego and one of the most fascinating recurring characters in film. "Every time we worked together was a newfound moment of pleasure in my life. But what was so particularly wonderful was we created this character, a mélange—a fusion—of both our personalities," Léaud explains in his gentle, French, and inherently Doinelian tenor, via translator from across the Atlantic. "There is something a little funny about Antoine Doinel—he cannot adapt to what everybody calls society. Everyone has personal ambition, and Antoine has none. Everyone has this very specific idea of who he is in society, and he hasn't. For Antoine, only feelings count." When asked if this was a difficult stretch for him as an actor, Léaud acknowledged his advantage: "Personally, I've never had any ambition, either," he said, laughing, "other than appearing in beautiful movies. I always wanted to be an actor—and I have been an actor my whole life, thanks to François Truffaut." From April 23 through June 24, Film Forum will remind the rest of us of our debt to Truffaut by honoring him with a retrospective of all of his 21 feature films. Léaud will pay tribute to his late friend and hero, too, when he visits New York to kick off the festival this week. **BRETT KELLY**

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.

EDtv—Could we please have a moratorium on movies about the soul-sapping and celebrity-mongering powers of television? The new Ron Howard comedy is perhaps the least of them. Matthew McConaughey, livelier than usual, plays a good ol' boy whose life is transformed into a 24-hour television show by a cable network, and viewers can't turn away from it, even when he's on the potty. It's part of the film's doofus-ology that Ed is portrayed as slow on the uptake. For a long time he doesn't realize he's trapped by his celebrity, while we, of course, see it right away. It's not remotely believable that Ed's soap-opera world becomes a national obsession. Jenna Elfman co-stars as his media-phobic girlfriend, along with Woody Harrelson, Sally Kirkland, Ellen DeGeneres, and, in a sweetly addled performance, Martin Landau. (Rainer; 4/5/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square.*

8 1/2—See Rainer, page 75. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Election—A satire in which high-school teacher Matthew Broderick tries to put the brakes on star student Reese Witherspoon's campaign for student government. Directed by Alexander Payne. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens 4/23.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

eXistenZ—A video-game designer becomes the target of a fringe group when her new game takes its players too far into an alternate reality. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, and Sarah Polley. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens 4/23 at CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square; and CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.*

Following—A guy randomly shadows people around town for fun until he follows a burglar and gets involved in a new line of work. Directed by Christopher Nolan. (1 hr. 10 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island; Union Square.*

Friends & Lovers—A group of friends spend a ski weekend reexamining their relationships. With Robert Downey Jr., Stephen Baldwin, Alison Eastwood, Claudia Schiffer, Danny Nucci, and Ann Magnuson. Directed by George Hass. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Union Square.*

Go—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seems to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hand-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklette set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Gemini; Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Midway; Bayside; Movies at Staten Island; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Atrium; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Village Theater VII; 19th Street East; State Theater; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's 59th Street East; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Goodbye, Lover—Patricia Arquette claws her way up the social ladder despite her alcoholic husband. With Dermot Mulroney, Ellen DeGeneres, Mary-Louise Parker, and Don Johnson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *UA Movies at Staten Island; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Atrium; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinemas; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Midway.*

★**Hands on a Hard Body**—It's about one of those homespun real-life gothic events just crying out to be chronicled. Every year in Longview, Texas—population 70,000—an auto dealership stages a contest in which entrants are required to stand around a fully loaded Nissan hard-body pickup with at least one hand on the truck at all times. The last person standing wins. Seth Bindler, an NYU Film School grad, shot this film on video for less than the cost of the truck—around $15,000. It's not all that it might be, but Bindler doesn't turn the contestants into freaks or saps. Errol Morris might have turned this subject into a creepy-crawly sideshow, but it's probably best he didn't get wind of it. Weirdness this good deserves the plain treatment. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *CC Village East.*

Hard—When an L.A. cop goes after a serial killer who targets male hustlers, he finds he becomes the murder suspect and the killer's main target. With Noel Palomaria and Malcolm Moorman. Directed by John Huckert. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Hideous Kinky—See Rainer, page 74. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

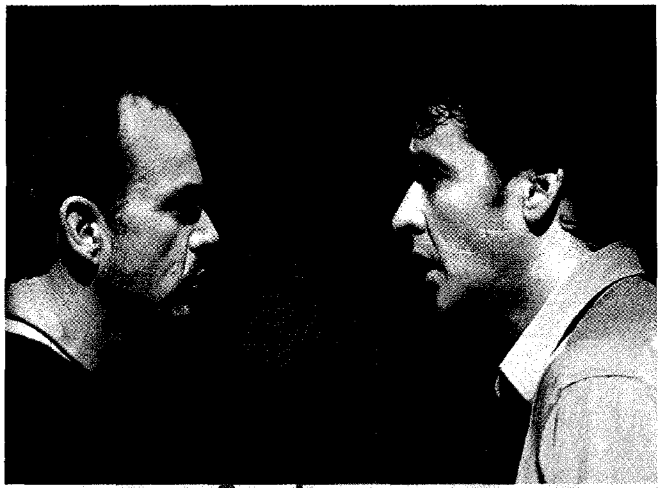
Jeanne and the Perfect Guy—See Rainer, page 75. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 19th St. East; Guild 50th Street; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; Cinemart.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a doublecross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts



Opening
Air Wars

If you were too skittish to read the 1996 'New York Times Magazine' article about our region's frantic air-traffic controllers, here's the movie that was wrung from it. In 'Pushing Tin,' Billy Bob Thornton and John Cusack are macho controllers who risk 'going down the pipes' (losing their minds) as they try to outdo each other at work (by lining up arrivals as tightly as possible) and in manliness (by seducing each other's wives, played by Cate Blanchett and Angelina Jolie). Eventually, someone has to crash and burn. Starts Friday, April 23.

to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Lost & Found—David Spade is an L.A. restauranteur who woos his beautiful French neighbor (Sophie Marceau) by kidnapping her dog. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Jeff Pollack. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 4/23.*

Lovers of the Arctic Circle—Two stepsiblings fall in love, and follow each other to the ends of the earth. Starring Najwa Nimri and Fele Martínez. Directed by Julio Medem. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Metroland—A married man living in the London suburbs reconnects with an old friend and subsequently questions whether his life is the one he had once planned. With Emily Watson, Christian Bale, and Lee Ross. Directed by Philip Saville. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Mighty Peking Man—A group of Hong Kong explorers try to track down a giant ape. Starring Danny Lee and Evelyne Kraft. Directed by Ho Meng-Hua. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Opens 4/23 at CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Mod Squad—Claire Danes, Omar Epps, and Giovanni Ribisi are juvenile delinquents working as undercover cops. Based on the TV show. Directed by Scott Silver. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Monster—Roberto Benigni's 1996 farce about a sexually obsessed con man who is mistaken for a serial killer. With Nicoletta Braschi. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

★**Never Been Kissed**—Drew Barrymore really comes into her own in this teen comedy about a twentysomething copy editor for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who is assigned the job of going undercover at a local high school. The joke is, Barrymore's Josie was out of it then, and she's out of it now. The film, in its present-day sequences and also in flashbacks to Josie's choicest high-school humiliations, turns the worst embarrassments of high school into sicko horror movie scenarios—which, of course, is how we remember them now. Trying to be cool, Josie re-enters high school wearing white jeans and a pink feather boa and big hair. It's a disastrous getup, and pretty soon her only allies are the geeky math-club brains. Barrymore works up the awfulness of being ostracized with such comic brio that we almost dread her inevitable cool-girl transformation. And yet when she becomes a winner, she's just as loosey-goosey as ever. Barrymore gives her so much grace and passion and smarts that she makes this pop schlock matter. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion; UA East; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Open Your Eyes—A Spanish psychological thriller about a man who loses touch with reality after a car crash. Subtitled. With Eduardo Noriega and Penelope Cruz. Directed by Alejandro Amenábar. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; New Coliseum; Nova; Whitestone; Ridgewood; Jackson Triplex; Plaza.*

The Out-of-Towners—A midwestern couple visit New York on a business trip that turns into a series of mishaps. Starring Goldie Hawn, Steve Martin, and John Cleese. Directed by Sam Weisman. (91 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Payback**—As Porter, the thug-on-a-mission, Mel Gibson is as mad as he's been since he was Max. His bootblacked hair is color-coordinated with his black jackets and blacker mood. He's a human projectile blasting through crimeland's inner sanctums. Shot and left for dead after a heist by his double-crossing partner (Gregg Henry), he thinks only of one thing: revenge and getting back his share—$70,000. The insanity of setting himself up as the walking dead for such a paltry sum never penetrates Porter's brain. Brian Helgeland, the gifted screenwriter of *Conspiracy Theory* and (with Curtis Hanson) *L.A. Confidential*, makes his directorial debut and, despite some production disagreements with Gibson that resulted in his walking off the set near the end of the shoot, it's a confident, startlingly funny piece of work. It's a killing comedy not for the squeamish. The terrific cast also includes Maria Bello, David Paymer, William Devane, Kris Kristofferson, and, unbilled, James Coburn. The film is based on the same book—Donald Westlake's *The Hunter*, written under the pseudonym Richard Stark—that John Boorman used for *Point Blank*. (Rainer; 2/22/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Photographer—A fascinating look at color photographs of the Lodz ghetto taken by an obsessive, dispassionate Nazi accountant. Directed by Dariusz Jablonski. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Film Forum; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Pushing Tin—Two Newark air-traffic controllers vie to be the best and busiest and almost lose their minds in the process. Starring John Cusack, Billy Bob Thornton, Cate Blanchett, and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens 4/23.*

The Rage: Carrie 2—A misfit girl with telekinesis is once again tricked into thinking she is normal. Horror ensues. Starring Emily Bergl, Amy Irving, and Jason London. Directed by Katt Shea. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; UA Criterion; Concourse Plaza.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water and the noise of bullets and mortar fire approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The School of Flesh—A successful fashion designer falls for a dangerous young bartender. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Vincent Martinez. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Sony Lincoln Square; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

SLC Punk!—A punk rocker in Salt Lake City has to decide whether to go to law school or continue to rebel. With Matthew Lilard, Annabeth Gish, and Michael Goorjian. Directed by James Merendino. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Tango—A tango dancer falls in love with his beautiful partner and clashes with her gangster boyfriend. With Miguel Ángel Solà and Mia Maestro. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

10 Things I Hate About You—An anti-social high-school girl is transformed when she meets a similar-minded guy. With Julia Stiles, Larisa Oleynik, and Heath Ledger. Directed by Gil Younger. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

True Crime—Clint Eastwood directed and stars in this creaky melodrama about a womanizing, down-on-his-luck newspaper reporter who discovers in the course of covering the last hours of a condemned man (Isaiah Washington) that he may be innocent. Eastwood is playing a good guy, but he seems leaner and hungrier than ever. The

Photograph by Joe Lederer.

role of hack reporter seeking redemption brings out Eastwood's penchant for bluesy blahness. He spends lots of time in dank places feeling mopey. The newsroom atmosphere on display is counterfeit: Didn't anybody connected with this film ever step inside one? As Eastwood's editor, James Woods carries on like a cackling banshee; he's about as believable as Perry White on the old *Superman* TV series. Still, in political terms, this is a far cry from *Dirty Harry*. It actually stands up for due process of law. In Hollywood, this is known as mellowing. (Rainer; 3/30/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; CO Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Twin Dragons—Twin brothers separated at birth join together to fight the Hong Kong mob. Starring Jackie Chan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Life.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Cookie's Fortune; Life Is Beautiful; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Metroland; Open Your Eyes; SLC Punk!.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Affliction; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Foolish; Goodbye, Lover; Hands on a Hard Body; Monster; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *101 Nights; Hard; The School of Flesh.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Corruptor; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Following; Photographer.*

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Analyze This; EDtv; Hideous Kinky; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons; Go.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; The Dreamlife of Angels; Gods and Monsters; Jeanne and the Perfect Guy.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Celebration; Hilary & Jackie; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Elizabeth; Forces of Nature; Friends & Lovers; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; Rushmore; 10 Things I Hate About You; A Walk on the Moon.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Analyze This; Goodbye, Lover; Life; The Matrix.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Doug's First Movie; Life; Shakespeare in Love; Tango.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Goodbye, Lover; The Faculty; Foolish; Life; The Matrix; SLC Punk!; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Cookie's Fortune.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Analyze This; EDtv; Life Is Beautiful; The Out-of-Towners; Go.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Harmonists; Hideous Kinky; Shakespeare in Love.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Metroland.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Doug's First Movie; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Gods and Monsters.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Shakespeare in Love.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Matrix; True Crime.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Blast From the Past; The Mod Squad; Payback; The Rage: Carrie 2; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Matrix.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Goodbye, Lover; Life; The Out-of-Towners; Go.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *8 1/2.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Foolish; Never Been Kissed; The Rage: Carrie 2; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Cookie's Fortune.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Baby Geniuses; Central Station; Forces of Nature; Life; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *EDtv; Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Analyze This; EDtv.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Analyze This; Forces of Nature; Life; The Matrix; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Never Been Kissed.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Goodbye, Lover; Never Been Kissed; Go.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *SLC Punk!.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Goodbye, Lover; Life.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Analyze This; Life Is Beautiful.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Central Station; Cookie's Fortune; The Dreamlife of Angels; Lovers of the Arctic Circle; Tango.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Foolish; Life; Life Is Beautiful; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Foolish; Life; The Matrix; Open Your Eyes.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Foolish; Life; Open Your Eyes.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; EDtv; Forces of Nature; Goodbye, Lover; Hideous Kinky; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Matrix; The Out-of-Towners; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime; A Walk on the Moon; Go.*

Opening
Videodrone

David Cronenberg's latest, *eXistenZ*, takes place in a not-implausible future where video-game designers are the new celebrities. When one such superstar (Jennifer Jason Leigh) develops a new alternative-reality toy (actually, a live animal resembling a kidney that plugs into the user), she becomes the target of violent anti-game forces. Her only protection is the handsome Jude Law (left, with Leigh). The film—inspired by a Cronenberg interview with the once-marked Salman Rushdie—opens Friday, April 23, at CC Angelika Film Center, Sony Lincoln Square, and CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.

Photograph by Ava V. Gerlitz/Dimension Films.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Foolish; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Foolish; Life; The Matrix; The Rage: Carrie 2; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons; Go.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; The Faculty; Foolish; Life; The Matrix; Open Your Eyes; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons; Go.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Central Station; The Dreamlife of Angels; Gods and Monsters; The Harmonists; Photographer.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theatre for showtimes.; Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Foolish; Life; The Matrix.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Life Is Beautiful; A Walk on the Moon.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Analyze This; Foolish; The Matrix.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Doug's First Movie; The Faculty; Foolish; Life; The Matrix; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons; Go.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Cookie's Fortune; Doug's First Movie; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Life; The Matrix; Open Your Eyes; Twin Dragons.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; Life; Life Is Beautiful; Never Been Kissed.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Analyze This; Forces of Nature; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Go.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; The King and I; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Doug's First Movie; Life Is Beautiful; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Foolish; Life; Open Your Eyes.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Life; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Analyze This; Central Station.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Life; Open Your Eyes.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; Twin Dragons.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Matrix.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Foolish; The Matrix; Twin Dragons.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Life; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Go.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Forces of Nature; Life; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love; A Walk on the Moon; Go.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Life; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; Go.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Analyze This; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; Life Is Beautiful; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; 10 Things I Hate About You; Go.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Analyze This; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; 10 Things I Hate About You.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Goodbye, Lover; Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Doug's First Movie; Forces of Nature; Life; The Matrix; Never Been Kissed; The Out-of-Towners; Shakespeare in Love; 10 Things I Hate About You; Twin Dragons; Go.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Primal Screen 99." 4/24: *Harold & Maude* (1971), *King of Comedy* (1983), and *Polyester* (1981). Call 800-671-4321 for more info (screenings also at Cobble Hill Cinemas and Zeigfeld Theater). "Student Academy Award Regional Finals for New York State." 4/25: Screenings of finalists in animation, alternative, and documentary categories and an award ceremony. Also screening: winner of the best narrative award. Free with admission. AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50-$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Lee Hazlewood." 4/22-4/23: *Cowboy in Sweden* (1970), *The N.S.V.I.P.'s* (1973), and *Lee and Nancy in Las Vegas* (1970). "New Filmmakers." 4/21: Shorts and Jim O'Malley's *Simon Says . . .* (1998). "James Benning." 4/24: *Deseret* (1995). 4/25: *Four Corners* (1997). 4/29: *Utopia* (1998). "P.S. 99: Short Film Exhibition." Through 4/26: New short films, including the Academy Award–winning *Bunny* (1997). Call 253-5907 for more info. "Norman Mailer." 4/22 and 4/25: *Wild 90* (1968). 4/23 and 4/25: *Beyond the Law* (1968) and *Maidstone* (1968-71). "Austrian Cultural Institute Presents." 4/27: *For God and Country* (1994). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Avignon/New York Film Festival—4/22-5/2: Twenty independent feature films from the U.S. and France, plus a Paul Mazursky retrospective and Q and A's with David Brown, Ben Gazzara, Peter Bogdanovich, James Ivory, Vrancis Veber, and Lloyd Kaufman. At the French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. Call 355-6160 for tickets and info.

Opening
Teacher's Pest

In *Election,* Matthew Broderick is a model teacher who spirals out of control when he tries to stop the political machine behind an overachieving senior (Reese Witherspoon) running for student-body president. The high-school satire—with decidedly adult takes on ethics and ambition—premieres April 23.

Photograph by Bob Akester.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Cinema Classics—"Pretty as a Picture." 4/21–4/22: *The Night of the Iguana* (1964). 4/23–4/25: *Out of the Past* (1947). 4/26–4/27: *The Marriage of Eva Braun* (1978). Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—4/25: *Prick Up Your Ears* (1987). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Festival of New British Cinema." Through 4/28: A selection of recent films from the U.K. Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 4/20: *Le Roi De Coeur* (1966). 4/27: *Le Cousin* (1998). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Warren Sonbert." Through 5/9: Rarely-seen films by the independent filmmaker. Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—"Tai Kato Retrospective." Through 5/21: Nine of Kato's best-known yakuza films. 4/30: *A Man's Face Shows His Personal History* (1966). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Hitchcock." 4/20: *The Farmer's Wife* (1928) and *Downhill* (1927). 4/22: *The Ring* (1927) and *Easy Virtue* (1927). 4/23 and 4/27: *The Manxman* (1929). 4/23 and 4/25: *Blackmail* (1929). 4/24: *Champagne* (1928). 4/24 and 4/27: *Murder(!)* (1930) and *Mary* (1930). 4/25–4/26: *Juno and the Paycock* (1929). "From the Archives." 4/24: *Lucrèce Borgia* (1935). 4/23: *Orpheus* (1949) and *The Eagle Has Two Heads* (1948). 4/24: *The Card* (1952). 4/25: *The Cruel Sea* (1952) and *The October Man* (1947). "Big As Life: 8mm Films." 4/22: Brakhage. "Documentaries." 4/22–4/23: *Odo Ya: Life With AIDS* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Ode to the Truck." 4/21: *Trucker's Ballad* (1987) and *The Painted Truck* (1973) and shorts. "The Family Filmmaker." 4/22: *Joyce at 34* (1973) and *Finding Christa* (1991). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

New York Women's Film Festival—4/22–4/25: Recent and classic feature, experimental, and short films by women directors. At NYU Cantor Film Center, 36 East 8th St. Call 465-3435 or visit www.nywfilmfest.com for more info.

Ocularis—4/25: *Killing of a Chinese Bookie* (1976). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn; 718-388-8713. $5.

Polo Ralph Lauren New Works Festival—Through 4/24: More than fifty films and videos and six screenplays from students in the Columbia University Film Division. DGA Theatre, 110 W. 57th St. Tickets are $8–12 and available at the Miller Theatre box office, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7799). Call 854-1547 for festival information.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Marcello Mastroianni Salute." Through 6/15: A 21-film tribute to the film star. 4/20: *La Dolce Vita* (1960). 4/27: *Voyage to the Beginning of the World* (1996) and *City of Women* (1980). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 4/26: *My Name Is Johnny Cash*. Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7503.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 4/24–4/25: *Red Beard* (1964). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Simon *continued from page 77*

barefoot and seemingly nude under her father's military greatcoat. When she removes it, she too—but much more briefly—displays shapely, understated breasts and oversize panties, lest she outstrip the bare-chested males. Similarly, when the Infanta unaccountably sheds her dress amid the court of Castille, she is allowed to keep on her slip, lest the appeal become excessively heterosexual. She must, however, brandish a ubiquitous cigarette, which turns her into a chain-smoking harridan.

The staging consists mostly of parading about forward, backward, and sideways, as in close-order drill. Unlike Corneille, who keeps the duels offstage, Donnellan has the adversaries shadow-fencing in stop-motion from opposite sides of the stage, while between them the next scene weaves awkwardly in and out. The courtiers are given various squeals and squawks, with occasional flamenco dancing or guitar playing to obscure the words. When Rodrigue—the ramrod-stiff and blank-voiced Nadylam—is to report about his glorious naval victory, he is made to sit in the king's chair while the king and court crouch or squat at his feet, and mingy surtitles translate about every third or fourth line of eloquent verse into drab prose.

Declan Donnellan practices directing as antithetically and abusively to the author's intentions as perversely possible, reaping kudos from benighted reviewers and audiences alike. This was the case with every production of Cheek by Jowl, which he ran with his designer and companion Nick Ormerod. Cheek by Jowl disbanded when the pair split up, leaving behind something best described as mere Cheek. Thus the set for *Le Cid* consists of three chairs and nothing else, yet earns one Philippe Marioge design credit! This kind of theater and its success augur the Declan of the West.

SHOWS WITH MUSIC BY CY COLEMAN WILL not be without gratifying tunes, and **Exactly Like You**, an updating of *Welcome to the Club*, is no exception. The same blanket endorsement cannot be extended to A. E. Hotchner, the librettist and co-lyricist. Still, thanks also to the endearing direction of Patricia Birch, and an eager cast in which Kate Levering and Michael McGrath stand out, you will not be bored. She would be a toothsome and tonic addition to any musical; he is an accomplished farceur for all occasions. But leave any greater expectations at home. ■

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theater

Lonergan & Lucas . . . Second Stage's Second Stage

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—becomes the first composer in twenty years to have three shows running simultaneously on Broadway. (His other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. The characters and subplots were gleaned from letters, diaries, and newspaper accounts of the Civil War. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/22 opening. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm—One of the final hopes for a decent musical révue this season. It's plot-free, sexed-up, and as svelte as its dancers—who could ask for anything more? $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/25 opening. *Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—The latest entry in the free-for-all for Best Musical, a wide-open category this Tony season. Powered by seven electrifying singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/22 for a 4/26 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy (or "charade with music," as he called it) about two identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Irene Worth, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Lonesome West—Martin McDonagh, author of *Beauty Queen of Leenane,* riffs on two of his favorite themes: cabin fever and family warfare (between brothers this time). Garry Hynes once again directs. $20–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 4/19 for a 4/27 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Amy's View—*See Simon, page 76.* Yet another drama from the roomy imagination of David Hare, who this time enlisted Judi Dench to play his leading lady—a fading West End diva whose daughter marries someone less than ideal. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

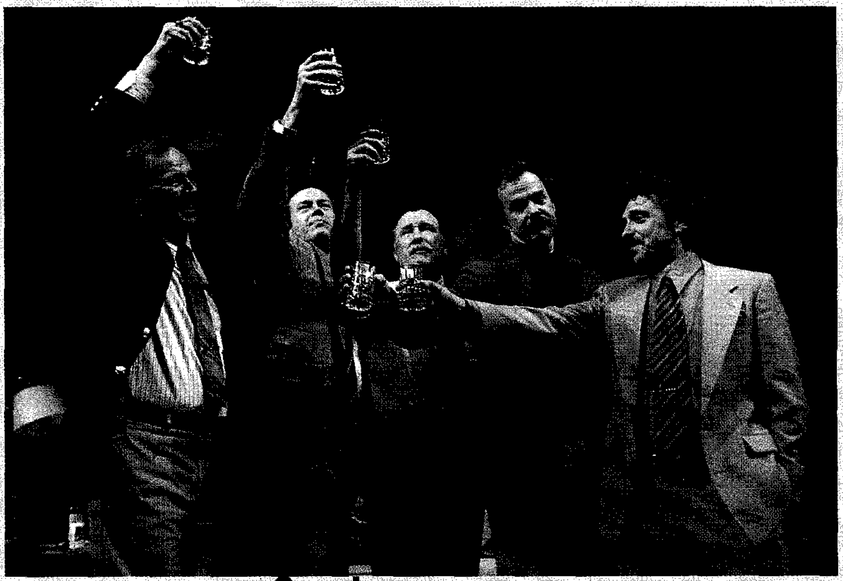
Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Alan Cumming. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. Although Ciaran Hinds, as Larry, may be a bit excessively unwinning, he



Opening Cheers

In honor of its own twentieth anniversary, Second Stage Theatre revives 'That Championship Season,' Jason Miller's Tony- and Pulitzer-winning drama about the twenty-year reunion of four high-school basketball teammates and their coach. Opens April 21 in the company's sleek new space on 43rd Street, also called Second Stage; Dylan Baker, the magnetic center of 'Happiness,' stars.

Photograph by Susan Cook.

Opening

Something Completely Different

Our quixotic desire to connect lies at the heart of *The Stumbling Tongue,* an evening of six newish works by six hottish playwrights, including Craig Lucas (*Prelude to a Kiss, The Dying Gaul*) and Kenneth Lonergan (*This Is Our Youth*), pictured far left. Featuring a cast of semi-recognizable faces; opens April 21 at New York Performance Works, a cavernous black box near Wall Street.

conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al. did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—This masterwork of American and world theater needs little more summary than *Hamlet.* You all know that it is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman,* you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors, including five repeaters from the London cast, perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Please pay special attention to what Paul Giamatti, Jeff Weiss, and Katie Finneran do with what could have been lesser roles. And now for Kevin Spacey. He plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. It is a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion in Winter—One of the iffy things a play can do is try too hard. That is precisely what James Goldman's 1966 play does. Dialogue should be witty; so every line is, or tries to be, an epigram. On the other hand, many of the lines really are funny, and the actors are given plenty of chances to strut their stuff. As for the plot, it is ingenious and complex, what with the complicated politics of medieval England and France. We get the continuous machinations of England's Henry II; his queen and adversary, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their three sons, each of whom covets the crown. Laurence Fishburne's Henry is good enough to erase memories of Peter O'Toole in the movie version but not good enough to efface Robert Preston in the play's premiere. (Could anyone?) Stockard Channing is sassily sparkly as Eleanor, but I recall Rosemary Harris's achieving as much with greater ease. The others are problematic. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Marlene—Dietrich practically called out for her own bio-musical—"beware the *amazing* blonde women" was her rallying cry—so Pam Gems, author of *Stanley* and *Piaf,* finally decided to write one. Siân Phillips stars. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/11 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. The play shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the

Photograph by Craig Carlisle.

first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Via Dolorosa—Does a playwright's holding forth in person for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by this new drama. David Hare can observe, write, think (already rare enough in a dramatist), and also *act.* I could quote forever from a play—and it is a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you *must* hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, searching light effects, and subtle direction by Stephen Daldry. (Simon: 3/29/99.) $35–$55. Mon– Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Fri at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 5/30. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. You do not have to be a parent, or even a man, to want to wrap her in tissue paper and take her home with you. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5:30. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Opening

Three Scores and Many More to Go

Frank Wildhorn, who has made an entire career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics, returns this week with 'The Civil War,' making him the first composer in twenty years to have three Broadway shows running simultaneously ('Jekyll & Hyde' and 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' are the other two). Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy joined him to write the book, a pastiche of letters, diaries, and newspaper clippings; Jerry Zaks did the staging. Opens April 22 at the St. James Theater.

Photograph by Joan Marcus/Carol Rosegg.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Angel Street—Patrick Hamilton's delectably sadistic thriller about a man who makes his wife believe she's going mad. Later made into the movie *Gaslight,* starring Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Belmont Avenue Social Club—Bruce Graham's play about five men's attempt to rig a city-council election and thereby preserve the neighborhood they know. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/22 opening. Through 5/16. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Cider House Rules, Part I: Here in St. Cloud's—The first part of Peter Parnell's ambitious adaptation of the John Irving novel, conceived and directed by Tom Hulce and Jane Jones. Josh Hamilton plays Homer Wells, the orphan who never gets adopted; Colm Meaney plays Dr. Wilbur Larch, the orphanage director and part-time abortionist who cares for him. $39–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/6 opening. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Dreaming in Cuban—Two solo pieces conceived and directed by Wynn Handman about young Latinos grappling with their identities. Performed by Eileen Galindo and Michael John Carcés. Rum drinks, café con leche, and classic Cuban food will be served. $25–$30. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 1:30 and 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The English Teachers—A new small-town comedy by Edward Napier, set in the sixties: One woman wants to be elected to the state house, another wants her big break in Manhattan, another wants a husband, etc. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Fables in Slang—A Ragtime Revue—A new musical based on the writings of social satirist George Ade; with music by Irving Berlin, Scott Joplin, Bert Williams, and others. Presented by Melting Pot Theatre. $25–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 4/21 for a 4/25 opening. *Theater 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (279-4200).*

The Gimmick—A coming-of-age tale about two childhood friends, both artists and outcasts, who fantasize about life beyond their East Harlem tenements. Written and performed by Dael Orlandersmith; directed by Chris Coleman. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 5/4 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Joy Luck Club—Pan Asian Repertory's adaptation of Amy Tan's multigenerational tale of Chinese women and their American-born daughters. $35. Tues. at 11:30 A.M., Wed at 2 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. In previews for a 4/22 opening. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Lake Hollywood—To cap off its John Guare season, Signature presents a brand-new play from the peripatetic playwright, who completed the work—it follows a couple through World War II, marriage, and old age— just a few months ago. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/29 opening. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Lips—A play about Washington political intrigue, involving hackers, sex, and the first female president of the United States. Written by Constance Congdon. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Never on a Friday—A showcase for the vocal talents of David (Dudu) Fisher, the cantor turned Broadway star. Jewish Repertory Theatre presents. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed., at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 9, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/25 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—The soft-shoe-shufflin' wunderkind is back for a limited engagement. No two performances are exactly alike, a variety of surprise guests swings through, and the NYOTs (Not Your Ordinary Tappers) provide valiant assistance. $25–$50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. In previews for a 4/20 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Stumbling Tongue—An evening of six short plays, all new, including one by Kenneth Lonergan (*This Is Our Youth*) and one by Craig Lucas (*The Dying Gaul, Prelude to a Kiss*). Performed by a cast of semi-familiar faces. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway. (566-1500).*

That Championship Season—In honor of Second Stage Theatre's own twentieth anniversary, director Scott Ellis revives Jason Miller's Tony- and Pulitzer-winning drama about the twenty-year reunion of four high-school teammates. With a cast of stage and film stalwarts, including Dylan Baker, who recently starred in *Happiness.* $45. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 4/23 for a 5/13 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—Another family story by A. R. Gurney at Lincoln Center, playing on the dark nights of *Far East.* With a splendid cast, including Sam Trammell, Mary Louise Wilson, and Debra Monk. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Bitter Lemon—Jamie Salom's play about a man caught on the horns of an age-old dilemma: Should he stay with his wife and child—or abandon them both for true love? The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre performs. $20. In English: Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 6/2. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Malachy himself. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dream True—A new musical tracing a 50-year friendship between two men. Tina Landau (*Floyd Collins*) wrote it; Ricky Ian Gordon did the book; Judy Kuhn, Jeff McCarthy, and Daniel Jenkins star. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this play by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple (actually Appleton, but either way the apple of her eye), whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. Under John Tillinger's sympathetic direction, *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. The performances of Bethel Leslie, Marge Redmond, Tracy Thorne, and Reed Birney couldn't be more flavorous, and, as Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Exactly Like You—Cy Coleman returns to the mainstream musical-making he does best in this courtroom farce about a man who locks his mother-in-law in the bathroom. The York Theatre Company presents. $35–$40. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mineola Twins—This is neither top- nor bottom-drawer Paula Vogel. It is the story of how the twins Myrna (conventional, bourgeois, reactionary) and Myra (rebellious, promiscuous, radical) fared through the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Bush eras. Vogel writes farce here, and the jokes come thick and fast. Many of the gags are recycled or ersatz, but some manage to squeeze fresh laughs out of old fallacies. What helps the play enormously is the letter-perfect production. And then there's the acting. As the twins, Swoosie Kurtz lets her exemplary facial play, timing, inflection, and body language perform double miracles in antipodal roles. (Simon: 3/1/99.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/30. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (420-8000).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pitchfork Disney—A comedy by Philip Ridley, author of *The Fastest Clock in the Universe*, about a pair of 28-year-old twins whose quiet life of pill-popping is interrupted by a pair of bizarre cabaret entertainers. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (279-4200).*

Red—Chay Yew's new play about a best-selling American author who returns to China to do research for her new book. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Rose McClendon—Harlem's Gift to Broadway—Vinie Burrows's one-woman show about the pioneering black diva. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/6. *Henry Street Settlement's Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (353-1176).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's love story about a young woman who mistakes a penniless poet for a gunman on the lam. Directed by Charlotte Moore. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

A Simple Heart—A dance-theater production of Flaubert's story about a servant, her work, and her parrot. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate (he has been dumped by his boyfriend), a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Thwak—The latest bit of slapstick buffoonery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/9. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

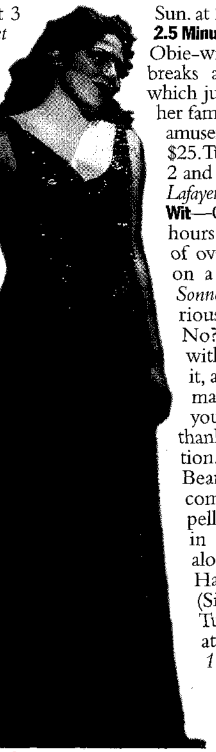
Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron, one fifth of the Obie-winning Five Lesbian Brothers, breaks away in her one-woman show, which juxtaposes a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/9. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Opening All Aquiver

The Gershwins' Fascinating Rhythm is brisk, sexed-up, and as trim as its dancers—in a Broadway revue, who could ask for anything more? Opens April 25 at the Longacre Theater.



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

art

The American Century...Drawings Artists Own

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Robert Courtright/Brenda Goodman—Small cast-bronze masks and works in cast paper/Recent paintings on panel and works on paper. Through 5/15. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Andrew Ehrenworth—New paintings of children; through 5/9. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Elias Goldberg—Paintings and watercolors of cityscapes, figures, still lifes, and interiors by this New York native (1886–1978), whose impressionist style recalls Pissarro; through 5/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Kara Hammond—Paintings of stark vistas, such as an empty parking lot, highway sound walls, or a plane flying through the sky; through 5/8. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (924-0858).

Norm Magnusson—Whimsical allegorical portraits of animals common, or formerly common, to Central Park; through 5/6. Arsenal, Fifth Ave. and 64th St., in Central Park (360-8163).

Brice Marden—Eight triptychs from the early seventies whose vertical panels of subtle colors epitomize the artist's painting at that time; through 5/29. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Pam Sheehan—Small-scaled paintings whose subjects include landscape, seascape, and portraiture; through 5/8. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

J. M. W. Turner/Josef Sudek—Paintings, watercolors, and oil sketches made by the artist during the later part of his career, including works on loan from the Tate Gallery and other institutions/A selection of the Czech photographer's works from the twenties and thirties, including images of landscapes taken along the Elbe River, figures in the parks of Prague, and interiors of St. Vitus Cathedral. Through 6/5. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Andy Warhol—A selection of paintings from the 1985 series "Philip's Skull" that incorporate silk screens made from CAT-scan films of the skull of Philip Niarchos, who commissioned the artist to paint his portrait; through 5/22. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

57th Street Area

Pat Adams—New abstract paintings whose geometric shapes consist of gritty encrustations of paint, crushed shells, beads, and sand; through 5/22. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

John Baldessari—New large-scale paintings that employ imagery from film, video, art, and life as well as excerpts of text from the Portuguese writer Fernando Pessoa; through 5/21. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Ed Baynard—New paintings that depict the artist's arrangements of bowls and vases; through 5/30. Wright, 41 E. 57th St. (702-0132).

Sue Coe—A new series of narrative mixed-media paintings by the political artist, titled "The Pit: The Tragical Tale of the Rise and Fall of a Vivisector"; through 6/5. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Ruth Duckworth—A survey of the 80-year-old ceramicist's stoneware and porcelain sculptures; through 5/22. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Red Grooms—Recent sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and drawings of New York scenes, as well as the largest painting the artist has created in years, depicting the imagined moment when Picasso nears completion of *Guernica*; through 5/18. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

John Hull—New paintings from the series "Tales From the New West" that depict southern Colorado criminals and ruffians in western settings; through 5/5. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Roy Lichtenstein—Four large paintings from the late artist's last series, "Interiors With Still Life (Virtual)," and drawings, prints, and collages; 4/21–6/5. Rubin Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (445-0444).

Ray Parker—Abstract works on paper from 1960; through 5/15. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Alexander Ross/Karin Davie—Paintings whose organic forms are based on objects the artist shapes from plasticine/A series of large-scale works on paper whose surfaces are scattered with raised circles of mirrored glass. Through 5/1. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Jane Wilson—Recent paintings of non-site-specific landscapes in which skies are anchored by low horizontal planes of land and ocean; through 5/1. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Daisy Youngblood—New sculpture; through 5/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

SoHo and TriBeCa

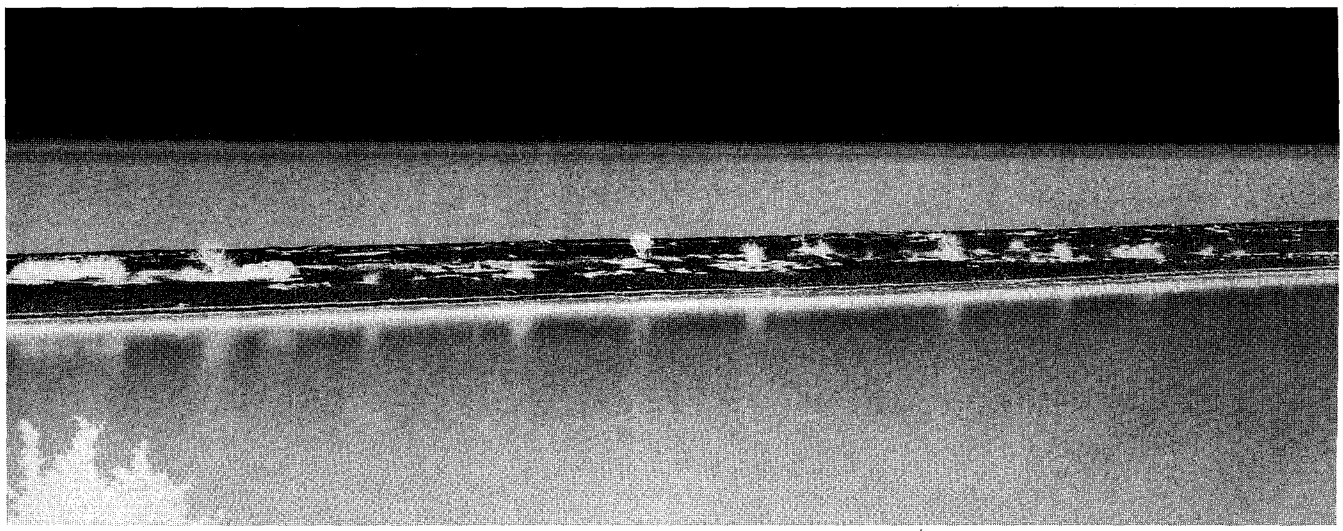
Carol Haerer—A survey of the artist's pioneering minimal "White Paintings," made between 1966 and 1976; through 5/15. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Lothar Hempel—The final part of a trilogy begun earlier this year whose works in painted plywood, photographs, drawings, and film refer to popular culture and focus on the making and meaning of a happy ending; through 5/15. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Julia Jacquette/Kelly McCormick—New paintings of images derived from fifties and sixties magazines/Screen-printed ink-on-vinyl paintings that combine geometric and primordial forms. Through 5/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Photography
Big Shots

There's really no limit when it comes to the size of a camera obscura. Vera Lutter, for instance, turned an entire room of a house in Orient Point, Long Island, into one. Her "aperture" was a pinhole in a darkened window. The resulting unique paper-negative prints—two of them measuring 40 by 100 inches—capture these naturally minimal views of the Long Island Sound and the Connecticut shoreline. At Roth Horowitz, 160a East 70th Street; April 24 through May 22.



Photograph by Vera Lutter, courtesy of Roth Horowitz.

Retrospective **Have you ever assumed that a portrait by George Bellows was the work of Robert Henri, or confused the tenement-scene photographs of Jessie Tarbox Beals with those of Joseph Riis? If you need further proof that American art does not (and never did) exist in a vacuum, visit the Whitney's sprawling new two-part exhibition, "The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part 1 (April 23 through August 22), organized by Whitney curator Barbara Haskell and covering 1900 to 1950, is fascinating not only for its juxtapositions of famous and lesser-known works of the same period in all media, but for, as Haskell says, "reinforcing ideas in a way that no one discipline could express so strongly."**

Elizabeth King—An installation of sculpture and videography drawing on early automata, the history of articulated mannequins, and the alchemist's homunculus; through 5/22. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Meredith Monk—Video and audio installations, drawings, and reliquaries by the pioneering composer, choreographer, singer, filmmaker, and director; through 5/8. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Martin Mull/Catherine McCarthy—New paintings by both; through 5/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

James Reilly—Paintings of figures in disquieting relationships by the British artist; through 5/15. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455)

Adam Ross—Recent paintings and drawings of images that suggest futuristic cityscapes; through 5/15. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Pascale Marthine Tayou—An installation of urban detritus, recycled artifacts, drawings, and anarchic annotations by the Cameroonian artist; through 5/15. Lombard Freid, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Arie Van Selm—Gestural paintings that depict abstracted heads in profile; through 5/8. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Cecilia Vicuña—The latest installment of the touring exhibition "Cloud-Net," for which the Chilean-born artist creates an installation based on each hosting venue's original use; sites have included a former cotton warehouse, a Model-T Ford factory, and, in this case, a tool manufacturer's warehouse; through 6/26. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Karen Yasinsky—Animated film works that explore the actions of awkward figures; through 5/15. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Chelsea

Miroslaw Balka—Sculptures and installations by a Polish artist that use various objects and materials to suggest traces of a human presence; through 5/15. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Serena Bocchino—New abstract paintings whose rhythmic lines and marks were inspired by the artist's way of recalling memory; through 5/22. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (741-1149).

Nina Bovasso—New mixed-media paintings and drawings that depict patterns of shapes and lines morphing from structure to structurelessness; through 5/15. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Jean Cocteau—Drawings, books, and ceramics by the French poet and artist and photographic portraits of him by Lucien Clergue, Louise Dahl-Wolfe, Robert Doisneau, and others; through 5/9. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Klaus Hartmann—Paintings that depict scenes from a lost arcadia; through 5/8. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (243-3335).

Oliver Herring—New sculptures of knitted Mylar that are based on the artist's videotapes of himself in the process of falling down; through 5/8. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Terry Hoff and Rachael Neubauer—Collaborative three-dimensional works that evoke the physical and mental detritus of childhood; through 5/8. Rare, 435 W. 14th St. (645-5591).

Roni Horn—Color photographs of scenes of everyday life in Iceland that are installed to form a continuous horizon line along all four walls of the gallery; through 5/8. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Mike Kelley—A two-part sculpture that recreates a wishing well and its surrounding fence in Los Angeles's Chinatown; through 5/8. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Ellsworth Kelly—Thirty pencil and ink works on paper made by the artist between 1960 and 1962 that have not been previously exhibited; through 5/15. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Sean Landers—New paintings from the artist's imagination and partially inspired by a group of paintings made by Magritte in 1948; through 5/22. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Beverly Pepper—New bronze sculptures inspired by Greek gods and stone sculptures representing the artist's perception of time; through 5/15. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (463-8634).

Michael Phelan—An installation of sculptural objects such as a golden retriever, a lily pond, and an ultrasonic pest deterrent; through 5/8. Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. (741-8849).

Bruce Robbins—New paintings; through 5/8. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Joe Scanlan—An installation that juxtaposes a coffin fabricated to the artist's specifications against devices of his invention, such as plastic cosmetic tears; through 5/8. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Gary Stephan—New paintings; through 5/15. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (633-2276).

Robin Tewes—Intimately scaled portraits that depict women and children in psychological states; through 5/8. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Lebbeus Woods—More than 70 of the architect's drawings made between 1981 and 1991; through 5/15. Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (627-0974).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "French Master Drawings From the 16th Through the 18th Centuries," with works by Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, others; through 5/1.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "Scale," works by the winners of the eighteenth annual Young Architects Competition; through 5/29.

Findlay—41 E. 47th St. (486-7660). "Unknown Talent," paintings by women abstractionists from the thirties to the fifties; through 5/15.

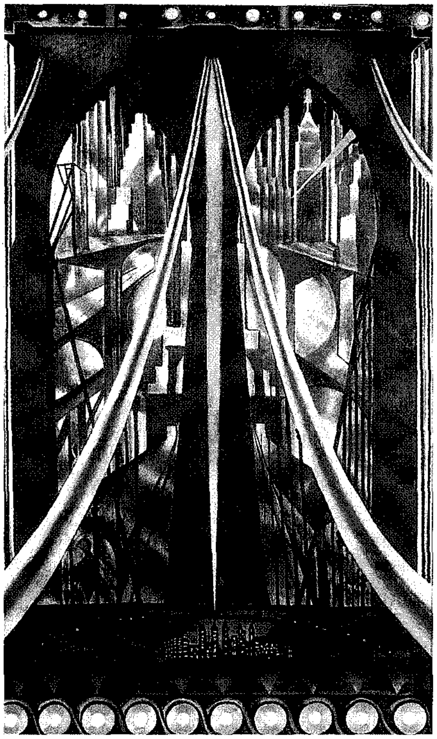
PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2000). "Comfort Zone," furniture designed by artists, including works by Acconi, Deutsch, Judd, Noguchi, Rauschenberg, others; through 6/5.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Cowles—420 W. Broadway (925-3500). "Altered States," works by artists who manipulate photographic techniques, including Baldesarri, Christo, Fisher, Kruger, Mapplethorpe, Warhol, others; through 5/22.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Topographical realist paintings by Dudley, digitally derived paintings by Levi, sculpture by Long, New York photographs by Nogami, and pastel drawings by Zago; through 5/22.

Watts—123 Watts St. (219-1482). "Incompleteness," works by Goldfarb, Heldens, Ming-Dye, Woods, Zinny, Maidagan; through 5/8.



Joseph Stella's "The Brooklyn Bridge: Variation on an Old Theme" (1939).

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Paintings and sculpture by Dena Shottenkirk, through 4/18; photographs by Kaucylia Brooke and works by Ellen Kozak, through 4/25; large-format photographs by Petra Gerschner and Lisa Endriss, through 5/17; photographs by Joe Ovelman and paintings by Marlene Vine; through 5/16.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Pleasure Dome," new mythic works by Bevilacqua, Brown, Essenhigh, Fox, Kern, Monchaux, Murakami, Tomaselli, Weber; through 5/15.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (727-0767). "Unquiet Urbanism," installations by Iair Rosenkranz and Allan Wexler and photographs and sculpture by Bill Barrette exhibited with Pablo Neruda's poem "The Heights of Macchu Picchu"; through 6/8.

Photography

Ralph Bartholomew Jr.—Original photographs by one of the leading American advertising photographers of the mid-twentieth century; through 5/29. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). "Flashback: The Sixties," photographs by Arbus, Bailey, McCartney, Klein, Warhol, Winogrand, others; through 5/8.

Susan Derges—Photographs of water made at night in England's River Taw; through 5/8. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

Rena Bass Forman/Sabrina Brandt Kelley—Sepia-toned gelatin prints of Death Valley/Photographs of American icons, from Coke machines to school playgrounds. Through 5/15. Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2529).

Frank Gohlke/Stuart Klipper—A photographic meditation on the life and length of the Sudbury River in Massachusetts/Panoramas of polar regions. Through 6/30. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Raoul Hausmann—Photographs, rayograms and pho-

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of Whitney Museum of American Art.

tomontages by the influential Dadaist; through 5/20.Van Der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (691-5973).

Lewis Hine—Fifty of the famous black-and-white photographs of the Empire State Building taken by the social documentarian; through 6/5. Newseum, 580 Madison Ave. (317-7596).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., *at 94th St.* (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Newman's Gift: Sixty Years of Photography," a retrospective that spans Arnold Newman's 60-year career, including his intimate portraits of Picasso, Capote, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/6.

Louise Lawler—Photographs of art-auction exhibitions, museums, and corporate art collections from the photographer's "Tremaine" series; through 4/30. Skarstedt, 42 E. 76th St. (737-2060).

Vera Lutter—New camera-obscura photographs by the German-born artist; through 5/22. Horowitz, 160a E. 70th St. (717-9067).

Laurent Millet—Works from the French photographer's "Petite Machines" and "Wind Trap" series; through 5/15. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (570-1223).

Andrew Moore—Recent large-format photographs taken in Havana; through 5/13. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Hank O'Neal—Portrait, documentary, music, and celebrity photography, including the artist's renowned images of the Farm Securities Administration; through 5/22. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Elliot Porter—Vintage dye-transfer prints by an early experimenter in color; through 5/15. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

John Patrick Salisbury—New works by the Los Angeles–based artist; through 5/15. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Toshio Shibata—Recent black-and-white landscapes; through 5/27. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

Jeanloup Sieff—A retrospective spanning 40 years of the artist's career; through 5/8. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Fred Zinnemann—Vintage photographs by the Academy Award–winning director most famous for films like *High Noon, From Here to Eternity,* and *The Day of the Jackal;* through 5/19. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; through 5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 5/30. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 8/29. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome: Ambiente Barocco." Furniture and decorative works from Roman palaces, on loan from public and private collections; through 6/13. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Sixty-nine prints by the New York artist that have never been shown together; 4/23–6/20. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera; through 5/23. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3.*" The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Drawn From Artists' Collections." Drawings from the collections of Georg Baselitz, Eric Fischl, Helen Frankenthaler, Helen and Brice Marden, and others; 4/24–6/12. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

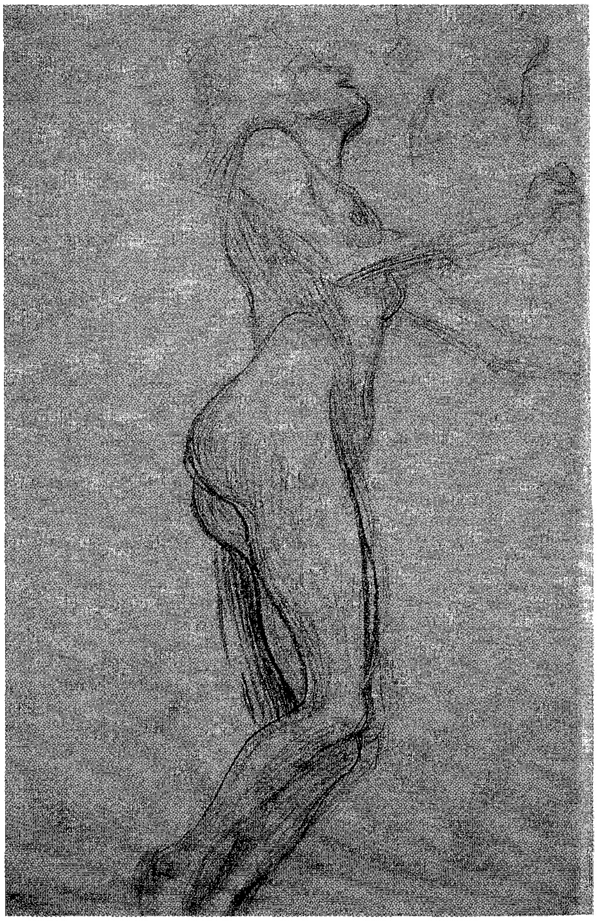
El Museo del Barrio—"Cinema Kinesis." A life-size motorized pop-up movie theater by Uruguayan artist Marta Chilindrón; through 6/30. . . . "The S-Files." Works by 23 emerging New York-based Latino artists and U.S.-born artists of Latin American descent who have submitted work to the museum; through 6/30. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Forty-five carved wooden-saint and holy figures from the museum's permanent collection; 4/9–6/30. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"French and English Drawings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries From the National Gallery of Canada." Sixty-seven works by French and English artists, among them Bonnard, Burne-Jones, Constable, Courbet, Hogarth, and Ingres; through 4/25. . . . "Drouais's Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From *the National Gallery, London.*" François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 5/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and *seniors; children under 10 not admitted.*

Grey Art Gallery—"Krizia." An exhibition of the sculptural clothing of Mariuccia Mandelli, the designer behing the Krizia label; 4/15–5/8. New *York University, 100 Washington Square East* (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937–1945." An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints that explores Picasso's artistic response to the events leading from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France and the eventual liberation of France by Allied troops; through 5/9. . . . "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959–1969." The first survey of the artist's early paintings and constructions; through 5/16. . . . "Photography: An Expanded View—Recent Acquisitions." Works from the museum's permanent collection by modern masters and contemporary photographers Barth, Casebere, Coolidge, Demand, Eliasson, Jacobson, and others; through 5/16. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed.

On View **As anyone who saw Edgar Degas's collection at the Met two years ago knows, the works in artists' collections often bear uncanny—although not necessarily obvious—parallels to their own. Art detectives, then, are guaranteed a field day at "Drawn From Artists' Collections," which gathers works on paper from the collections of Eric Fischl (below, Gustav Klimt's *Floating Woman Facing Right,* circa 1901), Howard Hodgkin, Jasper Johns, Helen and Brice Marden, Elizabeth Murray, and others. At the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street; April 24 through June 12.**



Photograph courtesy of The Drawing Center.

10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor, among them bronze, stone, and wood sculptures, models for public projects and gardens, and Akari lanterns, displayed in his former studio and garden; through 10/31. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4 suggested contribution, $2 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Crosscurrents: Masterpieces of East Asian Art From New York Private Collections." Ceramics, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, bronze, and lacquer works from various private New York collections; through 7/11. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the Library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. . . . "Bar Mitzvah: A Collaboration by David Mamet and Donald Sultan." Drawings and text from the new book *Bar Mitzvah—Story by David Mamet, Drawings by Donald Sultan* (Bulfinch); through 6/6. . . . "Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; through 5/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/2000. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalworks, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures; through 6/6. . . . "Late-16th Century to Early-19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. . . . "Masterpieces From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Approximately 45 important nineteenth-century British, American, and French photographs; through 5/23. . . . "Eighteenth-Century French Drawings in New York Collections." Works on loan from private collections and public institutions in New York City; through 4/25. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 suggested contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 ; $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine-and-a-Half Won't Do." The first major retrospective of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist; through 5/2. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"France Divided: Impassioned Responses to the Dreyfus Scandal." A selection of posters and lithographs illustrating France's reactions to the wrongful 1894 conviction and imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus; through 6/13. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; through 6/16. . . . "The Museum As Muse: Artists Reflect." Works that address the concept and function of the museum by 60 artists, among them Barbara Bloom, Christian Boltanski, Marcel Broodthaer, Joseph Cornell, Marcel Duchamp, Komar and Melamid, Claes Oldenburg, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 6/1. . . . "Projects 68: William Kentridge." The world premiere of the South African filmmaker's most recent film animation, *Stereoscope*; through 6/8. . . . "Pop Impressions Europe/USA: Prints and Multiples From the Museum of Modern Art." Approximately 100 works highlighting printmaking within the Pop aesthetic; through 5/18. . . . "70/10: Documenting the Modern." Ephemera from the museum's archives documenting its history since its founding in 1929; through 6/26. . . . "Julia Margaret Cameron's Women." Portraits of women by the nineteenth-century British photographer; through 5/4. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preminent photography studio; through 9/26. . . . "Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of World War I–era New York; through 5/2. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"China Chic: East Meets West." An exhibition tracing the evolution of Chinese dress and its influence on modern Western fashion; through 4/24. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"174th Annual Exhibition." Recent works by more than 190 artists; through 4/25. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri.10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; 4/23–8/21. . . . "Inventing the American Past: The Art of F. O. C. Darley." A selection of drawings and sketches by the American illustrator (1821–1888) of such literary classics as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* drawn primarily from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art; through 6/26. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Refuge: The Newest New Yorkers." Photographs by Mel Rosenthal documenting the lives of refugees in communities across New York State; through 6/20. . . . "The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Generation Z." An exhibition of works by emerging artists who transform conditions of contemporary society through their artistic practice; through 6/6. . . . "Denise Green: Resonating." A survey spanning 25 years of the Australian artist's career, tracing the evolution of her painting from her early "New Image" period to recent explorations in black and white; through 6/6. . . . "100 Drawings." Drawings by young artists; through 6/6. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. . . . "The Wormsley Library: A Personal Selection by Sir Paul Getty, K.B.E." Illuminated manuscripts, fine printed books, historic bookbindings, and other works from the Wormsley Library in England; through 5/2. . . . "Master Drawings Recently Acquired"; through 5/6. . . . "Poe: The Ardent Imagination." A selection of letters, manuscripts, and rare printed editions; through 5/9. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta, Fisk, Hampton, Howard, North Carolina Central, and Tuskegee universities; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; 4/23–8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of 15 or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 1-877-WHITNEY or by ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"The Long Twilight: An Installation by Lynne Yamamoto." An installation that evokes aspects of the life of a young Japanese woman, who disappeared mysteriously in the thirties, by presenting a collection of her personal belongings; through 4/23. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 4/22 at 10: "Important English Furniture, Objects of Art, and Carpets." On view from 4/17.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/21 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 4/17. 4/27 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 4/24.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 4/26 at 6: "Photographs From the Collection of Warren Coville." On view from 4/22.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/22 at 6, 4/23–4/24 at 10 and 2, and 4/25 at 12: "Whitney." On view from 4/17. 4/27 at 6: "Photographs." On view from 4/24.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/22 at 10:30 and 2: "19th-Century Literature, Children's Books." On view from 4/19. 4/27 at 10:30 and 2: "Important 19th- and 20th-Century Photographs." On view from 4/23.

restaurants

Family Recipes...Just in Time...Ulrika's

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

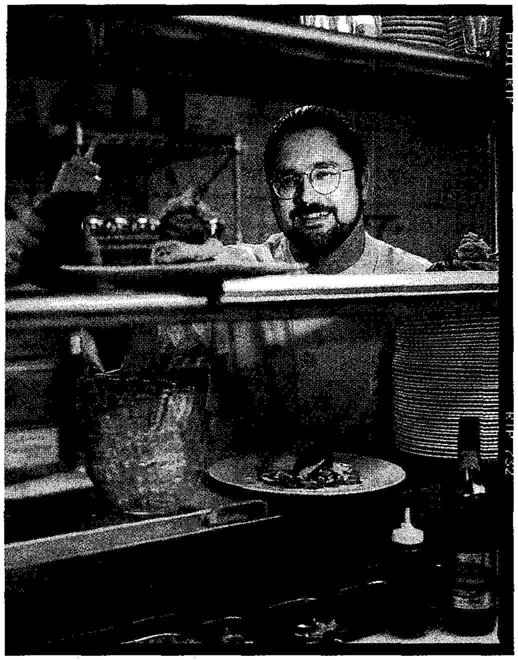
American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 175 State St., Battery Park (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think homemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish soup—served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*



Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and lobster cakes served with a sweet corn salad. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His

Comeback

Out of the Fire, Into the Frying Pan

Last spring, Brooklyn-born chef David Ruggerio tried to climb out of bankruptcy by indulging in some serious credit-card fraud. He got busted, pleaded guilty (no jail time), closed his restaurant, and has re-emerged at his friend Marco Colantonio's place, Steak au Poivre, recently enlarged and redecorated. Besides a fresh start, Ruggerio's making "fun, moderately priced food" like "untraditional" linguine with Manila clams and pancetta, grilled pizzas, four cuts of beef with traditional sauces and sides, and his famous tuna tartare in crispy somen noodles. (1160 First Avenue, near 63rd Street; 758-3518.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

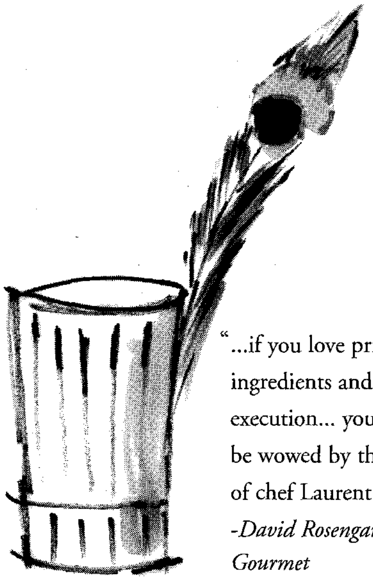
Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or



Just in case you missed
the *Gourmet* review of
Peacock Alley featuring
our chef's artful creations,
here's a sample:

"...if you love pristine
ingredients and perfect
execution... you'll likely
be wowed by the work
of chef Laurent Gras..."
-David Rosengarten
Gourmet

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beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Opening
Ultra Swede

For the last six years, Ulrika Bengtsson (below, right) has worked as the Swedish consul general's personal chef. This week, she enters the public sector with Ulrika's, a new restaurant filled with Swedish artwork, craft furniture, and Orrefors Kosta Boda crystal, where she and partner Mimi Claps (at left) will turn out what they consider traditional home cooking. For those unfortunates deprived of a Scandinavian upbringing, that means, among other delectable things, a variety of pickled herring, creamy seafood soup, meatball and gravlax sandwiches on house-baked bread, and elderberry sorbet. (115 East 60th Street; 355-7069.)

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Ave. So., nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami,

Photograph by Michael Stryder.

corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Shaffer City Oyster Bar & Grill—The aquatic theme is carried out here by the décor (a 300-gallon fish tank), the raw bar (which features up to 25 varieties of oysters daily), and the menu, which includes such seafood exotica as lobster fricasee with truffled potatoes and corn salsa, and walnut-and-herb-crusted brook trout with wild rice and herb beurre blanc. *5 W. 21st St. (255-9827). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

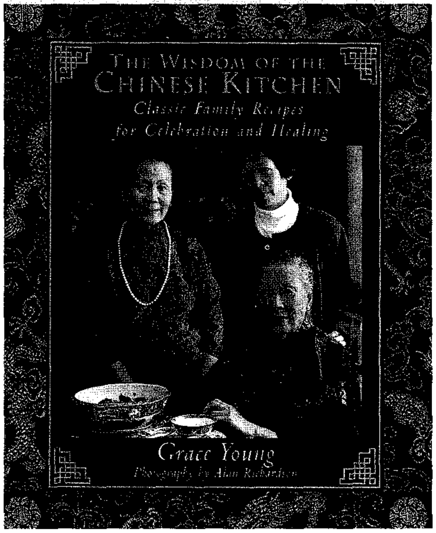
Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

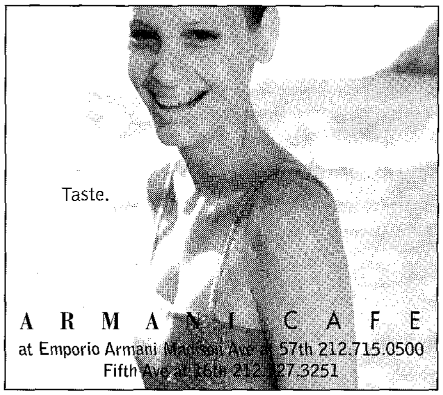
In Print **Whenever Grace Young, author of *The Wisdom of the Chinese Kitchen: Classic Family Recipes for Celebration and Healing* (Simon & Schuster; $27.50), visited her parents in San Francisco, she realized that she always felt much healthier after several days of their yin (cooling) and yang (warming) culinary harmony. As a publishing company's recipe tester and food photographer, she reveled in many other cuisines but took her own Cantonese heritage for granted. Now Young has created an insightful book about her family's Chinese past and cooking philosophy, in which she reproduces 150 traditional recipes, from almond soup—a "tonic soup" that fortifies the body against the abrupt changes of weather—to one of her father's signature dishes, steamed tangerine beef. Young includes an invaluable section called "Shopping Like a Sleuth," in which she describes the ingredients and equipment—and how to find them—needed for these recipes.** **GILLIAN DUFFY**



Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay, courtesy of chef Joseph Fortunato (formerly of Layla). Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sam-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plers and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Opening
Unlimited Engagement

Jean-Louis Palladin was the first of the rock-and-roll generation of French chefs—playing Jerry Garcia to Daniel Boulud's Tom Petty and Eric Ripert's Bruce Springsteen. Ceaselessly preaching the gospel of *terroir*—the untranslatable French word for that quintessential element that makes local ingredients unique, he is the consensus dean of the French gastronomic diaspora. With his gravelly voice, his accent as thick as Gascon foie gras, his equally thick glasses, and his curly mane, he has the look and air of the kind of continental sybarite who has seen and probably done everything. Next week, after nearly twenty years in Washington, D.C. (during which time the James Beard Foundation named him Outstanding Chef in America and his Jean-Louis at the Watergate became the hardest reservation in the city), Palladin is finally coming to New York to open Palladin at the Time hotel. "Coming to New York closes the circle for me," says Palladin, who plans to be in Manhattan 21 days each month. "It is the place every chef has to be at some point. It is the big leagues." As Boulud has done at Café Boulud, or Tom Colicchio with his tavern menu in the front room of Gramercy Tavern, Palladin will offer a more casual version of his gutsily refined food at the Time. (A higher-ticket midtown venue will open "within a year," he says.) Among the items on the debut menu: pork shank with porcini coulis and oxtail crépinette with ragout of baby vegetables. "I had a tilefish taken from very deep, cold waters last week," Palladin says, referring to one of the premier fish of the Hudson canyon, though one not usually found on local menus. "I should have something really interesting worked out by opening day." PETER KAMINSKY

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Su-

Photograph by Jim Laurie.

san Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartare and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sesumi—The neighborhood relies on this comfortable, brick-walled sushi parlor to satisfy all raw-fish cravings. Try one of the combo boxes. *1649 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (879-1024). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday

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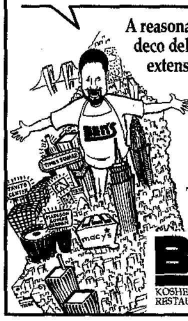

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Smart City

continued from page 55

line? Well, if you're a Time Warner customer, hurry up . . . and wait. Time Warner, which supplies cable television to 1.1 million subscribers in Manhattan, Queens, Staten Island, and parts of Brooklyn, has yet to roll out Internet access through cable modems. The company is in the midst of a five-year, $400 million upgrade to fiber-optic lines. The result will be more bandwidth for fast Internet access as well as more cable channels, according to Gerri Warren-Merrick, spokeswoman for Time Warner Cable. Merrick says Time Warner will begin testing its cable-modem service in late 1999; there's no date set for rollout.

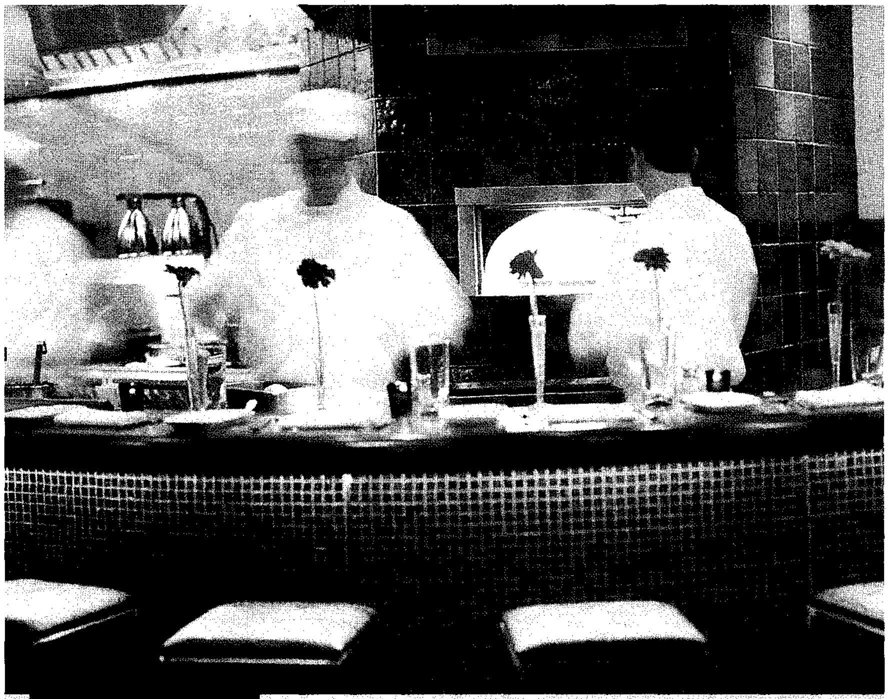
Time Warner's neighbor, Cablevision, which serves up cable to more than 500,000 homes on Long Island as well as in the Bronx and parts of Brooklyn, has hatched its own cable-modem service, Optimum Online (www.optimumonline.com; 516-390-9040). Optimum has more than 13,000 subscribers on Long Island, says Kate Murphy, spokeswoman for Cablevision. Optimum's service is not available yet for Bronx and Brooklyn subscribers.

An upstart in the world of telecommunications and Internet access, RCN Corporation negotiates agreements with large buildings to offer its telephone, cable-television, and Internet-access package. RCN has wired 600 buildings in Manhattan and a handful in Queens, says spokesman Jim Maiella (call 800-RING-RCN, or surf to www.rcn.com for more information).

Satellite PC

DirecPC (www.direcpc.com; 800-DIREC-PC), a satellite-based Internet-access service, falls between ISDN and DSL in terms of speed. Offered by Hughes Network Systems, DirecPC downloads from the Net by satellite at speeds of up to 400 kbps but uploads via your phone line. It requires an IBM-compatible computer running Windows 95 or 98, a 28.8-kbps modem or better, and an "unobstructed line of sight to the south from your home or office," according to DirecPC's Website. (Macintosh users cannot use this service.)

The DirecPC setup includes a satellite dish on your roof and a cable from the dish to a so-called PCI card in your computer. You can use your own ISP, provided that it uses point-to-point protocol or TCP/IP (ask them)—which excludes America Online (unless you get an IP address from AOL), Prodigy, and CompuServe. The satellite dish and PCI card cost $299—there's a $100 rebate through June 30—and installation is $249. If you install your own PCI card, the price is $179. Monthly service, if you use DirecPC as your ISP, is $29.99 for 25 hours, plus $1.99 for each additional hour. (The $49.95 activation fee is waived through June 30 as well.) ■



ASK GAEL

What have they done to Yellowfingers?

By splashing vibrant color everywhere, telling the D.J. to blast off, and redubbing it Cibi-Cibi, the Santo family hopes to see a youthquake rock this landmark corner across from Bloomingdale's. Joe Santo himself welcomes friends with premium tequila shots in frosted bud vases. Folks who grew up at Yellowfingers and Contrapunto may need earplugs as they perch at tiny tables to tuck into wildly rich ricotta-stuffed crêpes in prosciutto cream or the potato gnocchi in tomato-Taleggio fondue. It's early, though, and the kitchen is still revising. We loved cavatelli with broccolini and garlic crumbs, the lamb with roasted asparagus, and a small shellfish fritto from the bar menu. Begged to have pity, the D.J. segues from screech-and-rumble to Andrea Bocelli. Lunch entrées and panini, $12 to $15; dinner entrées, $12 to $24. No reservations. (200 East 60th Street; 751-8615.)

through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Joseph Scafuro.

in concert

André Previn at the 92nd Street Y

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 20

Southwest Radio Symphony Orchestra of Freiberg—Performs the U.S. premiere of Bernd Alois Zimmermann's multimedia *Requiem for a Young Poet.* Michael Gielen, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$35.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mozart's Symphony No. 35; Piano Concerto No. 25 in C, with pianist Imogen Cooper; and Serenade No. 9. Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

Wednesday, April 21

Southwest Radio Symphony Orchestra of Freiberg—Performs works by Kagel, Kurtag, and Beethoven. Michael Gielen, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Jeffrey Siegel, Piano—Performs works by Chopin and Szymanowski. Part of the "Keyboard Conversations" series. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Thursday, April 22

New York Philharmonic—Performs Macmillan's *The World's Ransoming,* with English-horn player Thomas Stacy, and Bruckner's Symphony No. 9. Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Friday, April 23

Academy of St. Martin in the Fields—Performs works by Berlioz, Britten, and Mozart. Sir Neville Marriner, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $35.*

The Vellinger String Quartet—Performs Haydn's Quartet in E-flat major, among other works. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/22, at 11 A.M.

Saturday, April 24

Academy of St. Martin in the Fields—Performs works by Mendelssohn. Sir Neville Marriner, conductor, Christopher Plummer, narrator. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$75.*

Kyoto Experience—Performs traditional and modern music for Japanese instruments like the koto, shamisen, and shakuhashi. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (818-0897), at 8:30; $16–$20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/22.

Sunday, April 25

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Dukas's *Arlane et Barbe-Bleue.* Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $18–$45.*

André Previn—Performs the world premiere of his Bassoon Sonata and the New York premiere of *Two Remembrances* in a concert celebrating his seventieth birthday. Part of the "Ned Rorem Hosts" series. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 3; $35.*

Garrick Ohlsson, Piano—Performs works by Schubert and Liszt. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $35.*

The Salomone Trio—Sopranos Marie Costanza, Carol Flamm, and Elissa Weiss perform medieval and renaissance music from Spain to benefit SHARE, which helps those affected by breast and ovarian cancer. *Christ & Saint Stephen's Episcopal Church, 122 W. 69th St. (874-6447), at 7; $20.*

Monday, April 26

Murray Perahia, Piano—Performs Bach's English Suite No. 5 in E minor, Beethoven's *Moonlight* Sonata, and Schubert's Sonata in C minor, among other works. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75*

St. Lawrence String Quartet—Performs Beethoven's String Quartet in F. *Walter Reader Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/22.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Berg's *Wozzeck,* 4/20 at 7:30 and 4/24 at 2; Handel's *Giulio Casare,* 4/21 and 4/24 at 7:30; Floyd's *Susannah,* 4/22 at 7:30; Verdi's *Aida,* 4/23 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* 4/20 at 7:30, 4/23 at 8, and 4/25 at 1:30; Strauss's *Intermezzo,* 4/21 at 7:30 and 4/24 at 8; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 4/22 at 7:30 and 4/24 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs Mozart's *The Magic Flute,* 4/24 at 7:30 and 4/25 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

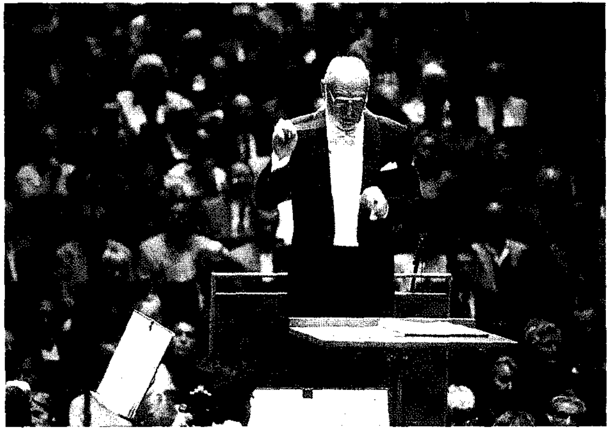
Circle of Dance Repertory Company—The S.D. Prism Dance Theatre of Philadelphia and the Chris DC Ramos Dance Company perform works by Carl Paris, Nancy Brier, Sonia Dawkins, and Chris DC Ramos, 4/23 at 9. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (486-1800); $12.*

Previews: Dancing for a Purpose—Gina Gibney Dance, David Parker and the Bang Group, the 40Up Project, and Sara Hook dance to benefit the Global Fund for Women, the N.Y.C. Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, and Dancercare, 4/22–4/25 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $15.*

Opening

Song of My Century

Few orchestral works evoke the "noise" of the twentieth century as thrillingly as Bernd Alois Zimmermann's *Requiem for a Young Poet.* This musical microcosm of events that have shaped our century requires a large, violin-free symphony orchestra with a gargantuan percussion section, three large choirs, a jazz quintet, an organ, two orators, and soprano and baritone soloists. "I don't think people then realized the importance of this piece, unique in the panorama of twentieth-century music," says Michael Gielen, who conducted the world premiere of *Requiem* in Germany 30 years ago. The Latin text of the *Mass for the Dead* is overlaid and distorted by a storm of recitations and historic recordings of political speeches and protests projected from seven speakers around the auditorium, not to mention musical quotes from Beethoven to the Beatles. The voices of Hitler, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung are pitted against passages by Joyce, Pound, Wittgenstein, and Mayakovsky, creating a dynamic and disturbing liturgy. "What you feel during the piece is the violence of existence and the possibility of being engulfed in violence," explains Gielen. A multilingual, multilayered cry for peace, Zimmermann's *Requiem for a Young Poet* makes its belated U.S. debut on April 20 at Carnegie Hall. (See listings.) **ROBERT HILFERTY**



Photograph courtesy of Carnegie Hall.

nightlife

Young...Underworld...Feinstein

Concerts

98 Degrees—An Ohio-bred boy band who, unlike their Orlando-raised counterparts N' Sync and the Backstreet Boys, spare the audience theme-park-ready choreography. They also spurn boy-band-dom's uptempo R&B in favor of aching, lovesick ballads like their big MTV hit "Because of You." In this teen age, such small blessings count immeasurably. 4/21 and 4/27 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $25–$30.*

B*witched—Not an offshoot of the campy sixties TV show but an Irish-bred girl group that combines drum 'n' bass, traditional Celtic music, and sugary, Spice Girls–inflected pop. Inexplicably, this strange hybrid seems to be working for them: Their jaunty single "C'est La Vie" is currently climbing the pop charts. This sold-out performance is further testament (as if any more were needed) to the massive influence teenage girls are having on the current pop-music landscape. 4/21 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Michael Feinstein—With composer David Raksin, John Bayles, and Marni Nixon. Hot on the heels of his Grammy nomination for his CD *Michael and George—Feinstein Sings Gershwin*, the singer returns to Carnegie Hall for a program that will feature music from Hollywood films. Composer David Raksin will host a discussion and perform as well. 4/21 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $40.*

Fyvush Finkel—With Ian Finkel and his Band. The Brooklyn-born star of the Yiddish theater has honed his distinctly Catskills-flavored shtick for more than 65 years on and off Broadway. Finkel's son Ian will be on hand to provide an afternoon's worth of xylophone virtuosity. 4/25 at 2. *Walt Whitman Theater, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718-951-4500). $20–$22.*

"Influences: Duke Ellington"—Kenny Werner, Dennis Mitcheltree, Bill McClellan, Howard Johnson, Mark Gross, Jesse Crawford. A program where contemporary jazz musicians will interpret well-known Ellington compositions such as "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," "Mood Indigo," "It Don't Mean a Thing," and "Caravan." 4/24 at 8:30. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $12.*

"It Takes Two"—Vocalists Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis Jr. 4/24 at 8. *Center for the Arts, College of Staten Island/CUNY, 2800 Victory Blvd., Staten Island (718-982-ARTS). $30–$35.*

"Jazz Insights"—Informal lectures and panel discussions hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. All talks at 7:30. 4/20: Mulgrew Miller. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $25.*

Kitaro—The hugely popular, platinum-selling Japanese composer who collaborated with ex–Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart and provided dramatic, sweepingly New Agey scores for films like Oliver Stone's *Heaven and Earth* makes a rare area appearance. 4/23 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $32.50–$50.*

Near Eastern Music Ensemble—With Simon Shaheen. The Palestinian-born Shaheen (a virtuoso on both the oud [Arabic lute] and the violin) and his Near Eastern Music Ensemble concoct a fascinating hybrid of traditional Middle Eastern music and Western classical forms. Shaheen's compositions can be heard in films such as *The Sheltering Sky* and *Malcolm X*. 4/21 at 8. *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (854-7799). $20.*

Notis Sfankiankis—4/22–4/23 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $65–$80.*

Underworld—With Richie Hawtin and D.J. Liquid Todd. In 1996, Underworld's throbbing, shout-along techno-fied hit "Born Slippy" (probably the only electronica hit in history to have a chorus that goes "Lager! Lager! Lager!") became *Trainspotting*'s unofficial theme song and a favorite among brew-happy clubbers and pub mavens everywhere. The group resurfaced recently with *Beaucoup Fish*, a CD full of snarky techno-pop that electronica snobs typically deride as "rockist." For the less guitar-rock-wary, it's engagingly trippy fun. Fun is definitely not the forte of Canadian-born, Detroit-bred minimal techno master Richie Hawtin. The blips and bleeps of his *Plastikman* releases barely register, but live he's supposedly something of a techno phenom. K-Rock's D.J. Liquid Todd will be on hand to provide rudimentary electronica for those whose knowledge of the music begins and ends with Fatboy Slim. 4/21 at 10:30. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25–$30.*

Dar Williams—The singer-songwriter has quietly built a large following thanks to highly personal, engagingly folky records like *Mortal City* (which was recorded in her bedroom) and *The Honesty Room*. Unfortunately, songs like "The Pointless, Yet Poignant Crisis of Co-Ed" give Alanis Morissette a run for her money in the all-too-literal department. 4/25 at 8. *Memorial Hall, Pratt Institute, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3422). $15.*

Neil Young—4/19, 4/21, and 4/22 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $52–$152.*

Concerts

Electronica Nirvana

U.K. techno auteurs Underworld will have a lot more up their sleeves than that loutish 'Trainspotting' tune "Born Slippy" when they hit the Hammerstein Ballroom on April 21. They've got a pleasantly head-trippy new album called 'Beaucoup Fish' and an intense live show that comes close to that of Prodigy in providing on-stage electronica thrills. (See "Concerts.")

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 4/22: Dequincey's Dream. 4/23: Helios. 4/24: Sean Altman; Moths. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Baktun—A small, way, way west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Fridays: deep-house-themed "N'Ice." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a drum-'n'-bass-only night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590, 741-7437).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 4/20: Who can it be now? Yes, it's ex–Men at Work lead singer Colin Hay, who's out on the road promoting a surprisingly low-key, acoustically driven new CD called *Transcendental Highway*. There's been talk of a reunion of the Aussie eighties popsters, but until that materializes you'll just have to make do with Hay, which is more than enough for his fans, who, on the "Colin Hay Home Page," call him "one of the world's most underrated singer-songwriters." 4/22: Cliff Eberhardt; Lucy Kaplansky. 4/24: A Natalie Merchant-less 10,000 Maniacs, back with a typically folky new album, *The Earth Pressed Flat*. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 4/24: Edith Frost; Danielson. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/20: Tom Foran. 4/21: Joe Taino. 4/22: Seth Yacavone. 4/23–4/24: Pinetop Perkins. 4/26: Green Machine. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/23: Tommy Stinson. 4/24: Scofflaws. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Cooler—A former meatlocker, this subterranean haunt offers spooky-cool atmosphere and cutting-edge sounds in equal measures. The free

Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz wannabe Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 4/23: Ecstatic Yod of 4; Thurston Moore; Male Slut; Vince Martin. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).* $.

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/20–4/21: Wilco; Vic Chesnutt. *Mermaid Avenue,* Wilco's collaboration with Billy Bragg, which put forgotten Woody Guthrie lyrics to new music, set rock critics' hearts ablaze last year. But taken with the nouveau country of Lucinda Williams's much-heralded release, Greil Marcus's unbearably reverent Bob Dylan tome *Invisible Republic,* the phenomenally overpraised Dylan Royal Albert Hall double-CD re-issue, and, more recently, the Bruce Springsteen and the E. Street Band reunion, Wilco's brand of Americana is particularly hard to swallow. And the slavering, uncritical praise heaped on these artists seems to indicate that there's a reactionary, America-first movement afoot in the music media. Luckily, the public (for the most part) isn't buying it; they're too engaged with the forward-looking, sampladelic worlds of hip-hop and electronica to pay any attention to these roots-'n'-roll Luddites. 4/22: Gothic post-punk with the Creatures, featuring the original mistress of darkness herself, Siouxsie Sioux, and her one-time Banshee Budgie. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/20: Briggan Krauss's 300; Gangreen; Vibrators. 4/21: Marc Ribot Y Los Cubanos Postizos. 4/22: Out in Worship; Drumhead. 4/23: Derek Trucks Band. 4/24: Lee Ranaldo; Christian Marclay; William Hooker. 4/25: Faith; Nicolesabirmatt'n Me. 4/26: Brad Shepik; Uri Caine; Cantor Aaron Ben Soussan; Anthony Coleman; Roy Nathanson. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).* $

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday Night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like performance-art-oriented Thursdays and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (677-1717).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreyer and Friends. 4/20: Craig Dreyer and Friends. 4/21: Little Charlie and the Hepcats. 4/22–4/23: Bill Perry Band. 4/24: W.C. Clark. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 4/20: Joe Pernice; Mike Ireland. 4/21: Spottiswoode. 4/22: Mila Drumke. 4/23: Kelly Willis; Bruce Robison; John Walker. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Mother—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesdays belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped Out Party Girls." Thursdays are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," while Fridays are the strictly-for-girls "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404).* $.

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/20: Inna and the Farlanders. 4/21–4/22: Hugh Masekela. 4/23: Zin. 4/24: Ogans. 4/26: New Swing Sextet. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Detour spins house. "Cafe Con Leche," a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big band swings with abandon. 4/23: Jumpin' Gigolos. 4/24: Bellevue Cadillac. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 4/24: Lagwagon; Latex Generation. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 4/23: Icy, glacial soundscapes with Teutonic trance master Sven Vath; K-Rock crowd pleaser DJ Liquid Todd. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week, but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party Physics and Saturdays with Sticky, a big-beat-oriented night featuring superstar D.J.'s like Irish collagemeister David Holmes and electro revivalist Deejay Punk Roc. 4/22: U.S. rave mainstay Dieselboy, tagged by some drum-'n'-bass insiders as a young producer to watch. *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219).* $.

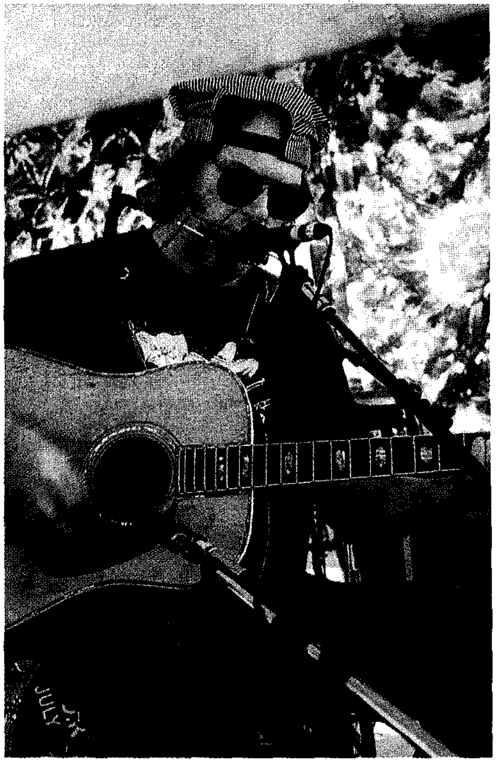
Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body and Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is the High Times Cannabis Cup Reggae Band. 4/21: Star People. 4/22: Deep Banana Blackout. 4/23: Ominous Seapods; Foxtrot Zulu. 4/24: Jupiter Coyote; Rockett Band. 4/25: Given; Ultra Max; Ergo;

Performance
Forever Young

The ridiculous "Godfather of Grunge" hype thankfully having gone the way of Eddie Vedder and flannel, Neil Young can now get down to making the kind of renegade rock that has marked this singer-songwriter's astonishingly prolific (and always unpredictable) career. On this tour, Young will be hitting the stage without the screeching guitar pyrotechnics of his usual backup band, Crazy Horse. Since Young's not out supporting a new record, details about what he's been up to setlist-wise have been hard to come by, but reports from West Coast dates indicate that fans should expect a solemn, acoustic evening in which Young will reach far, far back into his catalogue, unearthing Buffalo Springfield–era tunes like "The Last Trip to Tulsa." The quietly powerful material from Young's early-nineties project *Harvest Moon* has been well represented out West, too, and there's been plenty of excitement over his decision to road-test new, unreleased songs. A few frustrated fans have complained about Young's tendency to interrupt his set with lengthy discourses on his favorite cause, Farm Aid. And the top ticket price for this tour ($150) has raised more than a few eyebrows, especially given the singer's hippie roots and anti-corporate rants like "This Note's for You" and "Rockin' in the Free World." But by all accounts, this rare chance to catch a solo, willing-to-stretch-out Neil Young should be well worth it. (See "Concerts.")

Ethan Brown



Photograph by Chuck King.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Detonators. 4/26: Ex–Violent Femme and perpetually tortured guy Gordon Gano; Heal. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 4/22: Putte Wickman Jazz Orchestra. 4/23–4/24: Freddie Hubbard Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 4/20–4/25: Arturo Sandoval Sextet; Danilo Perez Trio. 4/26: Kendrick Oliver. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. Thursdays: Nick Demopolous. Fridays: Junini Booth and Algen. Saturdays: Topaz. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this hole-in-the-wall shares space with a beauty parlor and has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. Ensemble. 4/21: Reut Regev. 4/22: Sum. 4/23: Christine Wheeler; D.J. Singe. 4/24: Peter Apfelbaum Trio. 4/25: Marquis Quartet; Lo-Hi. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 4/20–4/25: Lou Donaldson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Westbank Cafe—Fridays, pianist Michael Wolff hosts the impressively staffed Michael Wolff Jazz World Workshop, with Alex Foster, Badal Roy, Lincoln Goines, Frank Colon, and Clarence Penn. Sets at 9 and 11. $10 cover. *407 W. 42nd St. (695-6909).*

Zinno—This pretty Italian restaurant has good sight lines from most of the tables (but largely obscured ones from the bar), and enough top-flight players to make it a serious jazz spot. Every Sunday: Jazz Tap Brunch with Barbara Duffy and Bob Kindred Trio. Mondays in April: Yvette Glover; Junior Mance; Earl May. Tuesdays: Jane Monheit Trio. 4/21–4/24: Yvette Glover; Junior Mance; Earl May. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/22: Mike Rhumba. 4/22–4/25: Dom Irrera. 4/23: Doctor Dre. 4/24: Mike B. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 4/19–4/25: Willie Asbury; Nancy Redman; Justin McKinney; Andres Hernandez; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 4/23–4/24: Jim Gaffigan; Rich Francese; Tom Papa. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.). 4/13–4/24: Howard Fishman Quartet. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 5/1, Tues.–Sat.: Barbara Cook. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45; no 10:45 set on Monday. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover, two-drink minimum. Mondays in April, Barbara Seith's "Web Site Store—A Low-Tech Gal in a High-Tech World." *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Wednesdays in April: Maree Johnson. Saturdays in April: Natalie Douglas and Sally Mays. 4/22: Frans Bloem. 4/23: Barbara Brussel; Sally Mays. 4/24: Brent Winborne. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 4/21: Aaron Lee Battle. 4/22: Charles Lindberg. 4/23: Anthony Santelmo, Jr. 4/24: Judy Kreston; David Lahm. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and his Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*

Supper Club—"This Joint Is Jumpin'" with Vivian Reed, Kevin Ramsey, and the Supper Club 17-Piece Big Band. *240 W. 47th St. (307-7171).*

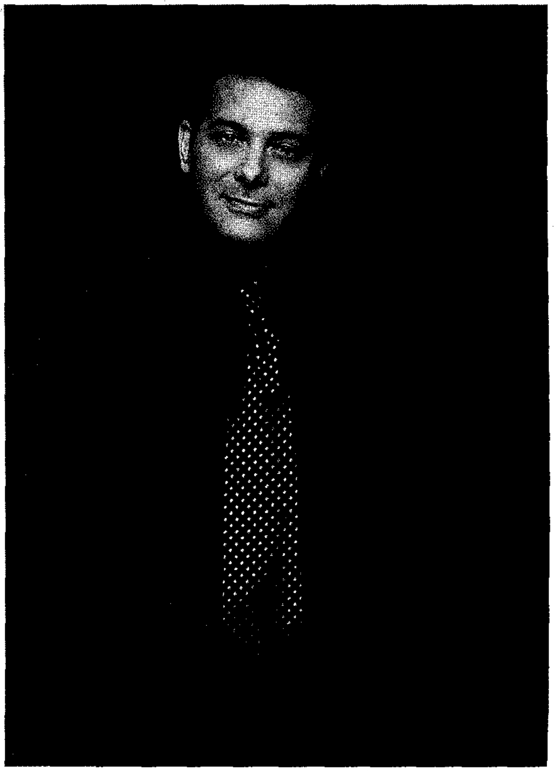
Bars

Kettle of Fish—With its unfinished wood floor, dirt-cheap pints, and hangarlike layout, this is a dive *par excellence*—in a neighborhood that could use a few more. Adding to its anti-hip appeal, the place is usually either mobbed with NYU undergrads or empty in a depressing way. But at least the latter situation affords easy access to the twin dart boards in back. *130 W. 3rd St. (533-4790). $.*

Parkview Lounge—Nestled way over on the Lower East Side, this refreshingly hipster-free outpost features bar bowling, a damn fine jukebox, and some charmingly amateurish live bands in the back room. *317 E. Houston St. (473-9257). $.*

Performance So Fein

***The final installment of a three-concert series,* Michael Feinstein's appearance at Carnegie Hall promises to be heavy on dramatic scores. It will also include a discussion with composer David Raksin. (See "Concerts.")**



Photograph by Roger Dong.

the mix

Earth Day '99...Elie Wiesel

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Rockford Files: If It Bleeds . . . It Leads (4/20; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) brings back James Garner, Rita Moreno, Stuart Margolin, Gretchen Corbett, and Joe Santos to try to save high-school teacher Hal Linden from false arrest for serial rape. They must also protect him from a rush to judgment by a TV-news feeding frenzy. The formula as usual, plus a brand-new zest for media-bashing. Be warned that this turns very dark, indeed.

Love Songs (4/25; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) consists of three related stories by Charles Fuller, all set in the same urban black community, during which actors like Andre Braugher, Louis Gossett Jr., Lynn Whitfield, Robert Townsend, Rachel Crawford, Phil Jarrett, and Sandra Caldwell do as they are told by three different directors who just happen also to be Braugher, Gossett, and Townsend. Class gets some attention, and domestic abuse, and violence, and parenting. Quiet stuff, almost perfectly achieved—and the kind of thing we used to see on public television when there used to be something like *American Playhouse.*

Frenchman's Creek (4/25; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) permits Tara Fitzgerald, always scrumptious, and Anthony Delon, French actor Alain's handsome son, to goof off in seventeenth-century Cornwall, to which Tara has retreated from an ugly Cromwellian London, on the coast of which she finds the Gallic pirate Anthony, after which there will be flarings of nostrils and flouncings away, dreadful wigs and dressing in drag, smoking and lynching, horses and waves, a buckling of swashes and a busting of bodices, symbolic horses and symbolic waves. Truly ridiculous, utterly daydreamy, as even the author, Daphne du Maurier, knew at the time she indulged herself.

Home Movies (4/26; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; UPN) reunites the Squigglevisionaries who already gave us *Dr. Katz: Professional Therapist,* for a new animated sitcom in which Paula Poundstone is the neurotic single mother of 8-year-old Brendon, a fourth-grade auteur who converts all of his life's experiences—with, say, his macho-rubbishy soccer coach or his best friend Melissa's fiddle-playing, duck-talking father—into cinema, with the usual jargon and conventions. This is really funny every other minute. And always funny whenever Paula, who sounds just as Paula always sounds, is doing the talk.

Dean Koontz's Mr. Murder (4/26 and 4/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) asks us to spend four hours and two nights with, well, not only Stephen Baldwin as a mystery novelist whose whole family is menaced by a murderous stranger but also yet another Stephen Baldwin, no more attractive when he's beside himself, who happens to be the Alpha clone of a dead scholar-athlete whose superior DNA has been used to batch superwarriors and quick-healing assassins for a government project at Oslett Technologies that James Coburn doesn't know about even though his own son, Thomas Haden Church, is in sinister charge. Church is the one to watch throughout this mini-series. On the other hand, if you think about doubles in modernist literature, you can waste your time without ever even turning on the television set.

Happening If Central Park didn't have a carousel, would we still have the same Holden Caulfield? Join Phillip Lopate, Lionel Abel, Ben Katchor, and Luc Sante to consider the effect places of personal and cultural significance have on literature at "New York Places—Real, Remembered and Imagined." April 25 at 3 P.M. at the Eldridge Street Synagogue (pictured), a Lower East Side haunt that has inspired nostalgia since the day it was completed in 1887.

Radio Highlights

Carnegie Hall Duke Ellington Tribute—4/24 at 8 P.M. and 4/28 at 7 P.M.: Some of Ellington's most important performances took place in this very theater, where Maurice Peress leads the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band in an Ellington Centennial performance of "Black, Brown, and Beige." WBGO 88.3 FM.

Elizabeth Nunez—4/25 at 8 P.M.: The author speaks with Lewis Burke Frumkes. WPAT 930 AM.

The Written Word

Yusef Komunyakaa, Henry Taylor, and Sharon Mesmer—4/19 at 8 P.M.: Readings by the two Pulitzer Prize–winning poets and the very talented Ms. Mesmer. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park So. (475-3424); free.

Charles Frazier and Kay Gibbons—4/19 at 8 P.M.: The authors of *Cold Mountain* and *Ellen Foster,* respectively. 92nd St. Y's Unterberg Poetry Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Sydney H. Schanberg, Tom Buckley, and Don Oberdorfer—4/19 at 7:30 P.M.: Readings from *Reporting Viet Nam.* Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (399-3030); $12.

Tribute to David Ignatow—4/19 at 3 P.M.: Readings by Stanley Kunitz, Gerald Stern, Hal Sirowitz, and many others in memory of the life of the poet-professor. Little Theatre of the Performing Arts, 94-95 Guy R. Brewer Blvd., Jamaica, Queens (718-262-2470); free.

Lisa Belkin—4/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Show Me A Hero.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (721-5281); free.

Phillip Lopate, Patrick McGrath, Jan Meissner—4/21 at 7 P.M.: Lopate reads a new personal essays, McGrath reads from *Mad Harry,* and Meissner reads from *Heart Made of Bone.* The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (966-4054); $5.

"Stories of Marriage and Wild Adventure With Host Frank McCourt"—4/21 at 7 P.M.: Readings by Charles Keating, Anthony LaPaglia, and James Naughton from Richard Connell's "The Most Dangerous Game," W. W. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw," and Bernard MacLaverty's "Language, Truth and Lockjaw." Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Greg Lichtenberg—4/22 at 6:30 P.M.: Reads from *Playing Catch With My Mother.* Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Adam Rapp—4/22 at 7 P.M.: Reads from *The Buffalo Tree.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Melvin Bukiet—4/23 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Signs and Wonders.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Barbara Guest—4/23 at 6 P.M.: John Ashbery will introduce the poet, who will speak about her life and work and receive the Poetry Society of Amer-

Photograph courtesy of Eldridge Street Project.

ica's 1999 Frost Medal. The New York Public Library's Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (254-9628); free.

Peter Reading and Sonia Sanchez—4/23 at 7 P.M.: Reading contemporary poetry. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566); $5.

Lectures and Panels

"Without Permission"—4/19 at 7:30 P.M.: A consideration of contemporary battles over free expression with panelists Kate Millet, Larry Miller, the ACLU's Ira Glasser, Robert Lederman, minister emeritus Howard Moody, critic Thelma Golden, and others. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square So. (254-6230); free.

Art Spiegelman—4/20 at 7 P.M.: The Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *MAUS, A Survivor's Tale* will give a slide lecture on the cartoonist Jack Cole, inventor of Plastic Man. Housing Works Used Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324); free.

Christopher Buckley—4/20 at 6 P.M.: Discussing "The Second Hardest Challenge Facing a Writer." The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (930-0571); $7–$10.

"The Negro in Paris: African American Writers on the Left Bank"—4/21 at 6 P.M.: A lecture by Professor David Leeming, who was James Baldwin's assistant, secretary, and biographer. The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

"Why Was Matthew Shepard Different?"—4/21 at 6:30 P.M.: Christine Quinn, former executive director of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, discusses homosexual and transgender bias crimes. Barnard's Sulzberger Parlor, 3009 Broadway (854-8021); free.

"Comprehensive Planning for Community Gardens and Urban Open Space"—4/21 at 6 P.M.: In response to the New York City Department of Real Estate Services' planned auction of more than 100 community gardens, an examination of the need for a reform of the city's long-term policy for vacant city-owned land. Presented in conjunction with the Parks Council, the panel discussion will explore future alternatives by introducing the innovative plans for city-owned lots that cities like Boston and Chicago have implemented. The Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Orlando Patterson—4/21 at 6:30 P.M.: The National Book Award winner and Harvard sociologist talks about Caribbean migration to the United States, race, multiculturalism, and the slave trade. Barnard, 3009 Broadway (854-8021); free.

"The Art of Ben Shahn"—4/22 at 7 P.M.: Examine the nature and meaning of Shahn's accomplishments with Benny Andrews, Leonard Baskin, Susan Shatter, and others. National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880); $5.

Elie Wiesel—4/22 at 8 P.M.: Answers questions about anything and everything Jewish. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $25.

"New York Places—Real, Remembered and Imagined"—4/25 at 3 P.M.: The Eldridge Street Project hosts this panel about place in memory and writing. The Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (219-0888); $4–$6.

"A Language of One's Own?"—4/26 at 6 P.M.: Cynthia Ozick, Tony Kushner, and Benjamin Harshav discuss the transformations of Yiddish in contemporary culture. Proshansky Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. (576-0670); free.

Tours

"Hell Ain't Hot: This Here's Hell's Kitchen"—4/24 at 1 P.M.: Visit the old haunts of the Tenth Avenue gangs, the cattle pens and slaughterhouses on W. 39th St., and figure out how one of the most notorious districts in the country became a hot neighborhood. Meet at the southwest corner of Tenth Ave. and 42nd St. (242-5762); $12.

"Movie Matinee Tour of Central Park"—4/24 and 4/25 at 1:30 P.M.: A comprehensive tour of 30 major film sites, including spots from *Stepmom, The Out of Towners, Kramer vs. Kramer, Where's Poppa,* and *Annie Hall.* For reservations and meeting place, call 628-4225; $15.

Benefits

Shakespeare's Birthday—4/19 at 7 P.M.: A gala to benefit Theatre for a New Audience and to honor Dame Judi Dench. The Hudson Theatre at the Hotel Millenium, 145 W. 44th St. (957-3005); $350.

"No Limits: A Celebration of Freedom and Art"—Through 4/24: A week-long celebration of Judson Memorial Church's 40-year history of supporting dangerous works by controversial artists, writers, and dancers. Events include lectures, performances, dance, and an exhibition and sale of works by Carl Andre, Faith Ringgold, Yoko Ono, Claes Oldenburg, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, Kate Millet, Andres Serrano, and Leon Golub. Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Square So. (254-6230); ticketed events range from $15 to $50.

Ballet Tech Gala—4/21 at 7 P.M.: Live performances by Bette Midler, Savion Glover, Angel Corella, and Yan Chen. Call 777-7710 for tickets and information; $200–$500.

Events

The Gramercy Park Antiques Show—4/23–4/25: Some 100 exhibitors bring eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century formal furniture, sterling silver, lamps, mirrors, rugs, pottery, and more to the 69th Regiment Armory at Gramercy Park, 26th St. and Lexington Ave. (255-0020); $10.

The Antique Garden Furniture Show and Sale—4/23–4/25: Beautiful old things for your plants and plots: mossy urns, garden benches, trellises, statues, cachepots, etc. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700); $10.

Mudstock—4/24–4/25: Enjoy "peace, love, and wet soil" on Earth Day weekend. Learn how to create mud masks for the complexion, mix up the perfect soil batch for the garden, and make mud pies. Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200); $2–$4.

27th Annual Black Roots Festival—4/25 at 5 P.M.: A celebration of black literature, poetry, and drama. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $10–$20.

1999 Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 4/30: A thousand new poetry books showcased by Poets House, along with readings, discussions, and workshops. 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Exhibitions

"Friendly Witnesses: The Worlds of Warren Sonbert"—4/21–5/11: The Estate Project for Artists with AIDS presents his restored films. The Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3500); $7–$12.

"Portraits: Artists & Authors"—Through 5/15: Thirty photographs by Serge Hambourg, of Anthony Burgess, Marguerite Duras, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Nureyev, Marc Chagall, Andy Warhol, and others. French Institute Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100); free.

"This Is Sinatra!"—Through 5/30: Never released in the United States, this

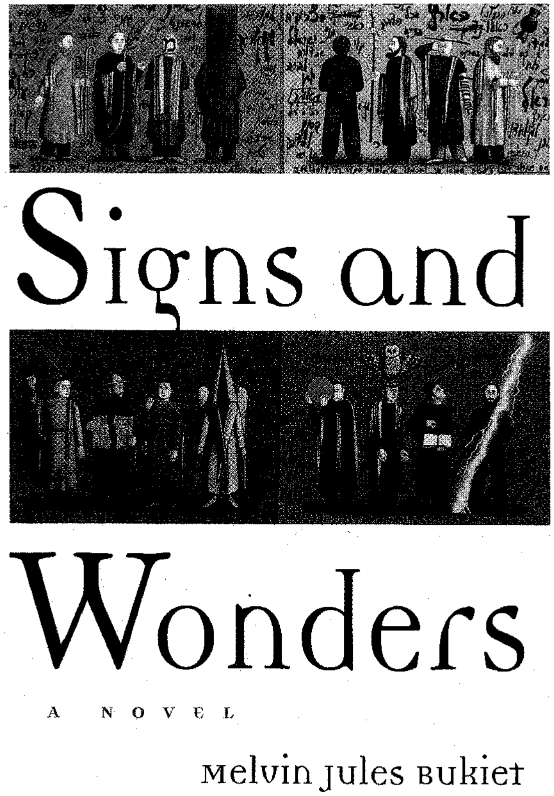
Happening

Getting Rand-y

If Ayn Rand came along today, she'd be a dream guest on *Politically Incorrect.* But hers were the days before selfishness had ascended to a cozy cultural value, back when intellectuals pushing for socialism were heroes and anyone who insisted that self-interest was the only force behind all human accomplishment seemed dreary and deluded. "Many of the things she said in 1957 when *Atlas Shrugged* was published are far less shocking now that there's been a reevaluation of what a market economy has to offer people," says psychotherapist Nathaniel Branden (pictured, fourth from left; Rand is at far left), Rand's onetime lover and protégé. "When we came to a violent parting in the summer of '68, I knew if anything, Ayn Rand would only become more authoritarian and autocratic after I left," Branden says. "I predicted that there would be a new explosion of interest in her work after her death, when her personality was removed from the equation." Branden was half right. Rand is enjoying a second coming in the world of letters: On April 22, the United States Postal Service launches a 33-cent stamp of her visage. And on May 30, Showtime airs an adaptation of *The Passion of Ayn Rand,* based on the book by Branden's first wife, Barbara (far right), who shared her husband with Rand for fifteen years. Helen Mirren stars as a ruthlessly manipulative Rand; Peter Fonda is her neglected husband Frank. ("I read a review of the movie which said that Eric Stoltz—who plays me—has a role that nobody could make sympathetic," says Branden, who has just published his own account, *My Years with Ayn Rand.*) But Branden's also half wrong; what he doesn't get is that fin de millénium Americans are more interested in Rand's scandalous sex life than in her scandalous ideas. Our newfound fascination with her is not in spite of her imperious persona but because of it.

ARIEL LEVY

Photograph courtesy of Nathaniel Branden.



In Print **Of all the millennium myths making the rounds these days, Melvin Bukiet's is among the most intricate, but it's hardly the most far-fetched. Join him on April 23, when he reads from his tale of neo-messiah Ben Alef, the miraculous savior of a boatload of gruesome criminals. See "The Written Word" for details.**

British program captures Sinatra doing 29 songs in 90 minutes during a midnight performance at London's Royal Festival Hall. At the Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Hitchcock by Hitchcock: A Centennial Salute"—Through 6/6: A complete retrospective of the twenty telefilms Hitchcock directed between 1955 and 1962, along with interviews and a documentary. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Bar Mitzvah: **David Mamet and Donald Sultan"**—Through 6/6: Twenty drawings by Sultan accompanied by Mamet's text, from their new book. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); $8.

"Nabokov Under Glass"—Through 8/21: See the writer's meticulously crafted butterfly drawings, along with diaries, notes, manuscripts, and photographs, in celebration of the centennial of his birth. The New York Public Library's Edna Barnes Salomon Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Sports

New York Road Runners Club Twosome—4/24 at 9:30 A.M.: Couples can race in either 2M or 10K races (the latter are also open to individuals) that begin at 62nd St. and the West Drive in Central Park. Call the NYRRC at 860-4455 for more info.

New York City Marathon Line-Up—4/25 at 11 A.M.: With a check for $7 in hand and the patience to wait on line for a few hours, you, too, can be a participant in this year's marathon. The line will start to form at 9 A.M. at West Park Drive and 67th St. (near Tavern on the Green), and applications will start to be accepted two hours later. For more info, call 423-2249.

WalkAmerica '99—4/25 at 8 A.M.: The March of Dimes holds its annual walkathon today, starting at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park and the Staten Island Mall. New Yorkers can traverse over ten miles to help raise money for the fight to prevent birth defects and infant mortality. To get more information, please call 353-8353 in Manhattan and 718-981-3000 in Staten Island.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week, click to a way to tip cows while keeping your boots clean; the shop where you'll pick up Esprit fashion for less; Disney's megaworld on the Web; music history from the Jazz Institute of Chicago; and a place that reels in the news for "Alternative America." And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a New York trivia contest.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ **AWAY** ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES		TEX MSG 7PM	TEX MSG 7PM		TOR MSG 7PM	TOR FOX 1:30PM	TOR MSG 1PM
METS		CIN FSNY 7PM	CIN FSNY 7PM	CIN FSNY 7PM	CHI WB 3PM	CHI WB 2PM	CHI WB 2PM
RANGERS	{ No local NHL games scheduled this week. }						
ISLANDERS							
DEVILS							
KNICKS	PHI MSG 7PM				CHA FSNY 8PM		MIA NBC 3PM
NETS	CHA FSNY 8PM		CHI FSNY 7:30PM			CHA TBA 7:30PM	IND FSNY 8PM
	4/19	4/20	4/21	4/22	4/23	4/24	4/25

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kids

Helping Hands...Dirty Business

Children's Events

Muddy Waters—Typically, Earth Day has taken on a delightfully and deliberately sodden quality at **WAVE HILL** (see photo). This year, as flowers begin to bloom at the picturesque public estate on the Hudson, "Mudstock! A Celebration of Peace, Land, and Wet Soil" goes all the way toward embracing a substance commonly avoided by civilized people. Hear Native American creation myths that say it all started with mud; mix mud packs for the face or loam for planting seeds; slap some mud onto sculptural forms of animals the way you might construct a sand castle at the beach—only goopier. 4/24 and 4/25 from 1 to 4. W. 249th St. and Independence Ave. (718-549-3200). Admission is $4, $2 for students and seniors, free for children under 6 (also free all day Tues. and from 9 to noon on Sat.).●

Just Helping Out—As part of its national "Big Helpathon 5," **NICKELODEON** invites kids to lend a hand in parks in each of the boroughs. Volunteer activities take place 4/24 from 10 to 2, with musical accompaniment, Big Helpers in Action Games, and other entertainment. Activities will include helping to make the bird sanctuary in Riverside Park and maintaining trails in Prospect Park. Call 888-NYPARKS for more information. April 21 from 1 to 6, as part of the same effort, kids can make compost, turn the soil, and fashion Earth Day crafts in Family Gardens at the New York Botanical Garden. On Sunday, 4/25, the network will air footage of kids pulling together all around the country.●

Hunt and Peck—Sleuth your way around the **BRONX ZOO** in search of animals like rams, snakes, and lions at "A Biblical Scavenger Hunt." Organized by the Bronfman Center for Jewish Life at the 92nd Street Y, the activity is designed with questions that are on different levels, so that children of all ages can enjoy it with parental help. Afterward, Rabbi Moskowitz will lead a discussion about the importance of treating our fellow creatures with kindness and compassion; 4/25, 9:30 to 2:30. Adults $20, children $15. Included in the price of admission are transportation to and from the Y and "Golden Package" admission to the zoo, which includes the monorail and zoo shuttle.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Chugging and Tugging—Why it is exactly that tugboats have such a hold over the imagination of very young children is mysterious. The fact is that a four-hour journey on the *W.O. Decker*—a tug continuously active since it was built in 1930—would seem to be many youngsters' idea of Heaven. (The price of admission is awesome, too: $95 includes lunch and beverages.) Round trips from **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT** to active commercial docks in Newark, via some "ship graveyards" off Staten Island, leave certain Saturdays in May, June, and July. Call 748-8687 for further information and to book. Reservations are required.

Total Recall—Sign up in advance for one- and two-session video-making workshops given at **SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB** through the end of June. Kids make short personal videos in several different types of workshops—including one where they are paired with an adult family member. Call 833-8100 for a complete schedule for children in the first through twelfth grades. Reservations are required; admission to the lab is always free of charge, though workshop costs range from $8 to $50. 550 Madison Ave., at 56th St.

Blood and Guts—Pick a scab, compare heartbeats, and squirt digestive juices at the food, all at "Body Odyssey," an informative new exhibit that affords visitors a chance to romp through their innards. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

The Star Keeper—An otherworldly odyssey about keeping stars in their rightful spots, performed by a versatile cast of puppets with Montreal's Le Théatre de l'Oeil. Through 4/25. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10 to $20.

Collectors' Items—Two hundred Beanie Babies are up for auction (on Websites AuctionUnivers.com and Whitesguide.com), with a portion of proceeds going to four charities. See them on display 4/20 to 4/25 at the **CENTRAL PARK ZOO** (to the left of the main entrance). Bidding will be conducted 4/19 through 5/2.

Outside Interests—The **CAROUSEL** in Central Park has begun revolving (mid-park at 64th St.; 50 cents a ride); the gate has swung open for the season at the Children's Zoo, within the **BRONX ZOO**. (Admission is $2 for adults and $1.50 for children over 2, in addition to regular zoo admission.) Fishing season has started up. Kids (with a parent who can leave an I.D.) can borrow fishing rods at the **CHARLES A. DANA DISCOVERY CENTER** (Central Park at 110th Street) and fish the waters of the picturesque and well-stocked Harlem Meer. Borrow a bird-watching backpack, packed with binoculars, a guidebook, maps, and sketching materials (for which you'll need to leave two pieces of I.D.), and set off from **BELVEDERE CASTLE** into the Ramble (mid-park at 79th St.).

"Together in the City"—The Henry Warner Trio sings spirituals and Afro-Caribbean songs at **THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, 4/24 at 3. Also, as part of this month's "Celebration Freedom," a series encompassing different cultural groups in their quest for self-realization, Deberah Kenya and Carol Caru Thompson share songs and stories of the African Diaspora, 4/25 at 3. Events will tie in with the museum's centennial interactive exhibit called "Together in the City" (which offers opportunities for children to play skellies, climb into a clubhouse, and decorate a parade float). 145 Brooklyn Ave., near St. Mark's Ave. (718-735-4400). Admission is by suggested donation of $3.●●

cue

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Restaurants
Stephanie Saulmon
Online
Jennifer Senior
Theater
Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Happening

Mud, Sweat, and Smears

Skepticism flickered across the faces of delighted toddlers arriving at the Wave Hill gardens overlooking the Hudson River during Earth Day celebrations the past couple of years. True, grown-ups did seem to be encouraging the manufacture of mud pies and other agreeably mushy and messy enterprises. But surely there was some large misunderstanding guaranteed to land everybody under four feet tall in deep trouble. Parents, to their credit—even those arriving with neatly dressed progeny—let their brood dive in, some going so far as to exclaim how happy they were for their kids to have such an opportunity. "Think about how seldom city kids get to play around in the dirt like this," says artist and naturalist Noah Baen, who leads the weekly family art projects at the 28-acre public garden and cultural center in the Bronx. Mark Twain and Teddy Roosevelt—each in his own way a mudslinger, both of them former residents of the estate overlooking the Palisades—would certainly have approved. Enough of an urban mud hunger has been revealed, across all age groups, during the annual gatherings that an entire "Mudstock! A Celebration of Peace, Land, and Wet Soil" is planned to celebrate Earth Day this year, the weekend of April 24 and 25. Visitors can spread mud-pack recipes over their faces—on the spot or later in the privacy of their own homes. A fertile blend of earthly substances—silt, clay, sand, beans, and water judiciously measured and mixed over the weekend by mud-in participants, mud-masked or not—could in due course amount to a whole hill of beans. See "Children's Events" for details. **BARBARA ENSOR**

Photograph by Alice Longworth/Wave Hill.

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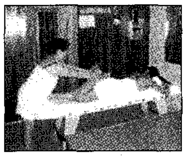

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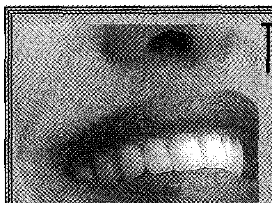

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"Looking For The Second Set—Of footprints in the sand". 41-year-old, extremely handsome, very romantic, tall chairman of the board desires a wonderful woman to call his best friend, partner and confidant. Before you begin reading this lengthy ad, please understand I have a reason for creating this. The woman that I'm seeking would "not" casually respond. She would want to know some qualities about the individual before she would take her valuable time to write; henceforth the following: I'm a self-made Jewish man who is very pleased with both my business and personal accomplishments and, more importantly, how I value and treat other people. To say I love life is a true understatement. Every day one awakens is the opportunity to improve yourself, and hopefully someone smiled because your path has crossed theirs. The ability to laugh at yourself sometimes and not taking life so seriously is very important to me. As the saying goes, "Don't sweat the small stuff, for most of it is all small stuff", is really true. Life is too short. I consider my family and friends as my most valuable assets. Money is nice, however the most important aspect of having money is that it provides one with freedom and the ability to help other people. I am constantly striving to improve every aspect of myself, physically, mentally and emotionally. I need my partner to have the same desire. The person I desire to call my confidant is 28-35, tall, Jewish, and as magnificently beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside; for it's the emotional and intellectual connection that enables the relationship to deepen over time. A woman of class, who possesses a high sense of self and common sense (I have found common sense is not common). She is not afraid to risk, because without risk there is no reward in both love and life. An individual who has a great need to spoil her partner - for I will reciprocate in kind. Please understand, I'm truly happy with the life I've created, and have been blessed in numerous ways, but I have realized that watching a sunset alone and watching one with someone you really love is amazingly different. I would appreciate a letter response with a picture. Once we have a conversation, I will gladly send you mine. PS. Loving boating in summer, skiing in winter and dancing are "not" looked upon as a negative. 8061✉

Gorgeous Frenchwoman—28, seeks gorgeous attorney. Photo/phone. 8051 ✉

More Than Anything Else—I'm looking for a woman who is a real person, decent through-and-through. I am a 42-year-old psychologist who is very warm and funny, a good communicator and handsome. Photo helpful. 8008✉

Handsome Plastic Surgeon—Athletic, very fit, well-accomplished, 42, divorced, Jewish, northern NJ area, seeks single/divorced, "head-turning" white female - very pretty, slim, fit, educated nonsmoker, 27-38, for long-term relationship. Photo/note, please. 8058✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—Male, 46, Ivy-educated, financially successful, former Midwesterner, nonsmoker, single, no dependents, 5'11", athletic build, full wavy brown hair and blue/gray eyes. Enjoys NYC and country fun - Lincoln Center, fine dining, Aspen skiing and Caribbean beaches. Seeks one urbane, spirited, thoughtful, professionally educated woman, 36-49, with very high standards and a successful career, who values a caring, equal relationship, mutual respect, laughter and romance. Let's have fun, become good friends, and build to a long-term, committed, loving relationship. My photo sent to all responses with photo. 7948 ✉☎

Sweet, Sexy Latina—Seeks calm, playful, gentle soul mate, 40-57, a successful professional who approaches life with humor and compassion. I am 45, petite, pretty and passionate, highly accomplished and financially secure, with a great smile and great legs. 8041 ✉☎

Share Your Life With Me—Kindhearted, handsome, energetic, divorced Jewish professional, 55 (but looks, feels and acts many years younger). 5'11", awesome shape, intelligent, upbeat, affectionate, funny, creative, responsible and a good listener. Likes quiet conversation, offbeat humor, exercise, sketching, music, books, movies, walks in Central Park. Seeks continuous growth and lifelong relationship with bright and beautiful, nonsmoking, 37-47-year-old female soul mate. Recent photo/phone/note, please. 8066 ✉☎

Sunset In The Hamptons—With you by my side. Extremely successful business owner, 36, seeking truly exceptional woman to share romance by the water and under the stars, for this summer and beyond. You are beautiful, classy, sweet and intelligent, with a passion for living and an appreciation for the finer things in life. I am tall, fit, handsome and Jewish (nonreligious), with a zest for life and a desire to share it with someone truly special. Together, let us explore all that life has to offer - starting with glorious summer in the Hamptons. Note/photo (will exchange). 7916 ✉☎

Seeking True Companion—Well-balanced, blue-eyed, slim, Catholic, sweet female, 35, seeks her man for laughter and love. 8046 ✉☎

Recent Westchester Arrival To NYC—This sophisticated gent seeks cultured lady for laughter, adventure, friendship and love. He is a man of substance and integrity, world-traveled, interested in the arts, athletic; multilingual, inventive, spontaneous, fun-loving, and seeks a long-term relationship. She is 40ish, sportive and fit, has traditional values, enjoys cooking in as much as going out, and wants to love again. Photo. 7882 ✉

Sparkling, Sensual, Bright—Lovely to look at and be with. Let's light up each other's lives. Slender, fit, elegant and sexy woman, 50ish (looks 40ish), active, exuberant, a green-eyed brunette with warmth, humor and a zest for life. Multifaceted, many interests, a generous spirit, highly educated and cultured. You are a divorced or widowed Jewish man of substance, successful, 50-youthful 65, with integrity and class. Let's share, laugh, explore, love and be loved without reservations. Note/photo. 7933 ✉☎

The Right Stuff—Articulate, humorous, compassionate and prepared to warm-up your life. Salt-and-pepper entrepreneur, 43, 5'9", sculptor/painter. Enjoys the arts, all sports, music, travel - and I cook. Seeks woman with beauty and spirit, 25-40, to share my bicycle built for two. Note/phone/photo. 8047 ✉☎

NYC Pretty Redhead Enchantress—Seeks 50-plus businessman who wants to excite his senses and warm his heart. E-mail: exploreny@aol.com. 8069 ✉☎

You're Just Looking For A Nice Guy—And that's great, because I'm that and a lot more. Me: single white male, 35, well-educated, successful, funny and adventurous. Oh, the physical stuff: 5'8", 155 lbs (very fit), brown/blue. What am I looking for? Perhaps you, if you're a brainy and classy female, 28-34, fun-loving, unpretentious and with a great sense of humor. The physical stuff: a pretty smile and curvy/fit figure are nice. If you enjoy museums, playing in the Park, ethnic foods and other NY pursuits, we might have something here. Note/photo. 8016✉

Animal Lover A Must—I'm 43, a successful TV sports co-host in addition to a very successful business owner. Physically, I am 6'4", considered good-looking and athletically built. More important, I have a heart of gold and a great sense of humor. The woman I'm searching for is under 38, enjoys dining out, sports, traveling, etc. She must be extremely beautiful on the outside, as well as sweet and caring on the inside. If interested, I'd love to hear from you. Photo necessary. 7905 ✉☎

Balancing Act—Distinctively pretty, creative/smart, adventurous/grounded, idealistic/pragmatic, funny/passionate, artistic lawyer, stylish, Jewish, 40ish; loves art, music, travel, crosswords, nature and children. Seeks male with kindred spirit, intellect, kindness and wit. 7932 ✉☎

Very Attractive, Intelligent—European woman seeks playful, warm, educated man, 34-43. Note/photo/phone. 8021 ✉

Successful, Sensual, Spiritual—Female: salubrious, sophisticated, seeker, student, sense of humor, speaks Spanish, loves streams, strolls and sharing, seeks sharp, 45-60 man. Photo nice. 8027 ✉

Almost The Millennium...—And you haven't met this pretty, affectionate, smart, upbeat woman who's slim, fit, savvy and fun-loving. You're a genuinely good-looking, trim, fit nonsmoker, 48-55, who's tallish, accomplished, caring and playful. Recent photo, note and phone. 8032✉☎

Seek To Celebrate Spring—With a sensational man, 45-55. You are tall, masculine, intelligent, secure, happy and successful. I am pretty, witty, warm, lively, curvy, Ivy, glamorous, and a fashion star. We are comfortable, kismet and chemistry. 7923✉☎

Let's Misbehave—Wealthy CEO, 40s, single, good-looking, warm and generous, would love to share romantic passion and a mutually gratifying relationship with a beautiful younger woman. Note/photo. 8035 ✉

Let's Share Our Lives—Bright, attractive woman, young 52, 5'8", Master's degree, interested in the stock market, politics, philosophy, good conversation. Enjoys restaurants, movies, theater and foreign travel. Seeking good-hearted man for serious relationship. 8034✉

Caring, Dynamic Surgeon—Incurably romantic, generous, handsome, supportive, really nice guy passionate; 5'10", muscular, 43. Into health, travel, culture, fitness. Seeks warm, educated woman under 37, for a storybook life/romance. Phone/photo necessary. 8065 ✉☎

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Singularly Sensational—Sensual, sincere, kind, attractive professional woman, 50, who loves the arts and travel; seeking a sensational professional male friend/lover, 50-65, for long-term relationship. 7927✉☎

Architect, 40—Handsome, clever and kind, with downtown sensibilities in art and music, seeks woman who might like MOMA, Le Jardin de Luxembourg, PJ Harvey, Satie. Note/photo, please. 8068✉

Are You Dreaming—Of a woman who excites your senses, stimulates your mind and warms your heart? A tall, slim, long-legged, athletic, cultured and adventurous, late-40s professional awaits you. Note/photo, please. 7906✉☎

Marriage-Minded Entrepreneur—Single Jewish male, successful, sincere, affectionate, late 40s, seeks attractive, slim woman under 42. Note, phone and photo appreciated. 8063 ✉

Simply Different Female!—50, winning, well-turned-out, weakness for wisdom betwixed with wit. Waiting to meet you! Funny, fit, influential, insatiable, secure, substantive and sensuous. Photo. SimplyDifferent@hotmail.com 7950✉☎

Lovely Brown Eyes, Long Legs—Radiant smile. Accomplished, warm, genuinely kind, European-bred, 39-year-old, slender female - takes pleasure in biking, tennis, preparing and sharing wonderful meals. Seeks smart (but not pretentious), successful, athletically inclined man, 37-48, 5'9" plus, for spontaneous celebrations of ordinary events and more. Photo, please. 7941✉☎

Literate Humor—A sense of surprise and delight, just a hint of cynicism. Adventurous, accepting, slim, fit, very attractive woman with presence and a full life to share. Professional artist. Accomplished painter. Loves color, beautiful landscapes, theater, good architecture, travel. Passionate reader. Prefers city/country to suburbs. Seeks nonsmoking, fit/full of energy, intellectually curious, 49-75, widowed/divorced man appreciative of the arts. 8059✉☎

Class With A Touch Of Vulnerability—Seeks "captain of industry" with integrity, compassion and affluence. I am a Jewish female, 36, pretty, slim and well-educated. 8056 ✉

Pourquoi Pas?—Attractive, stylish yet down-to-earth, European Westchester lady who loves golf, art, music and the finer things of life, seeks sophisticated, financially secure, kid-friendly teddy bear, 45-55. Let's tee off together. Recent photo and personal letter, please. 8017 ✉

If She Weren't My Sister—I'd date her myself. She's 27, petite, pretty, single Jewish female with many interests/great sense of humor. If you're 29-35, single Jewish male, tall, "over" the bar/Hamptons scene and ready for a real relationship, send note/photo. 8007 ✉

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Art Director—53, described by friends (when asked) as smart, honest, eclectic, with offbeat sense of humor. Continues to seek a little direction from woman, 40s, described by friends (without being asked) as a witty, attractive professional, perceptive and independent, with an easy laugh. Note/photo. 8054 ✉ ☎

LI, Green-Eyed Blond—5'6", very attractive, classy, bright, energetic and warm. Just 41, looks 35. Many interests. Seeks 5'10"-plus, in-shape, youthful 35-45, mild, intelligent professional best friend to share, learn and laugh. Note/photo - will exchange. 7944✉☎

Park Slope Spirit—She has an infectious laugh and a unique style, has run countless rings around Prospect Park, trekked the Himalayas and seen the entire NYCB repertoire. This down-to-earth, petite, professional Jewish widow, 50ish, seeks a man to share her love of theater, hiking, offbeat travel and just hanging out. Warmth and wit a must. 8009 ✉

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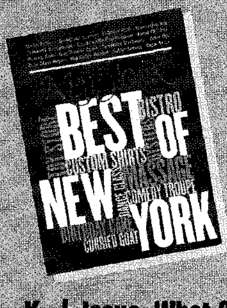

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Celebrating 20 Years Of Executive Heart Hunting

Beautiful Russian Female—31, very elegant, educated, seeks decent, successful white male. Photo/note. 8011 ✉

Beauty And Brains—Attractive, articulate, successful, fit brunette, 37, seeking a man of substance with a sense of purpose and style. Varied interests include boating, fishing, sporting events, hiking, bicycling and live music - especially jazz. Cooking and eating great food are important. Weekend travel and vacations to exotic faraway lands are also my passion. Note and recent photo, please. 7945✉☎

Grace Kelly Looks—Jewish warmth. East Side style. Harvard mind. Sensuous, smart, secure, finance professional. Cultured, caring, compassionate. Seeks very special, successful gentleman, 50-65. Photo, please. 8052 ✉

Stunning, Sensual, Shapely—Killer shoulders, legs and lips...long, thick auburn hair, and I'm Jewish, educated and successful. You are successful, relationship-oriented, fit and funny, 43-50 years old. Phone/photo necessary. 8062 ✉☎

My Mother Is Absolutely Adorable!—She is 5'8", blond, very pretty, nice figure, vivacious, with radiant smile, European elegance and warm personality. Recently widowed. New to NYC from California. Would be an asset to a classy, 68-75-year-old, financially secure gentleman who likes the finer things in life. 8031 ✉☎

LA To NYC Transplant—Successful investment professional, 47, female - enjoys golf, books, dogs, movies, plays and the Pittsburgh Steelers. Seeks to meet 45-55 or thereabouts, single male for fun, companionship and more. Recent photo appreciated. 8028 ✉☎

Time For Tanglewood—Pretty blond, 50, sweet, slim, sophisticated, warm-hearted, cultured, seeks loving partner to tangle with. Nonsmoker, 50-65. Photo, please. 8026 ✉

NJ Chemist—Male, 44, seeks straightforward reaction with a caring woman, 35-50. My interests include hiking, painting, travel and movies. Nonsmokers only. 8070 ✉

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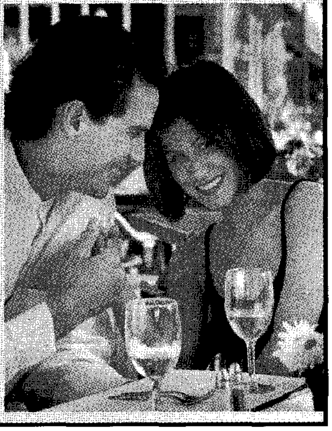

Pretty And Funny Architect/Artist—38, Jewish, 5'7", seeks wonderful man for love, marriage and children. 8043 ✉

Stop! Look No Further—If you seek a sexy, slim, sophisticated, smart siren, you have found me. This 5'6", blond, blue-eyed beauty is athletic with a joie de vivre. You should be Jewish, professional, 38-49, athletic, a (com)passionate man who loves life and loves to laugh. Photo. 7805 ✉☎

Sophisticated, Fun With A Big Heart—Very attractive, Jewish, 5'4" brunette, late 30s, successful businesswoman with a zest for life - enjoys fine dining, fun, sports, outdoors, working out and travel. Also loves cooking and being at home with the right person. You are Jewish, successful, late 30s-mid 40s, tall, attractive, funny, kind, honest, real, family values and looking to build a life with someone special. Letter/phone. 8039 ✉☎

Let's Get To Know Each Other Gently—Without the usual pressure of immediate relationship expectations, by exploring art, culture, movies, esoteric/spiritual worlds together. 40ish, vibrant woman, cosmopolitan background, loves good conversation, seeks self-aware male companion for fun-filled friendship. 7913 ✉☎

Caring, Intelligent, Professional—Jewish male, 32, 5'10", fit, seeks bright, attractive, honest professional female, 25-35, with great sense of humor. 8064✉

Seeking Lifelong Partner—Adventurous male, 32, 5'9", intelligent, sensitive, professional, spontaneous, unpretentious, athletic, Catholic (nonreligious), seeks female with similar qualities to share a lifetime together. I enjoy skiing, city culture, romantic weekend getaways, bicycling and the outdoors. You are family-oriented, smart, attractive and available both physically and mentally. Note/photo, please. 8071 ✉

It's A Penny For Your Thoughts—A dollar for your kisses. Tall, athletic knight in search of his damsel. Dragons and distress optional. The clock is yours, the hourglass is mine. 8060 ✉☎

Only "4" In Looks—In "Smart Women, Foolish Choices", I'm called "diamond in the rough". Kind, caring, menschlich Jewish professional seeks woman who's very kind and loves children. 7931 ✉☎

Relationship With You Desired—By this attractive male, 6', slim, 63 (looks 55), bright, creative partner. Share sailing, skiing, symphonies and much more. Need a special, compatible, tall, beautiful mate. Photo. 8005 ✉

Good Guy, Good Looks, Good Heart—Original, creative, trustworthy. Prefers full-figured woman, 30-42, who is passionate about movies, music, massage and life. Photo/note. 7912✉☎

Attractive, Slim, Warm—Energetic professional woman, young 62, loves outdoors, movies, art, travel, family, intimacy. Seeks 60ish, fit soul mate. 8019✉☎

Attention Gentleman, 55-65—Beautiful, professional Jewish woman, divorced, 5'6", slender, strawberry-blond, sensitive and caring - enjoys classical music, theater, opera, books, fine food, wine and stimulating company. Seeks a kind, nonsmoking, tall, attractive, successful, financially secure man with a sense of humor, to share all of the above. 8004✉☎

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Charming European Widow—Nonsmoker, seeking gentleman to 76, able to walk, travel and to share intelligent conversation. I'm fluent in German. 7908 ✉☎

Gay Prince Charming—Tall, handsome, healthy, fit, masculine 35-year-old who is sincere, warm, grounded, intelligent, successful, with a great sense of humor. Travel, fine dining, theater, movies, reading, old cars and the beach are some of the things I enjoy. Although good looks will attract me, an honest, caring, responsible, masculine, successful man with traditional values, who is relationship-oriented, will hold me. Recent photo and note, please. 8049 ✉

Single White Male—48, would like to meet a pretty, marriage-minded woman to start a family. Note/photo appreciated. 7943 ✉☎

Winsomely Adorable—Slim, fit North Shore brunette seeks professional, secure, Jewish, 53-63, gentle man. 8020 ✉

Nondesperate Desperado—Renowned artist seeks aesthetic, intelligent, slender, very attractive, adventurous gal for fun and more. I'm funny, good-looking, warm, passionate, kindhearted, middle-aged, fit. Let's laugh away the '90s. Note/photo (from this decade, please). 8067 ✉

Ultra-Cool, Down-To-Earth—Multi-millionaire requested for beautiful, smart, quirky, completely unique, hysterically funny and financially way up there Ivy League princess. Limited baggage, big-time smarts and a heart as big as Wisconsin are musts. Good looks greatly preferred, but above all I'm very serious about the heart thing. 35-45, pre-married (i.e.: well-broken-in) and kids a plus. (I'm young, hip single mom of an adorable 3-year-old girl with an IQ of 160.) Photo and smart note. 8033✉

Attorney, 60s—Trim, athletic, considered good-looking, seeks an attractive, independent lady for satisfying relationship. Photo and phone. 8014 ✉

Lady Golfer/Tennis Player—Seeks country club man, 53-63, for a serious game of love. Note/photo/phone. 7930 ✉☎

Terrific Menschette—A people person, varied interests, seeks friend/companion/lover - a mensch, 50-65, who is missing that special someone. 7935 ✉☎

Manhattan Attorney—Beautiful Jewish female, 37, slim, 5'4", varied interests, seeks professional, nonsmoking, sincere Jewish male forever. Note/photo. 8036✉

Partners For Life—Amiable, down-to-earth Jewish professional, 44, 6'3", looking for his special female counterpart to share and enjoy music, travel, fitness-related activities...and a relationship with a future. Photo appreciated. 8015 ✉☎

NYMessage

I Was Too Shy—To help you with your blades and bag, **MetroNorth, Thursday night, 4/8.** Been kicking myself ever since. If you have too, write: 8040 ✉

Cocktail Party—We are eight women - dynamic, attractive, smart, creative, adventurous. Cusping 40, Jewish and not, seeking the real thing. You are 35-45, same as above. Call for details. 8050✉☎

Holistic White Male—36, professional, sincere, serious and spiritual, attractive, a new-age thinker. Warm, fun, sensitive and multitalented. Alcohol, tobacco and drug-free. Vegetarian. Loves weekends in the mountains, meditation, movies, music, hiking and the outdoors, marksmanship, juicing, quiet evenings, excellence and achievement. Seeking compatible female, 25-39. Be sweet, honest, down-to-earth, intelligent, emotionally secure and real. Choose spiritual values over material. Follow your heart. Photo requested. 7920 ✉☎

Gay White Male—Athletic, artistic, late 50s, frequent wanderlust, seeks to share his tranquil country spread with tall, easygoing, thoughtful companion. 8023✉

My Hope Is To Invite Love—Former ballet dancer, now TV and film actress, very fit, feminine, pretty and passionate, seeking a gentleman, 40-50, with a good heart and soul, funny, thoughtful, affectionate and kind. 8053 ✉

36-Year-Old Guy—Semi-retired entrepreneur, responsible, involved in civic activities. Handsome, well-built, healthy, 5'10", dark hair, lots of energy, many interests. Seeks intelligent woman, 23-33, who is mature yet fun. Redheads and natural blonds a plus. Nonsmoker. Disease-free. Let's exchange photos and phone conversation. 8037 ✉

Jewish MD—Mensch, divorced, handsome, very youthful 60, seeks slim, petite, fit, Jewish suburban woman to share sailing, biking, travel, dancing, NYC culture, suburban life style and life's adventures. Nonsmoker. (201)/(914)/(203)/(516). Note/photo a must. 7937 ✉☎

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Gay Man - New To NYC—Cute, successful extrovert, jade eyes, glasses, independent, 30, fit 5'7", with magnetic charms, seeks handsome success story for fun and sightseeing. Note/photo. 7917✉☎

Just A Regular Nice Guy—55, 5'10", white, divorced, seeks slim woman of childbearing age, with sense of humor, self-respect, a dash of cynicism, and commitment-minded. Note/photo. 8025✉

To Love, Marry And Procreate—In quest of kind, literate, quirky, upbeat, attractive, Jewish, 30ish, nonsmoking woman. I'm 40ish, fit, attractive, big-hearted, respected writer with full head of hair. Photo optional/nice letter a must. 8042✉

Successful, Good-Looking Surgeon—40, white Christian male, regular guy, seeks unique, intelligent, fit lady, 25-35, for friendship, fun and more. Photo/note/phone. 8010 ✉

Looking For Connection—Psychologist, eager to share life's rewards, looking for one good man in 40s-50s, emotionally and financially secure, attractive, able to communicate, commit. Me: very attractive, slim, warm, caring, well-traveled. Must see to appreciate. Note/photo. 7929✉☎

Athletic Asian—Physically fit, sensitive Chinese-American male seeking female willing to explore mutual interests leading to a possible long-term relationship. Prefer a health-conscious individual, 30-38. I am 44, 5'7", 145 lbs. 8044✉☎

Get Ready For A Sizzling Summer—With this attractive, shapely professional lady. Share lattes, museums, novels now; aquatics, baseball, barbecues later. Confident, fit gentleman, 37-50. Photo. 7918 ✉☎

Susan Sarandon, Bette Midler—Nina Simone, Bonnie Raitt, Anne Richards, Sophia Loren, Tina Turner, Oprah, Dorothy Parker... Have I got your attention yet? These are some of the women who define who I am and what I aspire to. This 5'6", slim, 40, Jewish TV executive is a real combination of sexy/cute, city/country, athlete/couch potato, modern/old-fashioned. What can't be compromised on is brains, a sense of humor and integrity. Interested? I would be if I were you. Photo. 8024✉☎

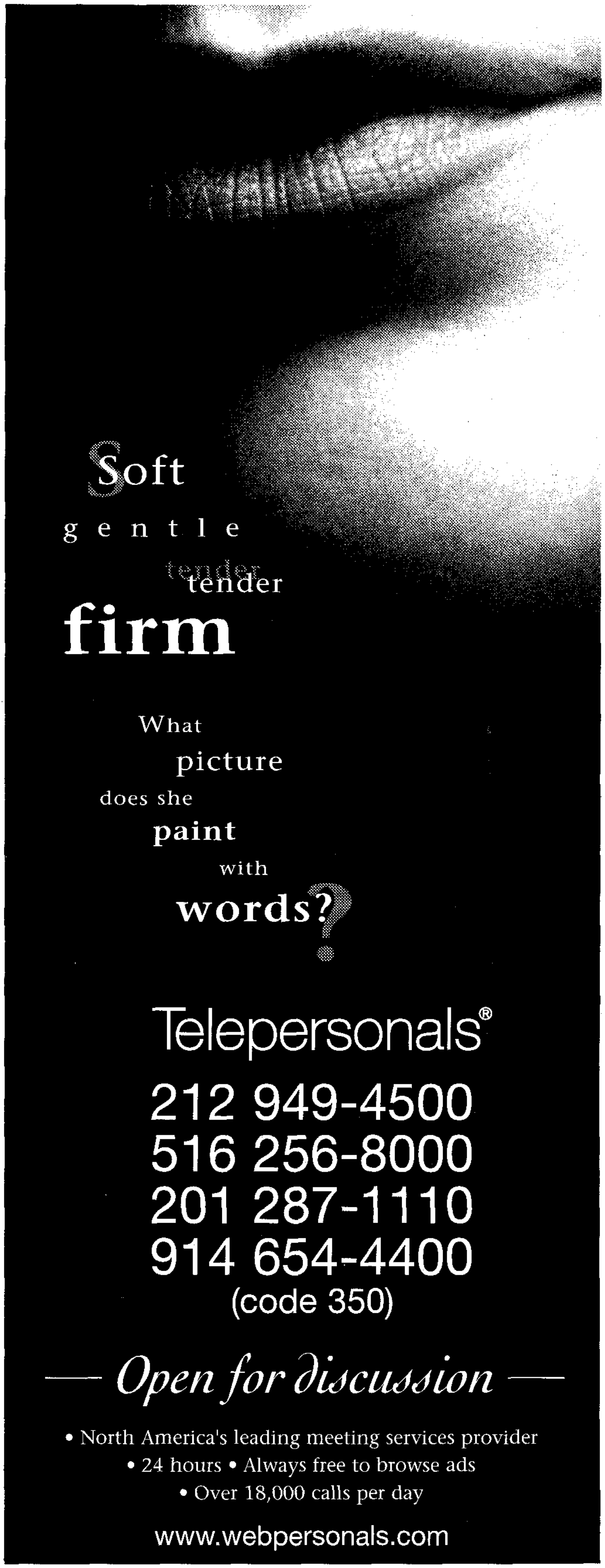
Blue Eyes And Romantic—Handsome man, dark hair, 43, 5'10", athletic, cultured, quick wit, seeks pretty lady, 25-45, with fun personality. Note/photo/phone. 8055 ✉ ☎

Baywatch With Brains—Funny, sweet blond professional seeks fit guy, 30s-40s, for honest relationship. 8018 ✉

I Must Confess—Attractive, accomplished, athletic MD - Jewish male, 32, secretly harbors wish to settle down with a warm and caring professional woman, 23-35. Note/photo. 8003 ✉

Real Self—38, male, Jewish, highly intelligent, big heart, artist soul, creative, insightful, stylish, really funny, romantic, model looks, muscular dancer's body, 5'9", MD, very successful, writer. Seeks female - artist or artistically inclined, warm, intelligent, naturally very pretty and fit, playful, caring, evolved, who is real and open psychologically and emotionally, and ready to truly experience love. 8012 ✉

Professional, Successful Woman—Considered attractive, divorced, 50, with varied interests: hiking, outdoors, travel, CPU, cars, dancing, home, family. Seeks a man who shares same for long-term relationship. 201, 914. Note/photo. 8038✉☎



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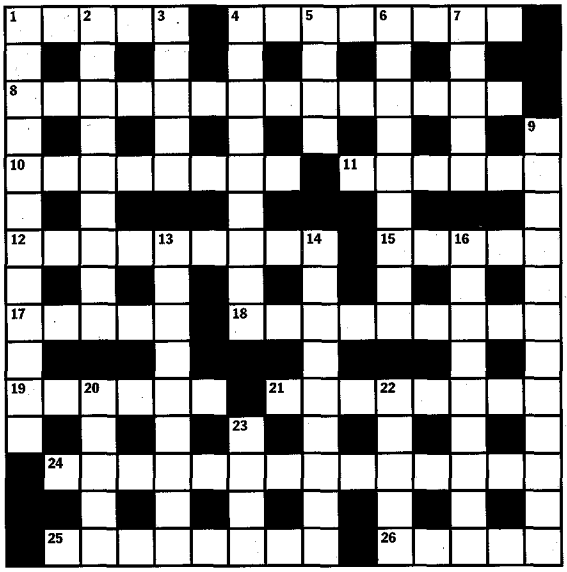
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Wood from Spain, like 26? (5)
4 Legislation passed to control shooting clubs. (4,4)
8 Various material assembled, giving blanket coverage. (9,5)
10 Bread deliveries—a lot of bread! (8)
11 Gives Eastenders' woman little congratulation—said to be a poor performer. (6)
12 Where change is made in the current legal system. (5,4)
15 Alternatively, child may be given film star's name. (5)
17 Obscure character retains good legal expert. (5)
18 Oppressive tax meant to last? (5-4)
19 Forceful, firm and well-connected bloke. (6)
21 Fellow in a rush, excited by gold, married German woman. (8)
24 Machine incapacitated by outlaw. (3-5, 6)
25 Quietly, skilled worker becomes devoted to a cause. (8)
26 Iron spirit—backbone? (5)

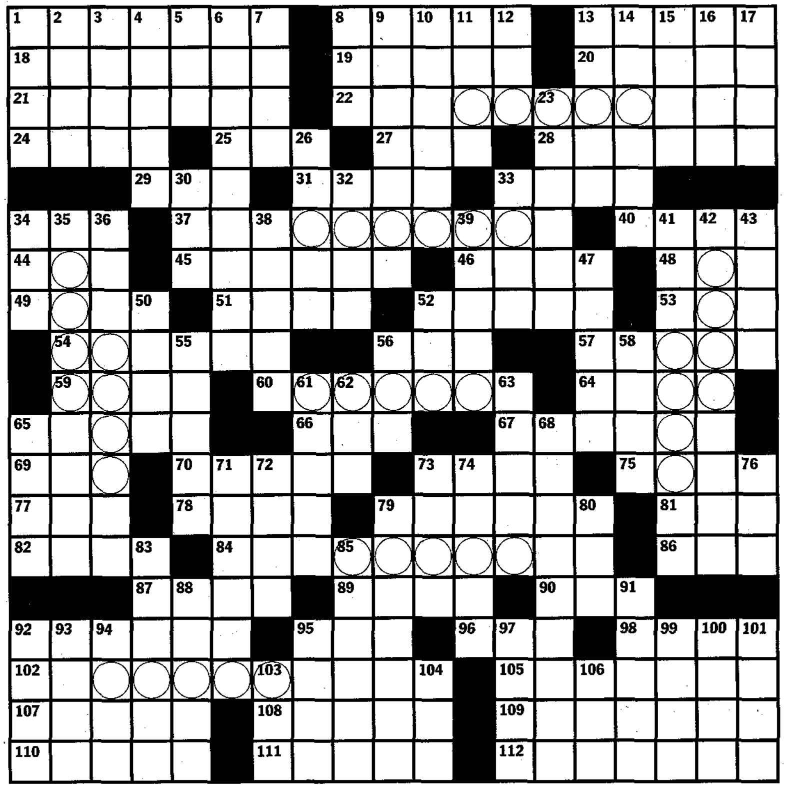


DOWN
1 Old flame left on plane, touring about—one stays in this country. (6,6)
2 Beaten by skill and exposed—drama's involved. (9)
3 Tearaway comes in to play a hoodlum. (5)
4 World search for natural swimmers. (9)
5 An announcer using common parlance? (4)
6 Double up with a politician, offering praise. (9)
7 Take steps to find soundtrack of Disney's. (5)
9 Start to bake in heat, beginning to burn, say—a treat for 23? (6,6)
13 Secretly prepare to tackle a story, one I want sensationalised. (3,2,4)
14 Great Dane lolloping about in feeding area. (3,6)
16 The gentry perhaps show embarrassment about poem sent up. (9)
20 Italian community needs info on blood groups. (5)
22 Rod represents the workers. (5)
23 Occasion for kiss when under mistletoe—only the first! (4)

'Hidden Capitals': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Mites and such
8 Not outlawed
13 Sudden misgiving
18 Item of concern to dieters
19 "The cradle of Texas liberty"
20 Release shoelaces
21 Lacking knowledge of
22 Cross-checkings
24 State tree of Maine
25 Corp. abbr.
27 Channel 13, in N.Y.
28 Gushes lava
29 Archaeological site
31 Butter sub
33 Say it is so
34 Hoop gp.
37 Tree boundary
40 Little whirlpool
44 Rainbow shape
45 Cancels, at Canaveral
46 Wimbledon winner Bjorn
48 Before: poetic
49 Certain pens
51 Bloody Mary's daughter, in "South Pacific"
52 He played TV's Lou Grant
53 Corn discard
54 Boxers' needs
56 "—— Maria"
57 Start of Caesar's boast
59 Adjutant
60 Old Democratic political machine
64 Lymph clump
65 Madison Avenue pro
66 Have a bawl
67 Discombobulated
69 Bygone bird
70 Royal Russians
73 It's a laugh
75 Med-school subj.
77 Bon —— (witticism)
78 Neither front nor back
79 Chef's oil choice, perhaps
81 ——-Magnon (prehistoric man)
82 Change for a five
84 Malaria carriers
86 Hurricane center
87 Currier's partner
89 Try to persuade
90 Take mouthfuls
92 Hi-fi system
95 Car-club emblem
96 Arith. process
98 Edison's middle name
102 Scientific study of a sort
105 Wisconsin establishments
107 Has a premiere
108 Kind of race
109 Contest participant
110 High-strung
111 Lay new turf
112 Where Nineveh was capital

DOWN
1 Small bra size
2 "Who —— Turn To?" (1941 song)
3 One of the Ladds
4 Manned the oars
5 Levin or Gershwin
6 Zeppelin
7 Spotted visually
8 Resinous substance
9 Amorous runaways
10 Frolic
11 Elec. units
12 Mauna ——
13 Quantity of paper
14 In doubt
15 Superimposed
16 Laundromat sweeping
17 Chow hall
23 Venerate
26 Snake-charmer's pet
30 Call —— day
32 Citizen of the capital hidden in 35-Down
33 Unattributed author: abbr.
34 Make a pinch
35 1947 musical
36 Adjust to a new environment
38 Somewhat wet
39 "A Doll's House" dramatist
41 Degradation
42 One-hump camel
43 "Judge not, that —— not judged"
47 Put through a mill
50 Soft drink
52 Sinatra's second
55 Air outlets
56 Youngest of the "Little Women"
58 Cuba libre ingredient
61 Property measurements
62 Title conferred at a wedding
63 Rodeo yell
65 Bullets, for short
68 Rider of Buttermilk
71 San ——, Hearst's castle
72 Slight tumults
73 Reagan Secretary of State
74 Prepaid the pot
76 Ballerina's prop
79 Dutch Caribbean island
80 Words in a simile
83 Whining warning devices
85 Pheasants' kin
88 It can be blank
91 Linger
92 Kiltie
93 Use an Underwood
94 Scrooge, to friends
95 Suit to ——
97 Mental flash
99 Perjurer
100 57-Across, in Latin
101 Dog star
103 What humans do, to Pope
104 Barrett of Pink Floyd
106 Part of T.G.I.F.



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Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 82.

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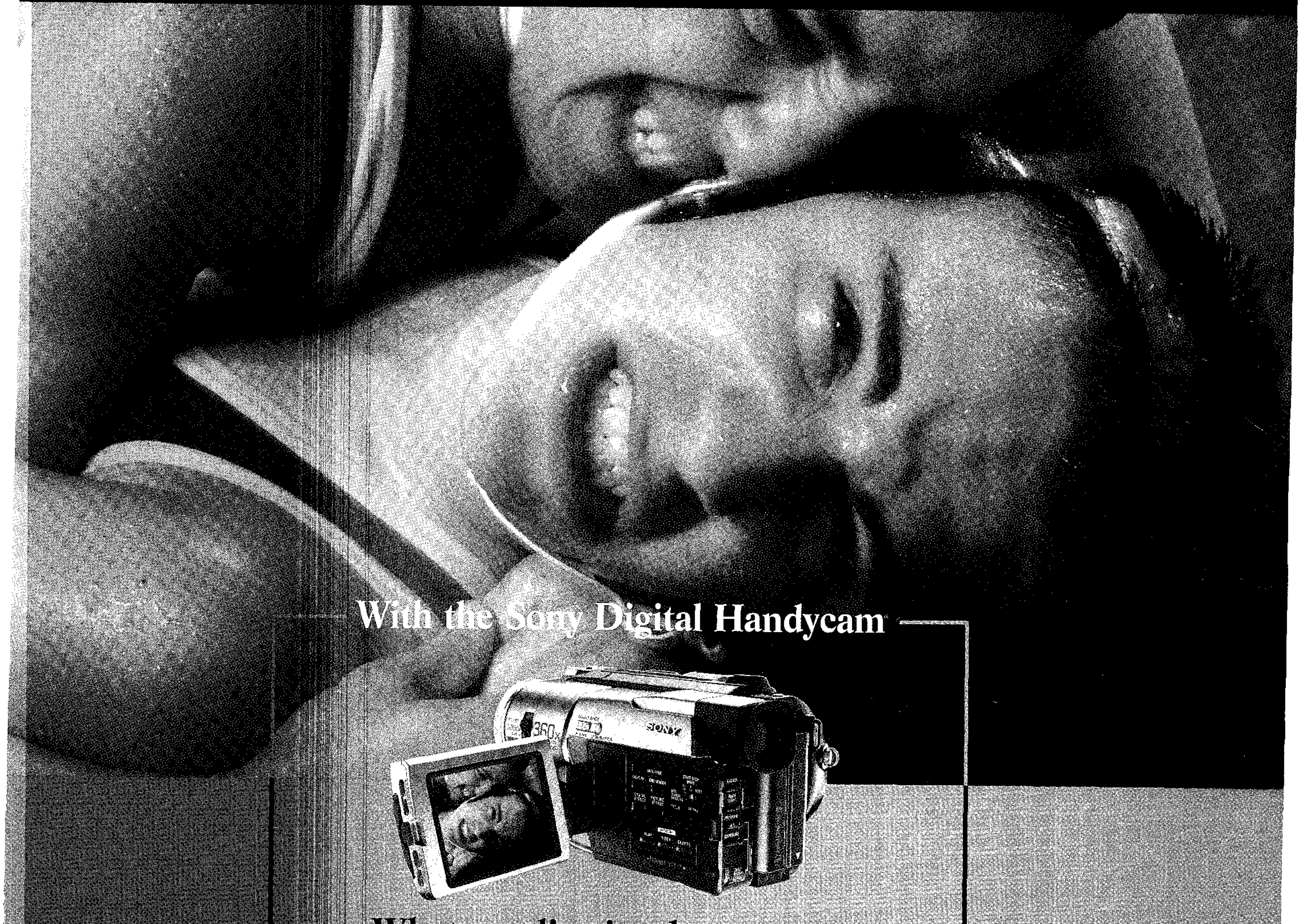

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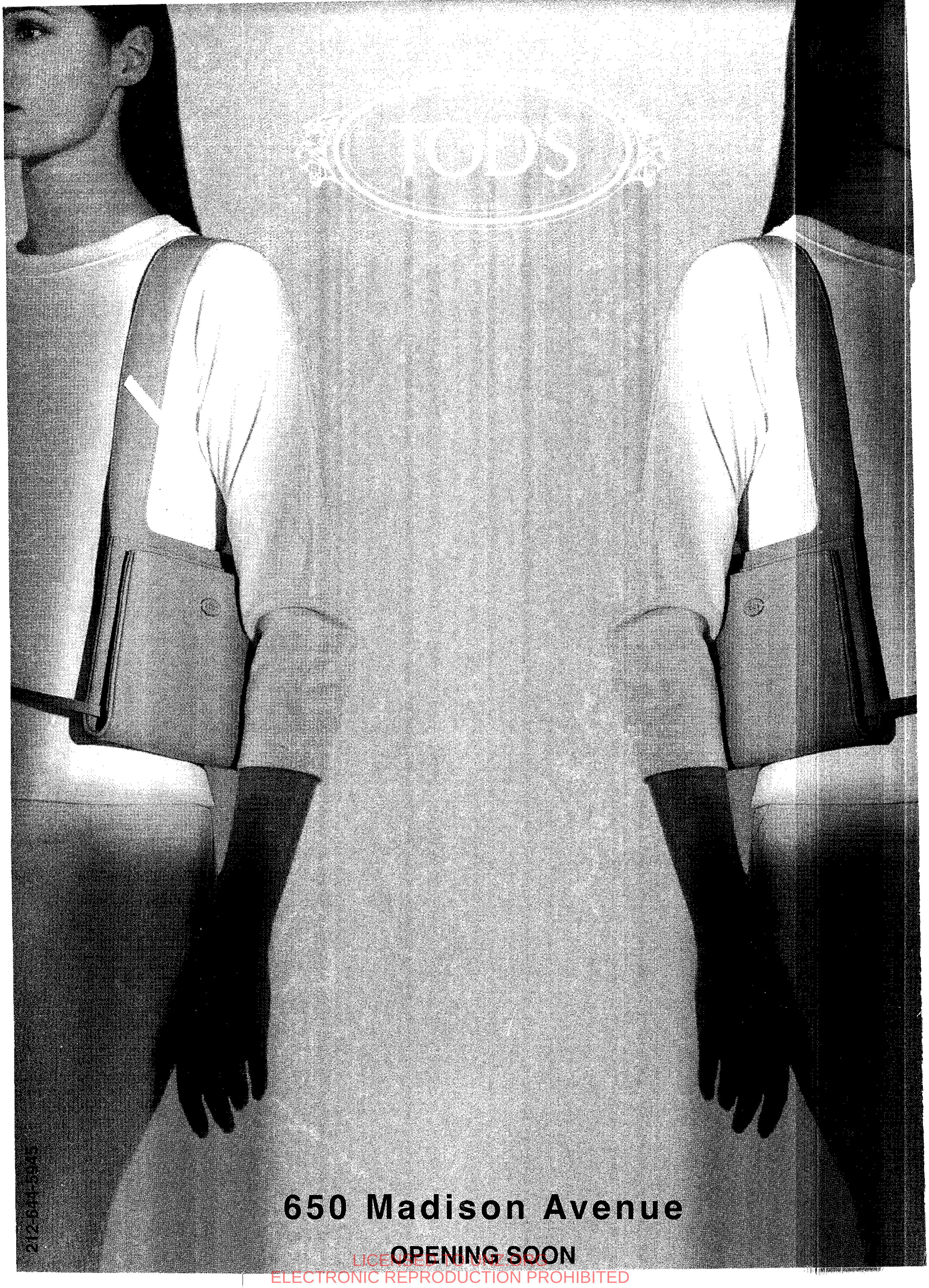
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